





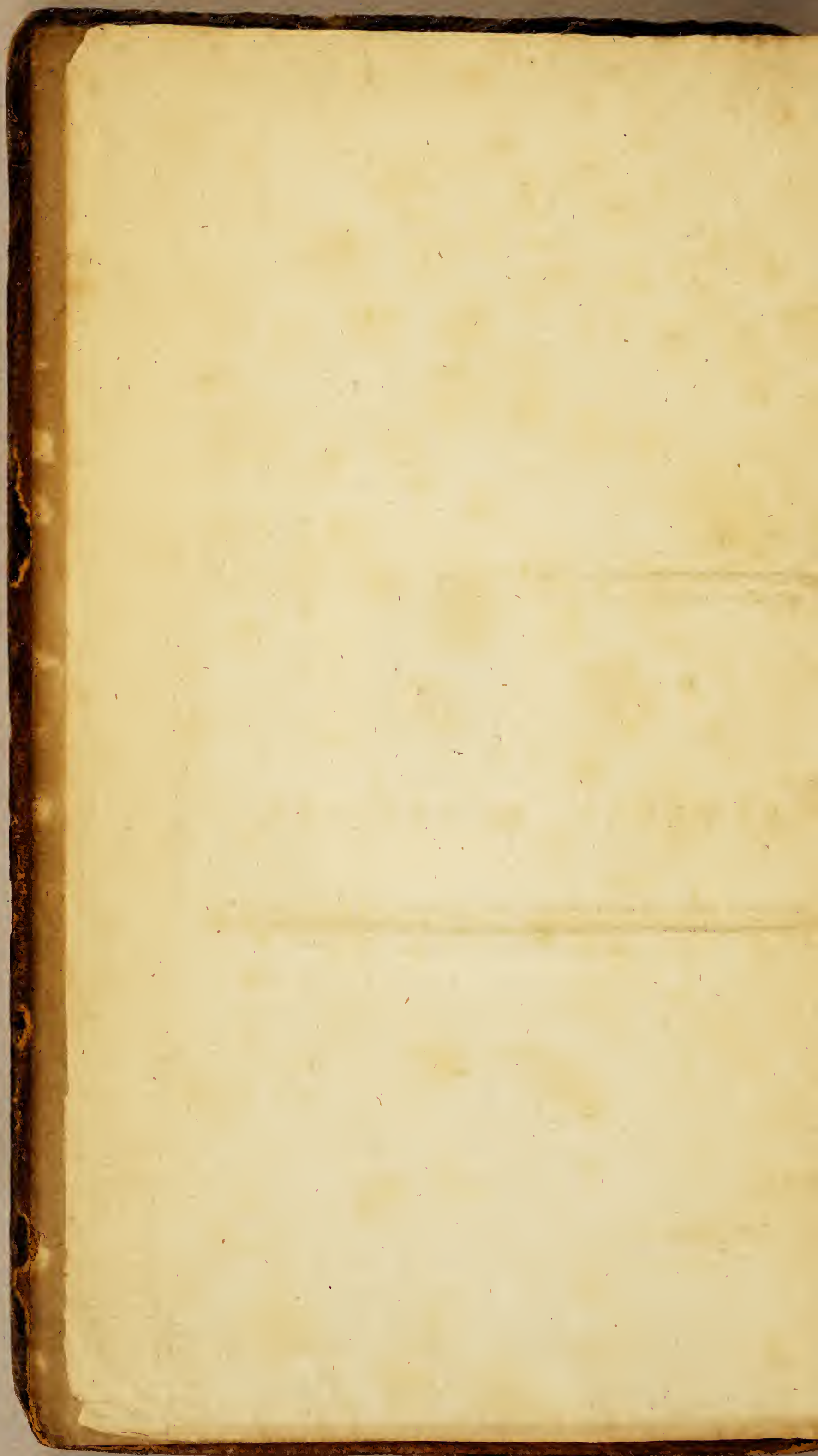


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P O E M S

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# P O E M S

WRITTEN BETWEEN THE YEARS 1768 & 1794

BY  
PHILIP FRENEAU,

OF

NEW JERSEY:

A NEW EDITION, REVISED and CORRECTED by the

AUTHOR; Including a considerable number of

PIECES never before PUBLISHED.

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*Audax inde cohors stellis e pluribus unum  
Ardua pyramidos tollit ad astra caput.*

page 435.

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M O N M O U T H

[ N. J. ]

P R I N T E D

At the Press of the AUTHOR, at MOUNT-PLEASANT, near  
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XIX.



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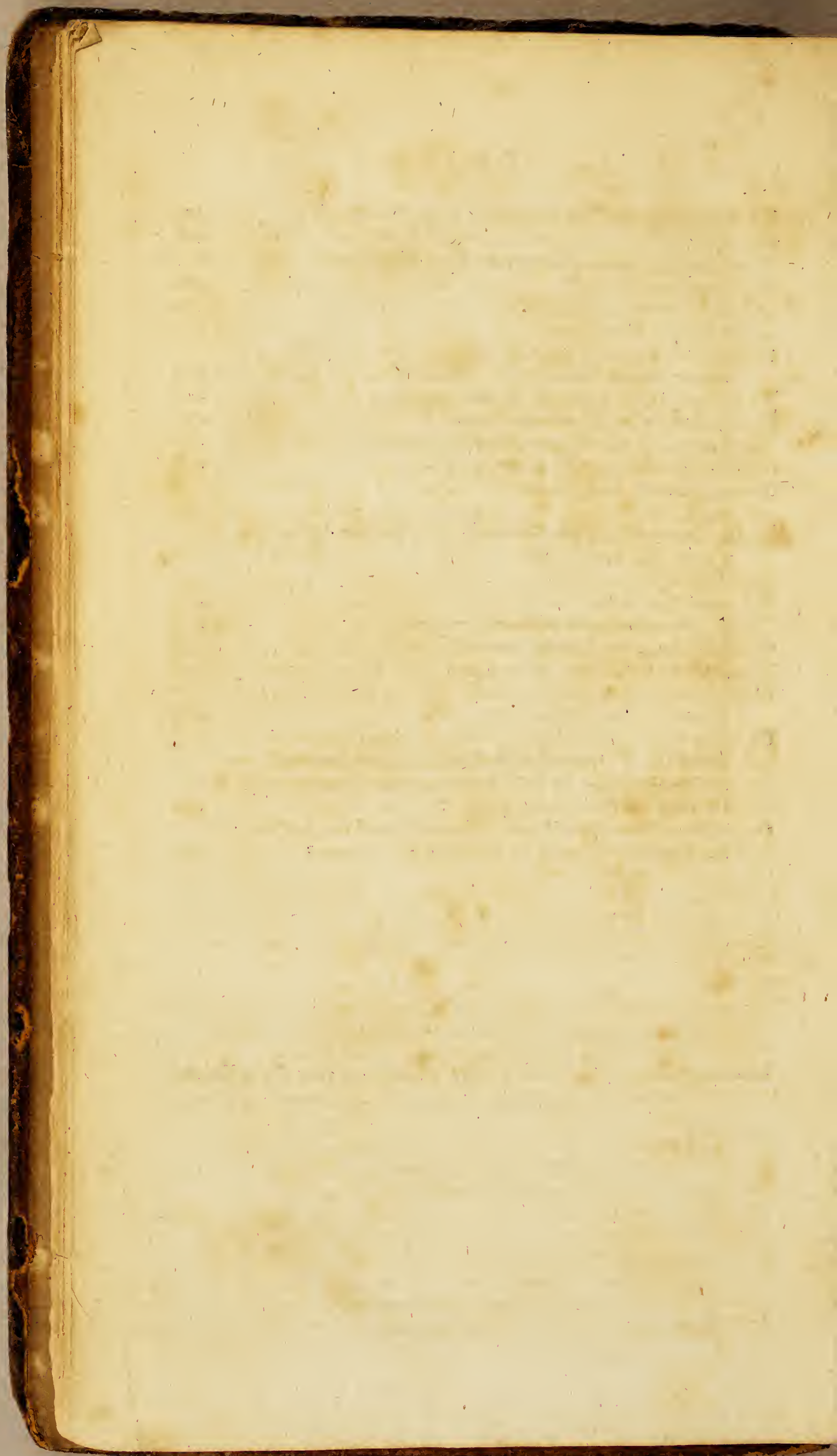
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T H E  
P O E T I C A L H I S T O R Y  
O F T H E  
P R O P H E T J O N A H.

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C A N T O I.

**I**N ages past, when smit with warmth sublime,  
Their bards foretold the dark events of time,  
And piercing forward through the mystic shade,  
Kings yet to come, and chiefs unborn survey'd,  
*Amitai's* son perceiv'd, among the rest,  
The mighty flame usurp his labouring breast:—  
For thus, in dreams, the voice unerring came  
Of HIM, who lives through every age the same:  
“ARISE! and o'er the intervening waste,  
“To Nineveh's imperial turrets haste;  
“That mighty town to ruin I decree,  
“Proclaim destruction, and proclaim from me:  
“Too long it stands, to God and man a foe,  
“Without one virtue left to shield the blow;  
“Guilt, black as night, their speedy ruin brings,  
“And hottest vengeance from the KING OF KINGS,”  
The prophet heard—but dar'd to disobey,  
(Weak as he was) and fled a different way;  
In Joppa's port a trading ship he found  
Far o'er the main to distant Tarshish bound;  
The price of passage to her chief he paid,  
And there conceal'd with ruffian sailors stay'd,  
His purpose fixt, at once perverse and blind,  
To leave his country, and his God behind.  
But he who spread the ocean's vast expanse,  
And views all nature with a single glance,



Forth from its prison bade the tempest fly—  
 The tempest swell'd the ocean to the sky;  
 The trembling barque, as the fierce billow knocks,  
 Scarce bears the fury of repeated shocks;  
 Her crew distressed, astonish'd and afraid,  
 Each to his various god in anguish pray'd,  
 Nor trust alone to penitence and prayer,  
 They clear the decks, and for the worst prepare,  
 The costly lading to the deep they throw,  
 That lighter o'er the billows she may go,  
 Nor with regret the wealthy cargo spar'd,  
 For wealth is nothing, when with life compar'd.

BUT to the ship's remotest chambers fled  
 There pensive Jonah droop'd his languid head,  
 And, new to all the dangers of the deep,  
 Had sunk, dejected, in the arms of sleep—  
 'Twas then the master broke the prophet's rest,  
 And as he cry'd, he smote his frantic breast—  
 "O sleeper, from thy stupid slumbers rise,  
 "At such an hour can sleep invade thine eyes?—  
 "If ever thou to heaven didst send a prayer,  
 "Now send thy warmest supplications there,  
 "Perhaps thy God may pity our distress,  
 "And save us, foundering in this dark abyss."

THUS warn'd, the seer his vows repentant paid—  
 Meantime, the seamen to their fellows said:  
 "No common waves our shatter'd vessel rend,  
 "There must be *one* for whom these storms impend,  
 "Some wretch we bear, for whom these billows rise,  
 "Foe to the gods, and hated by the skies;  
 "Come, since the billows all our arts defy,  
 "Come, let the lot decide for whom we die."

INSTANT the lots amid the vase they threw,  
 And the markt lot dejected Jonah drew!

THEN thus their chief the guilty man address'd;  
 "Say, for what crime of thine are we distressed?  
 "What is thy country, what thy calling, say,  
 "Whence dost thou come, what potentate obey?  
 "Unfold it all, nor be the truth deny'd."——

The master spoke—and Jonah thus reply'd:

"A HEBREW I, from neighbouring regions came,  
 "A Jewish prophet, not unknown to fame;  
 "That God I fear who spread this raging sea,  
 "Who fixt the shores by his supreme decree,  
 "And reigns throughout immeasurable space,  
 "His footstool earth, the heaven his dwelling place.  
 "But I, regardless of his high command,  
 "His mandate flighting, fled my native land,  
 "Fool that I was, from Joppa's port to fly,  
 "Who thought to shun his all pervading eye!—



"For this the tempest rends each tatter'd sail,  
 "For this, your vessel scarce supports the gale!"  
 THE seamen heard, distracted and dismay'd;  
 When thus again their trembling captain said:  
 "How couldst thou thus, ungenerous as thou art,  
 "Affront thy patron, and with us depart;—  
 "Lo! for thy crimes, and not our own, we die;  
 "Mark, how the wild waves threaten from on high,  
 "Our sails in fragments flit before the blast,  
 "Scarce to its station we confine the mast;  
 "What shall we do, unhappy man, declare,  
 "How shall we act, or how direct our prayer,  
 "That angry Neptune may his rage restrain,  
 "And hush once more these tumults of the main?"

THE seer reply'd, "The means are in your power  
 "To still the tempest in this dreadful hour:—  
 "High on the sea-beat prow will I ascend,  
 "And let the boldest of your crew attend  
 "To plunge me headlong from that giddy steep  
 "Down to the bosom of the unfathom'd deep;  
 "So shall the ocean from its raging cease,  
 "And the fierce tempest soon be hush'd to peace:—  
 "'Tis for my crime this angry ocean raves,  
 "'Tis for my sin we plough these fearful waves;  
 "Dislodge me soon—the storm shall then decay,  
 "Which still grows louder while on board I stay."

THUS he—but they, to save their vagrant guest  
 Refus'd as yet to grant his strange request,  
 And though aloft on mountain waves they ride,  
 And the tost galley reels from side to side,  
 Yet to their breasts they drew the sweepy oar,  
 And vainly strove to gain the distant shore;  
 The ruffian winds refuse that wish'd retreat,  
 And fiercer-o'er the decks the billows beat.

THEN to the skies the chief his prayer address'd,  
 "Thou Jove supreme, the greatest and the best!  
 "Because thy sovereign pleasure doth require  
 "That death alone must satisfy thine ire,  
 "O spare us for thy dying prophet's sake,  
 "Nor let us perish for the life we take;  
 "If we are wrong, his lot was thy decree,  
 "And thou hast done as it seem'd best to thee."

THEN from the summit of the waky prow,  
 They plung'd the prophet to the depths below,  
 And straight the winds, and straight the billows cease,  
 And every threatening surge lay hush'd in peace;  
 The trembling crew adore the Power Supreme  
 Who kindly thus from ruin rescued them;  
 Their vows they send to his imperial throne,  
 And victims offer to this God unknown.



C A N T O II.

WHEN from the prow's intimidating height  
 They plung'd the prophet to the realms of night,  
 Not long he languish'd in the briny deep,  
 In death's cold arms not yet decreed to sleep.—  
 JEHOVAH saw him, from the abodes of bliss,  
 Sunk to the bottom of the vast abyfs,  
 And bade a whale, the mightiest of the kind,  
 His prophet in these dismal mansions find—  
 The hostile form, approaching through the wave,  
 Receiv'd him living to a living grave,  
 Where three long days in dark distress he lay,  
 And oft repenting, to his God did pray—  
 The power benign, propitious to his prayer,  
 Bade the huge fish to neighbouring shores repair—  
 Instant the whale obey'd the high command,  
 And cast him safe on Palestina's strand.

THE prophet then his past transgressions mourn'd,  
 And grateful, thus to heaven his thanks return'd:  
 " Afflicted from the depths of hell I pray'd,  
 " The dark abyfs of everlasting shade;  
 " My God in mercy heard the earnest prayer,  
 " And dying Jonah felt thy presence there.  
 " Because I dar'd thy mandate disobey,  
 " Far didst thou plunge me from the face of day:  
 " In the vast ocean, where no land is found,  
 " The mighty waters clos'd thy prophet round;  
 " On me the waves their utmost fury spent,  
 " And all thy billows o'er my body went,  
 " Yet then, surrounded by the dismal shade,  
 " Thus to my MAKER from the depths I said:  
 " Though hid beneath the caverns of the main,  
 " To thy blest temple will I look again,  
 " Though from thy sight to utter darkness thrown,  
 " Still will I trust, and trust on thee alone—  
 " With anguish deep I felt the billows roll,  
 " Scarce in her mansion stay'd my frightened soul;  
 " About my head were wrapt the weeds of night,  
 " And darkness, mingled with no ray of light;  
 " I saw the caves the briny ocean fills,  
 " I saw the bases of the infernal hills,  
 " Earth, with her bars, encompass'd me around,  
 " Yet, from the bottom of that dark profound  
 " Where life no more the swelling vein supplies,  
 " And death reposes, didst thou bid me rise.  
 " When fainting nature bow'd to thy decree,  
 " And the lone spirit had prepar'd to flee,  
 " Then from my prison I remember'd thee,



"My prayer towards thy heavenly temple came,  
 "The temple sacred to JEHOVAH's name.—  
 "Unhappy they, who vanities pursue,  
 "And lies believing, their own souls undo—  
 "But to thine ear my grateful song shall rise,  
 "For thee shall smoke the joyous sacrifice,  
 "My vows I'll pay at thy imperial throne,  
 "Since my salvation was from thee alone."

## C A N T O III.

ONCE more the voice to humbled Jonah came  
 Of HIM, who lives through every age the same:  
 "Arise! and o'er the intervening waste  
 "To Nineveh's exalted turrets haste,  
 "And what to thee my SPIRIT shall reveal  
 "That preach—nor dare the sacred truth conceal—  
 "To desolation I that town decree;  
 "Proclaim destruction, and proclaim from me."  
 Obedient to JEHOVAH's high command,  
 The prophet rose, and left Judea's land,  
 And now he near the spiry city drew,  
 (Euphrates pass'd, and rapid Tigris too:)  
 So vast the bulk of this prodigious place,  
 Three days were scant its lengthy streets to trace;  
 But as he enter'd, on the first sad day,  
 Thus he began his tidings of dismay:

"O NINEVEH! to Heaven's decree attend!  
 "Yet forty days, and all thy glories end;  
 "Yet forty days, the skies protract thy fall,  
 "And desolation then shall bury all,  
 "Thy proudest towers their utter ruin mourn,  
 "And domes and temples unextinguish'd burn!  
 "O Nineveh! the God of armies dooms,  
 "Thy thousand streets to never-ending glooms:  
 "Through mouldering fanes the hollow winds shall roar,  
 "And vultures scream where monarchs lodg'd before!  
 "Thy guilty sons shall bow beneath the sword,  
 "Thy captive matrons own a foreign lord.—  
 "Such is the vengeance that the heavens decree,  
 "Such is the ruin that must bury thee!"

THE people heard, and smit with instant fear,  
 Believ'd the fatal warnings of the seer:  
 This sudden ruin so their souls distress'd,  
 That each with sackcloth did his limbs invest,  
 From him that glitter'd on the regal throne,  
 To him that did beneath the burthen groan—



Soon to their monarch came this voice of fate,  
 Who left his throne and costly robes of state,  
 And o'er his limbs a vest of sackcloth drew,  
 And sat in ashes, sorrowful to view—  
 His lords and nobles, now repentant grown,  
 With equal grief their various sins bemoan,  
 And through the city sent this loud decree,  
 With threatening back'd, and dreadful penalty:

“Ye Ninevites, your wonted food refrain,  
 “Nor touch, ye beasts, the herbage of the plain,  
 “Let all that live be humbled to the dust,  
 “Nor taste the waters, though ye die of thirst:  
 “Let men and beasts the garb of sorrow wear,  
 “And beg yon' skies these guilty walls to spare:  
 “Let all repent the evil they pursue,  
 “And curse the mischief that their hands would do—  
 “Perhaps that God, who leans to mercy still,  
 “And sent a prophet to declare his will,  
 “May yet the vengeance, he designs, adjourn,  
 “And, ere we perish, from his anger turn.”

JEHOVAH heard, and pleas'd beheld at last  
 Their deep repentance for transgressions past,  
 With pity mov'd, he heard the earnest prayer  
 Of this vast city, humbled in despair;  
 Though justly due, his anger dies away,  
 He bids the angel of destruction stay—:

THE obedient angel hears the high command,  
 And sheathes the sword, he drew to smite the land.

#### C A N T O IV.

**B**UT anger swell'd the haughty prophet's breast,  
 Rage burn'd within, and robb'd his soul of rest;  
 Such was *his* pride, *he* wish'd they all in flame  
 Might rather perish than belie *his* fame,  
 And God's own bolts the tottering towers assail,  
 And millions perish, than *his* word should fail.  
 Then to the heavens he sent this peevish prayer—  
 (Vain, impious man to send such pinings there):

“WHILE yet within my native land, I stay'd,  
 “This would at last reward my toil, I said,  
 “Destruction through the Assyrian streets to cry,  
 “And then the event my mission falsify;  
 “For this I strove to shun thy sight before,  
 “And sought repose upon a foreign shore;  
 “I knew thou wert so gracious and so kind,  
 “Such mercy sways thy all creating mind,  
 “Averse thy bolts of vengeance to employ,  
 “And still relenting when thou shouldst destroy,



"That when I had declar'd thy sacred will,  
 "Thou wouldst not what I prophesy'd fulfil,  
 "But leave me thus to scorn, contempt, and shame,  
 "A lying prophet, blasted in my fame—  
 "And now, I pray thee, grant my last request,  
 "O take my life, so wretched and unblest!  
 "If here I stay, 'tis but to grieve and sigh;  
 "Then take my life—'tis better far to die."

"Is it thy place to swell with rage and pride,  
 "(Thus to his pining prophet, God reply'd)  
 "Say is it just thy heart should burn with ire  
 "Because *that city* is not wrapt in fire?  
 "What if I choose its ruin to delay,  
 "And send destruction on some future day,  
 "Must thou, for that, with wasting anguish sigh,  
 "And, hostile to my pleasure, wish to die?"

THEN Jonah parted from the mourning town,  
 And near its eastern limits fate him down,  
 A booth he builded with assiduous care,  
 (Form'd of the cypress boughs that flourish'd there).  
 And anxious now beneath their shadow lay,  
 Waiting the issue of the fortieth day—  
 As yet uncertain if the Power Divine  
 Or would to mercy, or to wrath, incline—  
 Meantime, the leaves that roof'd his arbour o'er,  
 Shrunk up and faded, sheltered him no more;  
 But God ordain'd a thrifty gourd to rise,  
 To screen his prophet from the scorching skies;  
 High o'er his head aspir'd the spreading leaf,  
 Too fondly meant to mitigate his grief,  
 So close a foliage o'er his head was made,  
 That not a beam could pierce the happy shade:  
 The wondering seer perceiv'd the branches grow  
 And bless'd the shadow that reliev'd his woe;  
 But when the next bright morn began to shine  
 (So God ordain'd) a worm attack'd the vine,  
 Beneath his bite its goodly leaves decay,  
 And wasting, withering, die before the day!  
 Then as the lamp of heaven still higher rose  
 From eastern skies a sultry tempest blows,  
 The vertic sun as fiercely pour'd his ray,  
 And beam'd around insufferable day,  
 How beat those beams on Jonah's fainting head!  
 How oft he wish'd a place among the dead!  
 All he could do, was now to grieve and sigh,  
 His life detest, and beg of God to die.

AGAIN, JEHOVAH to his prophet said,  
 "Art thou so angry for thy vanish'd shade—  
 "For a mere shadow dost thou well to grieve,  
 "For this poor loss wouldst thou thy being leave?"—



"My rage is just, (the frantic prophet cry'd),  
 "My last, my only comfort is deny'd—  
 "The spreading vine that form'd my leafy bower;  
 "Behold it vanish'd in the needful hour!  
 "To beating winds and sultry suns a prey,  
 "My fainting spirit droops and dies away—  
 "Give me a mansion in my native dust,  
 "For though I die with rage, my rage is just."

ONCE more the ALMIGHTY deign'd to make reply—  
 "Does this lost *gourd* thy sorrow swell so high,  
 "Whose friendly shade not to thy toil was due,  
 "Alone it sprouted, and alone it grew;  
 "A night beheld its branches waving high,  
 "And the next sun beheld those branches die;  
 "And should not pity move the LORD of all  
 "To spare the vast Assyrian capital,  
 "Within whose walls uncounted myriads stray,  
 "Their Father I, my sinful offspring they?—  
 "Should they not move the great creating mind  
 "With six score thousand of the infant kind,  
 "And herds untold, that graze the spacious field,  
 "For whom yon' meads their stores of fragrance yield;—  
 "Should I this royal city wrap in flame,  
 "And slaughter millions to support thy fame,  
 "When now repentant to their God they turn,  
 "And their past follies, low in ashes, mourn?—  
 "Vain thoughtless wretch, recall thy weak request,  
 "Death never came to man a welcome guest;—  
 "Why wish to die—what madness prompts thy mind,  
 "Too long the days of darkness thou shalt find;  
 "Life was a blessing by thy Maker meant,  
 "Dost thou despise the blessings he has lent—  
 "Enjoy my gifts while yet the seasons run  
 "True to their months, and social with the sun;  
 "When to the dust my mandate bids thee fall,  
 "All these are lost, for death conceals them all—  
 "No more the sun illumines the sprightly day,  
 "The seasons vanish, and the stars decay:  
 "The trees, the flowers, no more thy sense delight,  
 "Death shades them all in ever-during night.  
 "Then think not long the little space I lent—  
 "Of thy own sins, like Nineveh, repent;  
 "Rejoice at last the mighty change to see,  
 "And bear with them as I have borne with thee."

[DONE in 1768.]



## THE VILLAGE MERCHANT.

**S**PRUNG from a race, that long had till'd the soil,  
And first disrob'd it of its native trees,  
He wish'd to heir their lands, but not their toil,  
And thought the ploughman's life no life of ease:—

“ 'Tis wrong (said he) these pretty hands to wound  
“ With felling oaks, or delving in the ground:  
“ I, who, at least, have forty pounds in cash  
“ And in a country store might cut a dash,  
“ Why should I till these barren fields (he said)  
“ I who have learnt to cypher, write, and read,  
“ These fields that shrubs, and weeds, and brambles bear,  
“ That pay me not, and only bring me care !”

Some thoughts had he, long while, to quit the sod  
In sea-port towns to try his luck in trade,  
But, then, their ways of living seem'd most odd—  
For dusty streets to leave his native shade,  
From grassy plats to *pebbled walks* remov'd—  
The more he thought of *them*, the less he lov'd:  
The city springs he could not drink, and still  
Preferr'd the fountain near some bushy hill:

And yet, no splendid objects there were seen,  
No distant scenes, in gaudy colours clad,  
Look where you would, the prospect still was mean,  
Scrub-oaks, and scatter'd pines, and willows sad—  
Banks of a shallow river, stain'd with mud;  
A stream, where never swell'd the tide of flood,  
No lofty ship her topsails did unlose,  
Nor sailor sail'd, except in log canoes.

It would have puzzled *Faustus*, to have told,  
What did attach him to this paltry spot;  
Where even the house he heir'd, was very old,  
And all its outworks hardly worth a groat:  
Yet so it was, the fancy took his brain  
A country shop might here some custom gain:  
*Whiskey*, he knew, would always be in vogue,  
While there are country squires to take a *cogue*,  
*Laces* and *lawns* would draw each rural maid,  
And one must have her *shawl*, and one her *shade*—

---

HARD by the road a pigmy building stood,  
Thatch'd was its roof, and earthen were its floors;  
So small its size, that, in a jesting mood,  
It might be call'd a house turn'd out of doors—  
Yet here, adjacent to an aged oak,  
Full fifty years *old dad* his hams did smoke,



Nor ceas'd the trade, 'till worn with years and spent,  
To Plato's smoke-house he, himself, was sent.

Hither our merchant turn'd his curious eye,  
And mus'd awhile upon this fable shell;

"Here father smok'd his hogs (he said) and why  
"In truth, may not our garret do as well?"—

So, down he took his hams and bacon fitches,  
Resolv'd to fill the place with other riches;  
From every hole and cranny brush'd the soot,  
And fixt up shelves throughout the crazy hut:  
A counter, too, most cunningly was plann'd,  
Behind whose breast-work none but he might stand,  
Excepting now and then, by special grace,  
Some brother merchant from some other place.

Now, muster'd up his cash, and said his prayers,  
In Sunday suit he rigs himself for town,  
Two raw-bon'd fleeds (design'd for great affairs)  
Are to the waggon hitch'd, old *Bay* and *Brown*;  
Who ne'er had been before a league from home  
But now are doom'd full many a mile to roam,  
Like merchant-ships, a various freight to bring  
Of *ribbons*, *lawns*, and many a tawdry thing.  
*Molasses* too, blest sweet, was not forgot,  
And island *Rum*, that every taste delights,  
And *teas*, for maid and matron must be bought,  
*Rosin* and *catgut strings* for fiddling wights—  
But why should I his invoice here repeat?  
'Twould be like counting grains in pecks of wheat:  
Half Europe's toil was on his invoice found,  
And all was to be bought with FORTY POUND!

Soon as the early dawn proclaim'd the day,  
He cock'd his hat with pins and comb'd his hair:  
Curious it was, and laughable to see  
The village-merchant mounted in his chair:  
Shelves, pil'd with lawns and linens, in his head,  
Coatings and stuffs, and cloths, and *scarlets red*—  
All that would suit man, woman, girl, or boy;  
Muslins and muslinets, jeans, grograms, corduroy.

Alack! said I, he little, little, dreams  
That all the cash he guards with studious care—  
His cash! the mother of a thousand schemes,  
Will hardly buy a load of earthen ware!  
But why should I excite the hidden tear  
By whispering truths ungrateful to his ear;  
Still let him travel on, with scheming pate,  
As disappointment never comes too late.—



THROUGH woods obscure and dull perplexing ways,  
 Slow and alone, he urg'd the clumsy wheel;  
 Now stopping short, to let his horses graze,  
 Now treating them with straw and Indian meal:  
 At length a *lusty steeple* caught his eye,  
 "Higher (thought he) than ever kite did fly:—  
 But so it is, these *churchmen* are so proud  
 They ever will be climbing to a cloud;  
 Bound on a sky-blue cruise, they always rig  
 The longest steeple. and the largest wig."

Now safe arrived upon the pebbled way,  
 Where well-born steeds the rattling coaches trail,  
 Where shops on shops are seen—and ladies gay  
 Walk with their curtains some, and some their veil;  
 Where sons of art their various labours show  
 And one cries *fish!* and one cries *muffins ho!*  
 Amaz'd, alike, the merchant, and his pair  
 Of scare-crow steeds, did nothing else but stare;  
 So new was all the scene, that, smit with awe,  
 They grinn'd, and gaz'd, and gap'd at all they saw,  
 And often stopp'd, to ask at every door,

"Sirs, can you tell us where's the cheapest store!"

"The cheapest store! (a sly retailer said)

"Cheaper than cheap, guid faith, I have to sell;

"Here are some colour'd cloths that never fade:

"No other shop can serve you half so well;

"Wanting some money now, to pay my rent,

"I'll sell them at a loss of one per cent.—

"Hm-hums are here—and muslins—what you please—

"Bandanas, bastas, pulcats, India teas;

"Improv'd by age, and now grown very old,

"And given away, you may depend; not sold!"

Lur'd by the bait the wily shopman laid,  
 He gave his steeds their mess of straw and meal,  
 Then gazing round the shop, thus, cautious said,  
 "Well, if you sell so cheap, I think we'll deal;  
 "But pray remember, 'tis for goods I'm come,  
 "For, as to polecats, we've enough at home—  
 "Full forty pounds I have, and that in gold  
 "(Enough to make a trading man look bold)  
 "Unrig your shelves, and let me take a peep;  
 "'Tis odds I leave them bare, you sell so cheap."

The city merchant stood, with lengthen'd jaws,  
 And star'd awhile, then made this short reply—

"You clear my shelves! (he said)—this shelf of gauze

"Is more than all your forty pounds can buy:—

"On yonder board, whose burthen seems so small

"That one man's pocket might contain it all,

"More value lies, than you and all your race

"From Adam down, could purchase or possess."



Convinc'd, he turn'd him to another street,  
 Where humbler shopmen from the crowd retreat;  
 Here caught his eye coarse calicoes and crape,  
 Pipes and tobacco, ticklenburghs and tape,  
 Pitchers and pots, of value not so high  
 But he might sell, and FORTY POUNDS would buy.

Some jugs, some pots, some fifty ells of tape,  
 A keg of wine, a cask of low proof rum,  
 Bung'd close—for fear the spirit should escape  
 That many a sot was waiting for at home;  
 A gross of pipes, a case of home made gin,  
 Tea, powder, shot—small parcels he laid in;  
 Molasses, too, for *Swickell*\*-loving wights,  
 (*Swickell*, that wings Sangrado's boldest flights,  
 When bursting forth, the wild ideas roll,  
 Flash'd from that farthing-candle, call'd his foul:)  
 All these he bought, and would have purchas'd more,  
 To furnish out his Lilliputian store;  
 But cash fell short—and they who smil'd while yet  
 The cash remain'd, now took a serious fit—:  
 No more the shop-girl could his talk endure,  
 But, like her cat, sat sullen and demure—  
 'The dull retailer found no more to say,  
 But shook his head, and wish'd to sneak away,  
 Leaving his house-dog, now, to make reply,  
 And watch the counter with a lynx's eye—  
 Our merchant took the hint, and off he went,  
 Resolv'd to sell at *twenty five per cent.*

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RETURNING far o'er many a hill and stone  
 And much in dread his earthen-ware would break,  
 Thoughtful he rode, and uttering many a groan  
 Lest at some worm-hole vent his cask should leak—  
 His cask, that held the joys of rural squire  
 Which even, 'twas said, the parson did admire,  
 And valued more than all the dusty pages  
 That Calvin penn'd, and fifty other sages—  
 Once high in fame—beprais'd in verse and prose,  
 But now unthumb'd, enjoy a safe repose.

At dusk of eve he reach'd his old abode,  
 Around him quick his anxious townsmen came,  
 One ask'd what luck had happ'd him on the road,  
 And one ungear'd the mud-bespatter'd team.  
 While on his cask each glanc'd a loving eye,  
 Patient, to all he gave a brisk reply—  
 Told all that had befall'n him on his way,  
 What wonders in the town detain'd his stay—

\* Molasses and water : A beverage much used in the Eastern States.



" Houses as high as yonder white-oak tree  
 " And boats of monstrous size that go to sea,  
 " Streets throng'd with busy folk, like swarming hive;  
 " The lord knows how they all contrive to live—  
 " No ploughs I saw, no hoes, no care, no charge,  
 " In fact, they all are gentlemen at large,  
 " And goods so thick on every window lie,  
 " They all seem born to sell—and none to buy."

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ALACK-a-day! on life's uncertain road  
 How many plagues, what evils must befall;—  
 Jove has on none unmingled bliss bestow'd,  
 But disappointment is the lot of all:  
 Thieves rob our stores, in spite of locks and keys,  
 Cats steal our cream, and rats infest our cheese,  
 The gayest coat a grease-spot may assail,  
 Or Susan pin a dish-clout to its tail.—

Our village merchant (trust me) had his share  
 Of vile mis-haps—for now, the goods, unpackt,  
 Discover'd, what might make a deacon swear  
 Jugs, cream-pots, pipes, and grog-bowls sadly crackt—  
 A general groan throughout the crowd was heard;  
 Most pitied him, and some his ruin fear'd;  
 Poor wight! 'twas sad to see him fret and chafe,  
 While each enquir'd, " Sir, is the rum-cask safe?"

Alas! even that some mischief had endur'd—;  
 One rascal hoop had started near the chine!—  
 Then curiously the bung-hole they explor'd,  
 With stem of pipe, the leakage to define—  
 Five gallons must be charg'd to loss and gain!—  
 "—Five gallons! (cry'd the merchant, writh'd with pain)—  
 " Now may the cooper never see full flask,  
 " But still be driving at an empty cask—  
 " Five gallons might have mellow'd down the 'squire  
 " And made the captain strut a full inch higher;  
 " Five gallons might have prompted many a song,  
 " And made a frolic more than five days long:  
 " Five gallons now are lost, and—sad to think,  
 " That when they leak'd—no soul was there to drink!"

Now, slightly treated with a proof-glass dram,  
 Each neighbour took his leave, and went to bed,  
 All but our merchant: he, with grief o'ercome,  
 Revolv'd strange notions in his scheming head—  
 " For losses such as these, (thought he) 'tis meant,  
 " That goods are sold at twenty-five per cent:  
 " No doubt these trading men know what is just,  
 " 'Tis twenty five times what they cost at first!"

So rigging off his shelves, by light of candle,  
 The ancient smoke-house walls begin to shine:



Here, stood his tea-pots—some without a handle—  
A broken jar—and there his keg of wine;  
Pipes, many a dozen, ordered in a row;  
Jugs, mugs, and grog-bowls—less for sale than show;  
The leaky cask, replenish'd from the well,  
Roll'd to its birth—but *we no tales will tell*—

Catching the eye in elegant display,  
All was arranged and snug, by break of day:  
The blu *dram-bottle*, on the counter plac'd,  
Stood, all prepar'd for *him that buys to taste*—;  
Sure bait! by which *the man of cash* is taken,  
As rats are caught by cheese, or scraps of bacon.

Now, from all parts the rural people ran,  
With ready cash, to buy what might be bought:  
One went to choose a pot, and one a pan,  
And they that had no pence their *produce* brought,  
A hog, a calf, safe halter'd by the neck;  
Potatoes (Ireland's glory) many a peck;  
Bacon and cheese, of real value more  
Than India's gems, or all Potosi's ore.

Some questions ask'd, the folks began to stare—  
No soul would purchase, pipe, or pot, or pan:  
Each shook his head—hung back—“*Your goods so dear!*  
“*In fact* (said they) *the devil's in the man!*  
“*Rum ne'er shall meet my lips* (cry'd honest Sam)  
“*In shape of toddy, punch, grog, sling, or dram;*  
“*No cash of mine you'll get* (said pouting Kate)  
“*While gauze is valued at so dear a rate.*”

Thus things dragg'd on for many a tedious day;  
No custom came; and nought but discontent  
Gloom'd through the shop—“*Well, let them have their way,*  
(The merchant said) *I'll sell at cent per cent,*  
“*By which, 'tis plain, I scarce myself can save,*  
“*For cent per cent is just the price I gave.*”

“*Now!* (cry'd the 'squire, who still had kept his pence)  
“*Now, sir, you reason like a man of sense!*  
“*Custom will now from every quarter come;*  
“*In joyous streams shall flow the inspiring rum,*  
“*'Till every soul in pleasing dreams be sunk,*  
“*And even our SOCRATES himself—is drunk!*”

Soon were the shelves disburthen'd of their load;  
In three short hours the keg of wine ran dry—  
Swift from its tap even dull molasses flow'd;  
Each saw the rum-cask wasting, with a sigh—  
“*Here lies a worthy corpse* (Sangrado said)  
“*Its debt to drunkards now, no doubt, is paid—*  
“*Well—'twas a vile disease that kill'd it, sure,*  
“*A quick consumption, that no art could cure!*  
“*Thus shall we all, when life's vain dream is out,*  
“*Be lodg'd in corners dark, or kick'd about!*



"Time is the tapster of our race below,  
 "That turns the key, and bids the juices flow:  
 "Quitting my books, henceforth be mine the task  
 "To moralize upon this EMPTY CASK——  
 "Thank heaven, we've had the TASTE—so far 'twas well;  
 "And still, thro' mercy, may enjoy the SMELL!"

## EPILOGUE.

WELL!—strange it is, that men will still apply  
 Things to themselves, that authors never meant:  
 Each country merchant asks me, "Is it I  
 On whom your rhyming ridicule is spent?"  
 Friends, hold your tongues—such, myriads of your race  
 Adorn Columbia's fertile, favour'd climes,  
 A man might rove seven years from place to place  
 Ere he would know the subject of my rhymes——  
 Perhaps in Jersey is this creature known,  
 Perhaps New-England claims him for her own:  
 And if from Fancy's world this wight I drew,  
 What is the imagin'd character to you?  
 [Anno 1763.]

## EPISTOLARY LINES

## ON THE DEATH OF A FIDDLER.

**I**N Life's fair morn a FIDDLE, was his choice,  
 This he preferr'd to Reason's sober voice;  
 Some scores of tunes, on cat-gut taught to play,  
 Sweetly he scrap'd the dream of life away:  
 From house to house (the joy of all) he ran,  
 Welcome to all, this music-making man;  
 Where'er he went, he bade all discord cease  
 And howling brats by him were hush'd to peace:  
 Where'er he went, to play for beau or belle,  
 Much they admir'd the god within the shell;  
 Each grey-hair'd dame for that postpon'd all care,  
 And own'd this fiddle was a sweet affair.—  
 No foe had he ('twas worthy of remark)  
 Except, perhaps, the preacher and his clerk,  
 Some deacon grave, who liv'd by looking sad,  
 Some rival wight, who no such fiddle had:  
 These were, indeed, disgusted with its tone;  
 Because—the world preferr'd it to their own.  
 But, mark the event—with all his fiddling skill,  
 This man of tunes went capering down the hill:



From endless mirth, an idle habit sprung,  
 And years advanc'd, in spite of all he sung!—  
 Despising home, and absent day from day,  
 Perplext with weeds his little garden lay:—  
 Hence plagues came on, and hence, too soon arose  
 From midnight drams the diamonds on his nose;  
 Hence, faucy cares, that would no longer wait,  
 Seiz'd all the man, and pictur'd out his fate,  
 New artists rose; that each became his foe,  
 Play'd livelier tunes (or people thought them so);  
 Soon out of date the grey-hair'd scraper grew,  
 (The truth was this, they wanted something NEW:)  
 Surpriz'd he saw full seventy years were past—  
 “And do I wake!—(the fiddler cry'd) at last?  
 “While others toil'd, *to bless the rainy day,*  
 “Ye gods! have I done nothing else but *play?*”  
 With grief he saw the patches on his coat,  
 Himself—his fiddle—on the world afloat;  
 His hat, a slouch that beggars might abuse,  
 And toes uncouth, that peep'd from both his shoes—  
 Then curs'd his strings, his rosin, and his art,  
 And said—“'Tis so! your fiddler must depart!”  
 Now he is dead!—ye few that prize him still,  
 That once admir'd—nay, once ador'd his skill:  
 And THOU, to whom I dedicate my lay,  
 Ah! for the joys he gave, this tribute pay!  
 You—at whose wedding he so finely play'd,  
 That night, when CELIA ceas'd to be a maid,  
 Whose charms, THAT NIGHT, bade every bosom glow,  
 Charms, that were toasted twenty years ago!—  
 To *him*—that once you deem'd out-done by none,  
 For *him*, provide the monumental stone!  
 From other worlds he had not much to hope,  
 No slave to Luther, Calvin, or the Pope.  
 (Perhaps some better work employs him there—  
 Perhaps on Pluto's coast no fiddles are!—)  
 Howe'er that be, allow me to remark—  
 (Since things to come are sadly in the dark)  
 A NEWARK STONE, companion of repose,  
 Should tell the inscription that the Muse bestows:  
 And ere that STONE his mouldering dust confines,  
 You give me but the HINT—I'll write the lines!



## ON AMERICAN ANTIQUITY.

**A**MERICA, to every climate known,  
 Spreads her broad bosom to the burning zone,  
 To either pole extends her vast domain  
 Where varying suns o'er different summers reign.  
 Wide wandering streams, vast plains, and pathless woods,  
 Bold shores, confin'd by circumscribing floods;  
 Denote this land—whose fertile, flowery breast  
 Teems with all life—and man, its nobler guest.  
 In days of old, from ocean's deepest bed,  
 Gulphs unexplor'd, and countries of the dead,  
 Rous'd by some voice, that shook all nature's frame,  
 From the vast depth this new creation came:  
 Perpetual change its varying nature feels,  
 The wave once flow'd that now with frost congeals,  
 Suns on its breast have shed a feebler fire,  
 Oceans have roll'd where mountains now aspire.  
 The soil's proud lord a changeful temper knows,  
 From differing earths his various nature grows:  
 Long, long before the time that sophists plan  
 Existed in these woods the race of man,  
 Warm'd into life by some creating flame,  
 All worlds pervading, and through all, the same!

Not from the west their swarthy tribes they brought,  
 As Europe's pride and Asia's folly taught;  
 With the same ease the great disposing power  
 Produc'd a man, a reptile, or a flower:—  
 See the swift deer, in lonely wilds that strays,  
 See the tall elk, that in the valley plays,  
 See the fierce tiger's raging, ravenous band,  
 And wolves (their race as ancient as the land)  
 Did these of old from bleak *Kamschatka* come,  
 And traverse seas, to find a happier home?—  
 No!—---from this dust, this common *dust*, they drew  
 Their different forms, proud man, *that* moulded you.—  
 At first, half beasts, untaught to till the land,  
 Careless, they fed from Nature's fostering hand;  
 In depths of deserts dream'd their lives away,  
 Sought no new worlds, nor look'd beyond to-day:  
 The Almighty power, that lives and breathes through all,  
 Bade some faint rays on these dark nations fall;  
 Early, to them did reasoning souls impart,  
 Inventive genius, and some dawn of art;  
 Then left them here, with sense enough to win,  
 Or cheat the bear, or panther of his skin;  
 Mean huts to build, regardless of their form,  
 Completely blest, if sheltered from the storm;



To see the seasons change, day turn to night;  
Bow to the lamps of heaven that gave them light,  
Beam'd in the spring, or bade the summer glow,  
Their harvests ripen, and their gardens grow—

### A B A T A V I A N P I C T U R E.

SONS of the earth, for plodding genius fam'd,  
*Batavia* long her earthborn natives claim'd:  
Begot from *industry*, and not from *love*,  
Swarming at length, to these fair climes they move.—  
Still in these climes their numerous race survive,  
And, born to labour, still are found to thrive;  
'Thro' rain and sunshine toiling for their heirs  
They hold no nation on this earth like theirs.  
Fond of themselves, no generous motives bind,  
To those that speak their gibberish, only kind:—  
Yet still some virtues, candor must confess,  
And truth shall own, some virtues they possess:  
Where'er they fix, all nature smiles around  
Groves bend with fruit and plenty cloathes the ground;  
No barren trees to shade their domes are seen,  
Trees must be fertile, and their dwellings clean,  
No idle fancy dares its whims apply,  
Or hope attention from the master's eye,  
All tends to something that must self produce,  
All for some end, and every thing its use:—  
Eternal scowerings keep their floors afloat  
Neat as the outside of the Sunday coat;  
The hoe, the loom, the female band employ,  
These all their pleasure, these their darling joy;—  
The strong-ribb'd lass no idle passions move,  
No frail ideas of romantic love;  
He to her heart the readiest path can find  
Who comes with gold, and courts her to be kind,  
She heeds not valour, learning, wit, or birth,  
Minds not the swain—but asks him what he's worth.  
No female fears in her firm breast prevail,  
The helm she handles and she trims the sail,  
In some small barque the way to market finds,  
Hauls aft the sheet, or veers it to the winds,  
While plac'd a-head, subservient to her will,  
*Hans* smokes his pipe, and wonders at her skill.  
Health to their toils—thus may they still go on—  
Curse on my pen! What virtues have I drawn!  
Is this the general taste? No (Truth replies)—  
If fond of beauty, guiltless of disguise,



See—(where, the social circle meant to grace)  
The fair Cefarean shades her lovely face,—  
She, early held to happier tasks at home,  
Prefers the labours that her sex become,  
Remote from view, directs some favourite art,  
And leaves to harder man the ruder part.

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## FARMER DOBBINS'S COMPLAINT,

**T**HREE daughters I have, and as prettily made,  
As handsome as any you'll see,  
And lovers they count—but still I'm afraid  
They always will hang upon me.

In writing of letters, and talking of love  
They are foolishly spending their time;  
One gives them a ribbon, and one a new glove,  
And thus they are passing their prime.

With idle romances my book-case is stor'd  
That teach not to praise or to pray,  
And the Bible itself is discharg'd from the board,  
Where, once, with Jack Banyan it lay.

These bucks of the town, with their elegant coats—  
I'm sick of their horses and chairs:  
They plunder my hay, and they pilfer my oats—  
Am I keeping a tavern, my dears?

These suitors and *lovers*, that never can love,  
Content with a squeeze of the hand;—  
Tho' often the subject of Hymen I move,  
'Tis a subject they can't understand.

This courting and courting, and never concluding  
Is nonsense—I'm sorry to say:  
Your kissing and playing is rather intruding  
*Unless—you will take them away!*



T H E  
P Y R A M I D S O F E G Y P T.  
A D I A L O G U E.

*Scene.* EGYPT.

*Persons.* TRAVELLER, GENIUS, TIME.

---

*Traveller.*

W HERE are those far-fam'd piles of human grandeur,  
Those sphinxes, pyramids, and Pompey's pillar,  
That bid defiance to the arm of TIME—  
Tell me, dear GENIUS, for I long to see them.

*Genius.*

AT Alexandria rises Pompey's pillar,  
Whose date is but of yesterday, compar'd  
With those prodigious fabricks that you see  
O'er yonder distant plain—upon whose breast  
Old Nile hath never roll'd his swelling stream,  
The only plain so privileg'd in Egypt;  
These pyramids may well excite your wonder,  
They are of most remote antiquity,  
Almost co-eval with those cloud-crown'd hills  
That westward from them rise—long ere the age  
That saw old Babel's tower aspiring high,  
Then first the sage Egyptian architects  
These ancient turrets to the heaven rais'd;—  
But Babel's tower is gone, and these remain!

*Traveller.*

Old Rome I thought unrival'd in her years,  
At least the remnants that we find at Rome,—  
Deep are they sunk in dark antiquity;—  
But these, you tell me, are of older date.

*Genius.*

Talk not of Rome!—before they lopt a bush  
From the seven hills where Rome, earth's empress, stood,  
These pyramids were old—their birth-day is  
Beyond tradition's reach, or history.

*Traveller.*

Then let us haste toward those piles of wonder  
That scorn to bend beneath this weight of years—  
Lo! to my view, the awful mansions rise  
The pride of art, the sleeping place of death!  
Are these the four prodigious monuments  
That so astonish every generation—



Let us examine this, the first and greatest—  
 A secret horror, chills my breast, dear Genius,  
 To touch these monuments that are so ancient,  
 The fearful property of ghosts and death!—  
 And of such mighty bulk, that I presume  
 A race of giants were the architects.—  
 Since these proud fabricks to the heavens were rais'd  
 How many generations have decay'd,  
 How many monarchies to ruin pass'd!  
 How many empires had their rise and fall!  
 While these remain—and promise to remain  
 As long as yonder sun, that gilds their summits,  
 Or moon or stars their wonted circuits run.

*Genius.*

—The time will come  
 When these stupendous piles you deem immortal,  
 Worn out with age, shall moulder on their bases,  
 And down, down, low to endless ruin verging,  
 O'erwhelm'd by dust, be seen and known no more!—  
 Ages ago, in dark oblivion's lap  
 Had they been shrouded, but the atmosphere  
 In these parch'd climates, hostile to decay,  
 Is pregnant with no rain, that by its moisture  
 Might waste their bulk in such excess of time,  
 And prove them merely mortal.—  
 'Twas on this plain the ancient Memphis stood,  
 Her walls encircled these tall pyramids—  
 But where is Pharaoh's palace, where the domes  
 Of Egypt's haughty lords? all, all are gone,  
 And like the phantom snows of a May morning,  
 Left not a vestige to remember them!

*Traveller.*

How shall I reach the vertex of this pile—  
 How shall I clamber up its shelving sides?  
 I scarce endure to glance towards the summit,  
 It seems among the clouds—When was't thou rais'd  
 O work of more than mortal majesty—  
 Was this produc'd by persevering man,  
 Or did the gods erect this pyramid?

*Genius.*

Nor gods, nor giants rais'd this pyramid—  
 It was the toil of mortals like yourself,  
 That swell'd it to the skies—  
 Seest thou yon' little door? Through that they pass'd,  
 Who rais'd so high this aggregate of wonders!  
 What cannot tyrants do,  
 When they have subject nations at their will,  
 And the world's wealth to gratify ambition!  
 Millions of slaves beneath their labours fainted



Who here were doom'd to toil incessantly,  
 And years claps'd while groaning myriads strove  
 To raise this mighty tomb—and but to hide  
 The worthless bones of an Egyptian king.—  
 O wretch, might not a humbler tomb have done,  
 Could nothing but a pyramid inter thee?

*Traveller.*

Perhaps old Jacob's race, when here oppress'd,  
 Rais'd, in their years of bondage, this dread pile.

*Genius.*

Before the Jewish patriarchs saw the light,  
 While yet the globe was in its infancy  
 These were erected to the pride of man—  
 Six thousand years have run their tedious round  
 Since these smooth stones were on each other laid,  
 Six thousand more may run as dull a round  
 Ere Egypt sees her pyramids decay'd.

*Traveller.*

But suffer me to enter, and behold  
 The interior wonders of this edifice.

*Genius.*

'Tis darkness all, with hateful silence join'd—  
 Here drowsy bats enjoy a dull repose,  
 And marble coffins, vacant of their bones,  
 Show where the royal dead in ruin lay!  
 By every pyramid a temple rose  
 Where oft, in concert, those of ancient time  
 Sung to their goddess Isis hymns of praise;  
 But these are fallen!—their columns too superb  
 Are levell'd with the dust—nor these alone—  
 Where is thy vocal statue, *Memnon*, now,  
 That once, responsive to the morning beams,  
 Harmoniously to father Phœbus sung!  
 Where is the image that in past time stood  
 High on the summit of yon' pyramid?—  
 Still may you see its polish'd pedestal—  
 Where art thou ancient Thebes?—all buried low,  
 All vanish'd! crumbled into mother dust,  
 And nothing of antiquity remains  
 But these huge pyramids, and yonder hills.

*Time.*

Old Babel's tower hath felt my potent arm,  
 I ruin'd *Ecbatan* and *Babylon*,  
 Thy huge Colossus, *Rhodes*, I tumbled down,  
 And on these pyramids I smote my scythe;  
 But they resist its edge—then let them stand.—  
 But I can boast a greater feat than this,  
 I long ago have shrouded those in death



Who made these structures rebels to my power——  
 But, O return!—These piles are not immortal!  
 This earth, with all its belts of hills and mountains,  
 Shall perish by my hand——then how can these,  
 These hoary-headed pyramids of Egypt,  
 That are but dwindled warts upon her body,  
 That on a little, little spot of ground  
 Extinguish the dull radiance of the sun,  
 Be proof to death and me?——Traveller return——  
 There's nought but GOD immortal——He alone  
 Exists secure, when Genius, Man, and *Time*,  
 (*Time* not immortal, but a viewless point  
 In the vast circle of eternity)  
 Are swallow'd up, and, like the pyramids,  
 Leave not an atom for their monument!

[Anno 1769.]

### The BANISHED MAN.

SINCE Man may every region claim,  
 And Nature is, in all, the same,  
 And *we* a part of her wide plan,  
 Tell me, what makes THE BANISH'D MAN?

The favourite spot, that gave us birth,  
 We fondly call, our mother earth;  
 And hence our vain distinctions grow,  
 And man to man becomes a foe.

That friendship to all nations due,  
 And taught by reason to pursue,  
 That love, which should the world combine,  
 To *Country* why do we confine!

The Grecian sage (old stories say)  
 When question'd where his country lay,  
 Inspir'd by heaven, made no reply,  
*But rais'd his finger to the sky.*

No region has, on earth, been known  
 But some, of choice, have made their own:—  
 Your tears are not from Reason's source  
 If *choice* can take the path of *force*.

“Alas! (you cry) that is not all:  
 “My former friendships I recall,  
 “My house, my farm, my days, my nights,  
 “Scenes vanish'd now, and past delights.”——



*Distance for absence you mistake—*  
 Here, days and nights their circuits make:  
 Here, Nature walks her beauteous round,  
 And friendship may—perhaps—be found.

If times grow dark, or wealth retires,  
 Let Reason check your proud desires:  
 Virtue the humblest garb can wear,  
 And loss of wealth is loss of care.

Thus, half unwilling, half resign'd,  
 Desponding, why, the generous mind?—  
 'Think right,—nor be the hour delayed  
 That flies the sun, to seek the shade.

Though injur'd, exil'd, or alone,  
 Nobly presume the world your own,  
 Convinc'd that, since the world began,  
*Time, only, makes The Banish'd Man.*

~~~~~  
 COLUMBUS TO FERDINAND.

Columbus was a considerable number of years engaged in soliciting the Court of Spain to fit him out, in order to discover a new Continent, which he imagined to exist somewhere in the western parts of the ocean. During his negotiations, he is here supposed to address king Ferdinand in the following stanzas.—

**I**LLUSTRIOUS Monarch of Iberia's soil,  
 Too long I wait permission to depart;  
 Sick of delays, I beg thy listening ear—  
 Shine forth the patron and the prince of art.

While yet Columbus breathes the vital air,  
 Grant his request to pass the western main:  
 Reserve this glory for thy native soil,  
 And what must please thee more—for thy own reign.

Of this huge globe, how small a part we know—  
 Does heaven their worlds to western suns deny?—  
 How disproportion'd to the mighty deep  
 The lands that yet in human prospect lie!

Does Cynthia, when to western skies arriv'd,  
 Spend her sweet beam upon the barren main  
 And ne'er illumine with midnight splendor, she,  
 The natives dancing on the lightsome green—?

Should the vast circuit of the world contain  
 Such wastes of ocean, and such scanty land?—  
 'Tis reason's voice that bids me think not so;  
 I think more nobly of the Almighty hand,



Does yon' fair lamp trace half the circle round  
To light the waves and moniters of the seas?—  
No—be there must, beyond the billowy waste,  
Islands, and men, and animals, and trees.

An unremitting flame my breast inspires  
To seek new lands amidst the barren waves,  
Where falling low, the source of day descends,  
And the blue sea his evening visage laves.

Hear, in his tragic lay, Cordova's sage: \*

*"The time will come, when numerous years are past,  
"The ocean shall unloose the bands of things,  
"And an extended region rise at last;*

*"And TYPHIS shall disclose the mighty land  
"Far, far away, where none have rov'd before;  
"Nor shall the world's remotest region be  
"Gibraltar's rock, or THULE's savage shore."*

Fir'd at the theme, I languish to depart,  
Supply the barque, and bid Columbus sail,  
He fears no storms upon the untravell'd deep;  
Reason shall steer, and skill disarm the gale.

Nor does he dread to lose the intended course,  
Though far from land the reeling galley stray,  
And skies above, and gulphy seas below  
Be the sole objects seen for many a day.

Think not that Nature has unveil'd in vain  
The mystic magnet to the mortal eye:  
So late have we the guiding needle plann'd  
Only to fail beneath our native sky?

Ere this was known, the ruling power of all  
Form'd for our use an ocean in the land,  
Its breadth so small, we could not wander long,  
Nor long be absent from the neighbouring strand.

Short was the course, and guided by the stars,  
But stars no more shall point our daring way;  
The Bear shall sink, and every guard be drown'd,  
And great *Arcturus* scarce escape the sea,

When southward we shall steer——O grant my wish,  
Supply the barque, and bid Columbus sail,  
He dreads no tempests on the untravell'd deep,  
Reason shall steer, and skill disarm the gale.

\* Seneca the Poet, native of Cordova in Spain.—*Venient annis sacula seris, quibus  
oceanus vincula rerum laxet, et ingens pateat tellus, Tiphisque novos detegat orbes; nec  
sit terris ultima Thule*——Seneca. Med. Act III. V. 375.



## THE DESERTED FARM-HOUSE.

**T**HIS antique dome the insatiate tooth of time  
Now level with the dust has almost laid;—  
Yet ere 'tis gone, I seize my humble theme  
From these low ruins, that his years have made.

Behold the unfocial hearth!—where once the fires  
Blaz'd high, and sooth'd the wintry traveller's woes;  
See the weak roof, that abler props requires,  
Admits the winds, and swift descending snows.

Here, to forget the labours of the day,  
No more the swains at evening hours repair,  
But wandering flocks assume the well known way  
To shun the rigours of the midnight air.

In yonder chamber, half to ruin gone,  
Once stood the ancient housewife's curtain'd bed—  
Timely the prudent matron has withdrawn,  
And each domestic comfort with her fled.

The trees, the flowers that her own hands had rear'd,  
The plants, the vines, that were so verdant seen,—  
The trees, the flowers, the vines have disappear'd,  
And every plant has vanish'd from the green.

So sits in tears on wide Campania's plain  
Rome, once the mistress of a world enslav'd;  
That triumph'd o'er the land, subdued the main,  
And Time himself, in her wild transports, brav'd.

So sits in tears on Palestina's shore  
The Hebrew town, of splendor once divine—  
Her kings, her lords, her triumphs are no more;  
Slain are her priests, and ruin'd every shrine.

Once, in the bounds of this deserted room,  
Perhaps some swain nocturnal courtship made,  
Perhaps some *Sherlock* mus'd amidst the gloom;  
Since Love and Death forever seek the shade.

Perhaps some miser, doom'd to discontent,  
Here counted o'er the heaps acquir'd with pain:  
He to the dust—his gold; on traffick sent,  
Shall ne'er disgrace these mouldering walls again.

Nor shall the glow-worm fopling, sunshine bred,  
Seek, at the evening hour, this wonted dome—



Time has reduc'd the fabrick to a shed,  
Scarce fit to be the wandering beggar's home.

And none but I its dismal doom lament—  
None, none but I o'er its cold ashes mourn,  
Sent by the muse—(the time perhaps mis-spent—)  
To write dull stanzas on this dome forlorn.

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE DEBTOR'S SOLILOQUY.

ALLUR'D by trust, from shop to shop I ran,  
Gaz'd at the windows deck'd with gaudy gear  
Mullins, and lawns, and laces; papers, books,  
And cloths, the finest from Britannia's looms;  
Too tempting to the eye!—Much did I talk  
With that thrice happy wight, who constant stands  
Musing behind the counter—all his aim  
To catch the pence of lady or of squire,

Most things I bought, but always sigh'd for more.  
I bought, i deed—but not one ounce of wit;  
Mark that, and mark it down to my confusion—  
O credit, credit, what a cheat art thou!—  
I paid no cash—'twas noted for a crime  
By that recording hand, which WASTE-BOOK keeps.  
Nor *that* a one; but cruelly transfers  
To *Journal, Ledger*—and the lord knows what.

Away I went; my buyings safely stow'd,  
Whether on negro's head, or dray—no matter—  
Soft pass'd the joyous months that interven'd,  
While yet the busy hours ran sweetly on,  
While yet no 'prentice boys approach'd my door  
With lectures short, but serious as the grave,  
Preaching up mournful truths from beardless chin!

But PAY-DAY came at last—and with it brought  
Unnumber'd plagues and cares, and doubts, and fears,  
And grunts, and growls, and grumblings without end,  
And quirks, and quibbles, lies and subterfuges,  
Billets and notes with compliments cut short;  
Ay—such as scarcely, said, —*Your humble servant!*

Whene'er I walk'd the streets, I found no rest—  
And rather would have met (horn'd, tail'd, and hoof'd,)  
Old Satan's self, than fac'd one creditor—  
The knocker had no interval of pause,  
And every man that came, came with a dun,  
And saucy looks, and stiff impertinence,



And heavy lowering brow, that spoke no good!  
 Toss'd to and fro' upon a sea of debt  
 Each day beheld me more and more distress'd;—  
 A paper-kite amidst the raging storms,  
 A school boy's boat upon the Atlantic wave!  
 What could I more?—I bundled up my duds,  
 Pull'd to the door, that stood upon a jar,  
 Beneath the threshold laid the landlord's key,  
 And at the hour when ghosts are said to walk  
 March'd off, and left even *Master Snip*, unpaid!

Blame me, ye men of cold philosophy,  
 That fear no sheriffs, constables, or writs—  
 Blame me who will—I relish not a jail,  
 And, be my trotters in what plight they may,  
 (Even tho' my *ponderous jack-boots* were unsoal'd)  
 Still should they bear me from those dull retreats  
 Where want of spirit keeps the prisoner fast,  
 And wretches pine, and harpies turn the key.

=====

# T H E

## S A B B A T H - D A Y C H A C E .

ON A fine Sunday morning I mounted my steed  
 And southward from HARTFORD had meant to proceed;  
 My baggage was stow'd in a cart, very snug,  
 Which RANGER, the gelding, was fated to lug;  
 With his harness and buckles, he loom'd very grand,  
 And was drove by young DARBY, a lad of the land—  
 On land, or on water, most handy was he,  
 A jockey on shore, and a sailor at sea,  
 He knew all the roads, he was so very keen,  
 And the *Bible* by heart, at the age of fifteen.

As thus I jogg'd on, to my saddle confin'd,  
 With *Ranger* and *Darby* a distance behind;  
 At last in full view of a steeple we came  
 With a *cock* on the spire (I suppose he was game;  
 A dove in the pulpit may suit your grave people,  
 But always remember—a cock on the steeple)  
 Cries *Darby*—"Dear master, I beg you to stay;  
 Believe me, there's danger in driving this way;  
 Our deacons on Sundays have power to arrest  
 And lead us to church—if your honour thinks best—  
 Tho' still I must do them the justice to tell,  
 They would choose you should pay them the fine—full as well."

The fine (said I) *Darby*, how much may it be—  
 A shilling or sixpence?—why now, let me see,



Three shillings are all the small pence that remain,  
 And to change a half joe would be rather profane.  
 Is it more than three shillings, the fine that you speak on;  
 What say you good Darby—will that serve the deacon?  
 “Three shillings (cried Darby) why master you’re jesting!—  
 Let us *luff* while we can and make sure of our *westing*—  
*Forty shillings*, excuse me, is too much pay  
 It would take my month’s wages—that’s all I’ve to say!—  
 By taking *this road* that inclines to the *right*  
 The squire and the sexton may bid us good night,  
 If once to old Ranger I give up the rein  
 The parson himself may pursue us in vain.”

“Not I, my good Darby (I answer’d the lad)  
 Leave the church on the left! they would think we were mad;  
 I would sooner rely on the heels of my steed,  
 And pass by them all, like a *Jebu* indeed:—  
 As long as I’m able to lead in the race  
 Old Ranger, the gelding, will go a good pace,  
 As the deacon pursues, he will fly like a swallow,  
 And you in the cart must, undoubtedly, follow.”

Then approaching the church, as we pass’d by the door.  
 The sexton peep’d out, with a faint or two more,  
 A deacon came forward and wav’d us his hat,  
 A signal to drop him some money—mind that—!  
 “Now, Darby (I whisper’d) be ready to skip,  
 Ease off the curb bridle—give Ranger the whip;  
 While you have the rear, and myself lead the way,  
 No doctor or deacon shall catch us to day.”

By this time the deacon had mounted his poney  
 And chac’d for the sake of our souls, and—our money—  
 The faint, as he follow’d, cried—“Stop them, halloo!”  
 As swift as he follow’d, as swiftly we flew—  
 “Ah master! (said Darby) I very much fear  
 We must drop him some money to check his career,  
 He is gaining upon us, and waves with his hat  
 There’s nothing, dear master, will stop him but that—  
 Remember the Beaver (you well know the fable)  
 Who flying the hunters as long as he’s able,  
 When he finds that his efforts can nothing avail  
 But death and the puppies are close at his tail,  
 Instead of desponding at such a dead lift  
 He bites off *their object*, and makes a free gift—  
 Since fortune all hope of escaping denies  
 Better give them a little, than lose the whole prize.”  
 But scarce had he spoke, when we came to a place  
 Whose muddy condition concluded the chase,  
 Down settled the cart—and old Ranger stuck fast  
 Aha! (said the Saint) have I catch’d ye at last?

\* \* \* \* \*

Cætera desunt.



T H E

## MONUMENT OF PHAON

Phaon, the admirer of Sappho, both of the isle of Lesbos, privately forsook this first object of his affection, and sat out to visit foreign countries. Sappho, after having long mourned his absence (which is the subject of one of Ovid's finest epistles) is here supposed to fall into the company of Ismenius, a traveller, who informs her that he saw the tomb of a certain Phaon in Sicily, erected to his memory by a lady of the island, and gives her the inscription, hinting to her that, in all probability, it belonged to the same person she bemoans. She thereupon, in a fit of rage and despair, throws herself from the famous Leucadian rock, and perishes in the gulph below:—

*Sappho.*

**N**O more I sing by yonder shaded stream,  
Where once intanc'd I fondly pass'd the day,  
Supremely blest, when Phaon was my theme,  
But wretched now, when Phaon is away!

Of all the youths that grac'd our Lesbian isle  
He, only he, my heart propitious found,  
So soft his language, and so sweet his smile,  
Heaven was my own, when Phaon clasp'd me round!

But soon, too soon, the faithless lover fled,  
To wander on some distant barbarous shore—  
Who knows if Phaon is alive or dead,  
Or wretched Sappho shall behold him more.

*Ismenius.*

As late in fair Sicilia's groves I stray'd,  
Charm'd with the beauties of the vernal scene  
I sat me down amid the yew tree's shade,  
Flowers blooming round, with herbage fresh and green.

Not distant far a monument arose  
Among the trees, and form'd of Parian stone,  
And, as if there some stranger did repose,  
It stood neglected, and it stood alone.

Along its sides dependent ivy crept,  
The cypress bough, Plutonian green, was near,  
A sculptured Venus on the summit wept,  
A pensive Cupid dropt the parting tear:

Strains deep engrav'd on every side I read,  
How Phaon died upon that foreign shore—  
Sappho, I think your Phaon must be dead:  
Sad were the strains that did his fate deplore:



*Sappho.*

AH faithless Phaon, thus from me to rove,  
 And bless my rival in a foreign grove!  
 Could Sicily more charming forests show  
 Than those that in thy native Lesbos grow—  
 Did fairer fruits adorn the bending tree  
 Than those that Lesbos did present to thee!  
 Or didst thou find through all the changing fair  
 One beauty that with Sappho could compare!  
 So soft, so sweet, so charming and so kind,  
 A face so fair, such beauties of the mind—  
 I'll go! and from the high Leucadian steep  
 Take my last farewell in the lover's leap,  
 I charge thee Phaon, by this deed of woe,  
 To meet me in the Elysian shades below,  
 No rival beauty shall pretend a share,  
 Sappho alone shall walk with Phaon there.

SHE spoke, and downward from the mountain's height  
 Plung'd in the plashy wave to everlasting night.

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O D E to F A N C Y.

WAKEFUL, vagrant, restless thing,  
 Ever wandering on the wing,  
 Who thy wondrous source can find,  
 FANCY, regent of the mind;  
 A spark from Jove's resplendent throne  
 But thy nature all unknown.

THIS spark of bright, celestial flame,  
 From Jove's seraphic altar came,  
 And hence mankind in man may trace,  
 Resemblance to the immortal race.

AH! what is all this mighty WHOLE,  
 These suns and stars that round us roll!  
 What are they all where'er they shine,  
 But *Fancies* of the Power Divine!  
 What is this *globe*, these *lands*, and *seas*,  
 And *heat*, and *cold*, and *flowers*, and *trees*,  
 And *life*, and *death*, and *beast*, and *man*,  
 And *time*—that with the *sun* began—  
 But thoughts on reason's scale combin'd,  
 Ideas of the Almighty mind!

FANCY, thou the muses' pride,  
 In thy painted realms reside  
 Endless images of things,  
 Fluttering each on golden wings,  
 Ideal objects, such a store,  
 The universe could hold no more:



Fancy, to thy power I owe  
 Half my happiness below;  
 By thee Elysian groves were made,  
 Thine were the notes that Orpheus play'd;  
 By thee was Pluto charm'd so well  
 While rapture seiz'd the sons of hell—  
 Come, O come—perceiv'd by none,  
 You and I will walk alone.



## THE PRAYER OF ORPHEUS.

SAD monarch of the world below,  
 Stern guardian of this drowsy shade,  
 Through these unlovely realms I go  
 To seek a captive thou hast made.  
 O'er Stygian waters have I pass'd,  
 Contemning Jove's unjust decree,  
 And reach'd thy fable court at last  
 To find my lost Eurydicè.

Of all the nymphs, so deckt and drest  
 Like Venus of the starry train,  
 She was the loveliest and the best,  
 The pride and glory of the plain.  
 O free from thy despotic sway  
 This nymph of heaven-descended charms,  
 Too soon she came this dusky way—  
 Restore thy captive to my arms.

As by a stream's fair verdant side  
 In myrtle shades she rov'd along,  
 A serpent stung my blooming bride,  
 This brightest of the female throng—  
 The venom hastening thro' her veins  
 Forbade the freezing blood to flow.  
 And thus she left the Thracian plains  
 For these dejected groves below.

Even thou may'st pity my sad pain,  
 Since Love, as ancient stories say,  
 Forc'd thee to leave thy native reign,  
 And in Sicilian meadows stray:  
 Bright Proserpine thy bosom fir'd,  
 For her you sought unwelcome light,  
 Madness and love in you conspir'd  
 To seize her to the shades of night.



But if, averse to my request,  
 The vanish'd nymph, for whom I mourn,  
 Must in Plutonian chambers rest,  
 And never to my arms return——  
 Take Orpheus too—his warm desire  
 Can ne'er be quench'd by your decree:  
 In life or death he must admire,  
 He must adore Eurydicè.



## THE CITIZEN'S RESOLVE.

“**F**AR be the dull and heavy day  
 “ And toil, and restless care, from me——  
 “ Sorrow attends on loads of gold,  
 “ And kings are wretched, I am told.  
 “ Soon from the noisy town remov'd  
 “ To such wild scenes as Shenstone lov'd,  
 “ Where plac'd the leafless oaks between,  
 “ Less haughty grows the winter green,  
 “ There, Night, will I (lock'd in thy arms,  
 “ Sweet goddess of the sable charms)  
 “ Enjoy the dear, delightful dreams  
 “ That fancy prompts by sylvan streams,  
 “ Where wood-nymphs walk their evening round,  
 “ And fairies haunt the moonlight ground.  
 “ BENEATH some mountain's towering height  
 “ In cottage low I hail the night,  
 “ Where jovial swains with heart sincere  
 “ Welcome the new returning year;——  
 “ Each tells a tale or chants a song  
 “ Of her, for whom he sigh'd so long,  
 “ Of Cynthia fair, or Delia coy,  
 “ Neglecting still her love-sick boy——  
 “ While, near, the hoary headed sage  
 “ Recalls the feats of youth's gay age,  
 “ All that in past time e'er was seen,  
 “ And many a frolic on the green,  
 “ How champion he with champions met,  
 “ And fiercely they did combat it——  
 “ Or how, full oft, with horn and hound  
 “ They chac'd the deer the forest round——  
 “ The panting deer as swiftly flies,  
 “ Yet by the well-aim'd musquet dies!  
 “ Thus pass the evening hours away,  
 “ Unnotic'd dies the parting day;  
 “ Unmeasur'd flows that happy juice,  
 “ Which mild October did produce,



" No surly sage too frugal found,  
 " No niggard housewife deals it round,  
 " But swift as changing goblets pass  
 " They bless the virtues of the glass.  
 " But now the moon, exalted high,  
 " Adds lustre to the earth and sky,  
 " And in the mighty ocean's glass  
 " Admires the beauties of her face——  
 " About her orb you may behold  
 " The circling stars, that blush with cold——  
 " But they in brighter seasons please,  
 " Winter can find no charms in these,  
 " While less ambitious, we admire,  
 " And more esteem domestic fire.  
 " O COULD I there a mansion find  
 " Suited exactly to my mind  
 " Near that industrious, heavenly train  
 " Of rustics honest, neat, and plain;  
 " The days, the weeks, the years to pass  
 " With some good natur'd, longing lass,  
 " With her the cooling spring to sip,  
 " And seize, at will, her damask lip;  
 " The groves, the springs, the shades divine,  
 " And all Arcadia should be mine.  
 " STEEP me, steep me, some poppies deep  
 " In beechen bowl, to bring on sleep;  
 " Love hath my soul in fetters bound,  
 " Thro' the dull night no sleep I found;——  
 " O gentle sleep! bestow thy dreams  
 " Of fields, and woods, and murmuring streams,  
 " Deep, tufted groves, and grottoes rare,  
 " And Flora, charming Flora, there.  
 " DULL commerce, hence, with all thy train  
 " Of debts, and dues, and loss, and gain;——  
 " To hills, and groves, and purling streams,  
 " To nights of ease, and heaven-born dreams  
 " While wiser Damon hastes away,  
 " Should I in this dull city stay,  
 " Condemn'd to death by slow decays  
 " And care, that clouds my brightest days?—  
 " No——by *Silenus'* self, I swear,  
 " In rustic shades I'll kill that care."

So spoke *Lysander*, and in haste  
 His clerks discharg'd, his good re-cas'd,  
 And to the western forests flew  
 With fifty airy schemes in view;  
 His ships were set to public sale——  
 But what did all this change avail?—  
 In three short months, sick of the *heavenly train*,  
 In three short months—he mov'd to town again.



## The FAIR BUCKLE-THIEF.

A Country girl, from Flushing's coast,  
Of three miles round the pride and boast,  
To market came with early fruit,  
Apples that might the townsmen suit,  
With cabbage-head, and parsnip root.

With hat of straw and homespun gown,  
(Her Sunday suit) she came to town  
To see, and walk the city through,  
With leather string in leather shoe,  
But sighing much for buckles new.

Six hours, and more, she patient stood  
And traded off whate'er she cou'd;  
But cash was scarce, and times were hard,  
Her apples met with small regard,  
She did not get her due reward.

Her cash receiv'd—alas! how small—  
With pensive heart she left the stall—  
Look'd at her shoes, and curs'd the strings,  
Like mother Eve (as Milton sings)  
Impatient for forbidden things.

Arriv'd, at length, before a shop,  
Some glittering gow-gaws made her stop—  
There buckles hung, of various size,  
The diamonds dazzled on her eyes;  
And, pray, why mayn't she seize the prize?

The shopman absent from his door,  
She seiz'd the *buckles* from his store,  
And off she walk'd an easy gait,  
With lightsome step, and look sedate,  
Things purchas'd at so cheap a rate—

But *Argus*, with his hundred eyes,  
Missing his buckles, in surprize,  
The fair retreating nymph attack'd,  
The buckles from the bag unpack'd,  
And quickly made her own the fact.

“ Now (cry'd a neighbour) honest Joe,  
“ Come, take a kiss and let her go.”

——“ *Not I*—(the surly shopman said)—

“ To jail shall go this country jade—

“ The debt to justice must be paid.”

“ How can you have so hard a heart?

“ Come, let this country girl depart—

“ Like *Adam's wife*, she went astray;

“ Her daughters all will have their way;

“ And men must for the frolic pay.”



Lost was this logic on his ears,  
 And vain were Blouzelinda's tears—  
 And go she must—and go she must!  
 But, if 'twas said, the laws were just,  
 Their *mercy* she was loth to trust.

Conducted to a junior 'squire  
 (Whom all the neighbouring girls admire)  
 He ask'd her, "What she had to say  
 "Why justice should not have its way  
 "On nymphs by buckles led astray?"

"Alack (she cry'd) I cannot utter  
 "A word—my soul's in such a flutter—  
 "While you my *mittimus* prepare  
 "Pray let me take a moment's air;  
 "These summer heats require some shade,  
 "And Nature, sir, must be obey'd"—

So stealing back, as fairies do,  
 (The 'squire too modest to pursue)  
     Without a fall,  
     She scal'd the wall,  
 And left their worships talking Law!



## T H E

## RISING GLORY OF AMERICA

*Being part of a DIALOGUE, pronounced on a public occasion.*

## A R G U M E N T.

The subject proposed—The discovery of America by Columbus—A philosophical enquiry into the origin of the savages of America—The first planters from Europe—Causes of their migration to America—The difficulties they encountered from the jealousy of the natives—Agriculture descanted on—Commerce and navigation—Science—Future prospects of British usurpation, tyranny, and devastation on this side the Atlantic—The more comfortable one of Independence, Liberty and Peace—Conclusion.

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*Acasto.*

**N**OW shall the adventurous muse attempt a theme  
 More new, more noble, and more flush of fame  
 Than all that went before—  
 Now through the veil of ancient days renew  
 The period fam'd when first Columbus touch'd  
 These shores so long unknown—through various toils,  
 Famine, and death, the hero forc'd his way,  
 Thro' oceans pregnant with perpetual storms,



And climates hostile to advent'rous man:  
 But why, to prompt your tears, should we resume  
 The tale of *Cortez*, furious chief, ordain'd  
 With Indian blood to dye the sands, and choak,  
 Fam'd *Mexico*, thy streams with dead? or why  
 Once more revive the tale so oft rehears'd  
 Of *Atabilipa*, by thirst of gold,  
 (All conquering motive in the human breast)  
 Depriv'd of life, which not *Peru's* rich ore  
 Nor *Mexico's* vast mines could then redeem?  
 Better these northern realms demand our song  
 Design'd by nature for the rural reign,  
 For agriculture's toil.—No blood we shed  
 For metals buried in a rocky waste.—  
 Curs'd be that ore, which brutal makes our race  
 And prompts mankind to shed a brother's blood,

*Eugenio.*

————— But whence arose  
 That vagrant race who love the shady vale,  
 And choose the forest for their dark abode?—  
 For long has this perplexed the sages' skill  
 To investigate.—Tradition lends no aid  
 To unveil this secret to the mortal eye,  
 When first these various nations, north and south,  
 Possess these shores, or from what countries came.—  
 Whether they sprang from some primæval head  
 In their own lands, like Adam in the east,—  
 Yet this the sacred oracles deny,  
 And reason, too, rec aims against the thought:  
 For when the general deluge drown'd the world  
 Where could their tribes have found security,  
 Where find their fate, but in the ghastly deep?—  
 Unless, as others dream, some chosen few  
 High on the Andes 'scap'd the general death,  
 High on the Andes, wrapt in endless snow,  
 Where winter in his wildest fury reigns,  
 And subtle æther scarce our life maintains.  
 But here philosophers oppose the scheme:  
 This earth, say they, nor hills nor mountains knew  
 Ere yet the universal flood prevail'd;  
 But when the mighty waters rose aloft,  
 Rous'd by the winds, they shook their solid base,  
 And, in convulsions, tore the delug'd world,  
 Till by the winds assuag'd, again they fell,  
 And all their ragged bed expos'd to view.

PERHAPS, far wandering toward the northern pole  
 The streights of Zembla, and the frozen zone,  
 And where the eastern Greenland almost joins  
 America's north point, the hardy tribes  
 Of banish'd Jews, Siberians, Tartars wild  
 Came over icy mountains, or on floats



First reach'd these coasts, hid from the world beside.—  
 And yet another argument more strange,  
 Reserv'd for men of deeper thought, and late,  
 Presents itself to view:—*In Peleg's\* days,*  
 (So says the Hebrew seer's unerring pen)  
 This mighty mass of earth, this solid globe  
 Was cleft in twain,—“*divided*” east and west,  
 While straight between, the deep Atlantic roll'd.—  
 And traces indisputable remain  
 Of this primæval land, now sunk and lost.—  
 The islands rising in our eastern main  
 Are but small fragments of this continent,  
 Whose two extremities were Newfoundland  
 And St. Helena.—One far in the north,  
 Where shivering seamen view with strange surprize  
 The guiding pole-star glittering o'er their heads;  
 The other near the southern tropic rears  
 Its head above the waves—Bermuda's isles,  
 Cape Verd, Canary, Britain, and the Azores,  
 With fam'd Hibernia, are but broken parts  
 Of some prodigious waste, which once sustain'd  
 Nations and tribes, of vanish'd memory,  
 Forests, and towns, and beasts of every class,  
 Where navies now explore their briny way.

*Leander.*

Your sophistry, Eugenio, makes me smile:  
 The roving mind of man delights to dwell  
 On hidden things, merely because they're hid:  
 He thinks his knowledge far beyond all limit,  
 And boldly fathoms Nature's darkest haunts—  
 But for uncertainties, your broken isles,  
 Your northern Tartars, and your wandering Jews,  
 (The flimsy cobwebs of a sophist's brain)  
 Hear what the voice of history proclaims—  
 The Carthaginians, ere the Roman yoke  
 Broke their proud spirits, and enslav'd them too,  
 For navigation were renown'd as much  
 As haughty Tyre with all her hundred fleets,  
 Full many a league their vent'rous seamen sail'd  
 Thro' streight Gibraltar, down the western shore  
 Of Africa, to the Canary isles:  
 By them call'd Fortunate; so Flaccus† sings,  
 Because eternal spring there clothes the fields  
 And fruits delicious bloom throughout the year.—  
 From voyaging here, this inference I draw,  
 Perhaps some barque with all her numerous crew  
 Falling to leeward of her destin'd port,  
 Caught by the eastern *Trade*, was hurried on  
 Before the unceasing blast to Indian isles,

\* Gen. X. 25. † Hor. Epod. 16.



Brazil, La Plata, or the coasts more south—  
 There stranded, and unable to return,  
 Forever from their native skies estrang'd  
 Doubtless they made these virgin climes their own,  
 And in the course of long revolving years  
 A numerous progeny from these arose,  
 And spread throughout the coasts—those whom we call  
 Brazilians, Mexicans, Peruvians rich,  
 The tribes of Chili, Patagon, and those  
 Who till the shores of Amazon's long stream.—  
 When first the power of Europe here attain'd  
 Vast empires, kingdoms, cities, palaces  
 And polish'd nations stock'd the fertile land.  
 Who has not heard of Cusco, Lima, and  
 The town of Mexico—huge cities form'd  
 From Europe's architecture; ere the arms  
 Of haughty Spain disturb'd the peaceful soil.—  
 But *here*, amid this northern dark domain  
 No towns were seen to rise.—No arts were here;  
 The tribes unskill'd to raise the lofty mast,  
 Or force the daring prow thro' adverse waves,  
 Gaz'd on the pregnant soil, and crav'd alone  
 Life from the unaided genius of the ground,—  
 This indicates they were a different race;  
 From whom descended, 'tis not ours to say—  
 That power, no doubt, who furnish'd trees, and plants,  
 And animals to this vast continent,  
 Spoke into being man among the rest,—  
 But what a change is here!—what arts arise!  
 What towns and capitals! how commerce waves  
 Her gaudy flags, where silence reign'd before!

*Acasto.*

Speak, My Eugenio, for I've heard you tell  
 The dismal story, and the cause that brought  
 The first adventurers to these western shores;  
 The glorious cause that urg'd our fathers first  
 To visit climes unknown, and wilder woods  
 Than e'er Tartarian or Norwegian saw,  
 And with fair culture to adorn a soil  
 That never felt the industrious swain before.

*Eugenio.*

All this long story to rehearse, would tire,  
 Besides, the sun toward the west retreats,  
 Nor can the noblest theme retard his speed,  
 Nor loftiest verse—not that which sang the fall  
 Of Troy divine, and fierce Achilles ire.  
 Yet hear a part:—By persecution wrong'd,  
 And sacerdotal rage, our fathers came  
 From Europe's hostile shores to these abodes,  
 Here to enjoy a liberty in *faith*,  
 Secure from tyranny and base controul.



For this they left their country and their friends,  
 And dar'd the Atlantic wave in quest of peace;  
 And found new shores, and sylvan settlements,  
 And men, alike unknowing and unknown.  
 Hence, by the care of each adventurous *chief*  
 New governments (their wealth unenvied yet)  
 Were form'd on liberty and virtue's plan.  
*These* searching out uncultivated tracts  
 Conceive'd new plans of towns, and capitals,  
 And spacious provinces—Why should I name  
 Thee, Penn, the Solon of our western lands;  
 Sagacious legislator, whom the world  
 Admires, long dead: an infant *colony*,  
 Nurs'd by thy care, now rises o'er the rest  
 Like that tall Pyramid in Egypt's waste  
 O'er all the neighbouring piles, they also great.  
 Why should I name those heroes so well known,  
 Who peopled all the rest from Canada  
 To Georgia's farthest coasts, West Florida,  
 Or Apalachian mountains?—Yet what streams  
 Of blood were shed! what Indian hosts were slain,  
 Before the days of peace were quite restor'd!

*Leander.*

Yes, while they overturn'd the rugged soil  
 And swept the forests from the shaded plain  
 'Midst dangers, foes, and death, fierce Indian tribes  
 With vengeful malice arm'd, and black design,  
 Oft murdered, or dispers'd, these colonies—  
 Encourag'd, too, by Gallia's hostile sons,  
 A warlike race, who late their arms display'd  
 At *Quebec*, *Montreal*, and farthest coasts  
 Of *Labrador*, or *Cape Breton*, where now  
 The British standard awes the subject host.  
 Here, those brave chiefs, who, lavish of their blood,  
 Fought in Britannia's cause, in battle fell!—  
 What heart but mourns the untimely fate of *Wolfe*  
 Who, dying, conquer'd!—or what breast but beats  
 To share a fate like his, and die like him!

*Acasto.*

But why alone commemorate the dead,  
 And pass those glorious heroes by, who yet  
 Breathe the same air, and see the light with us?—  
 The dead, *Leander*, are but empty names,  
 And they who fall to-day the same to us  
 As they who fell ten centuries ago—!  
 Lost are they all that shin'd on earth before;  
 Rome's boldest champions in the dust are laid,  
 Ajax and great Achilles are no more,  
 And *Philip's* warlike son, an empty shade!—  
 A WASHINGTON among our sons of fame  
 We boast conspicuous as the morning star



Among the inferior lights——  
 To distant wilds Virginia sent him forth——  
 With her brave sons he gallantly oppos'd  
 The bold invaders of his country's rights,  
 Where wild *Ohio* pours the mazy flood,  
 And mighty meadows skirt his subject streams.——  
 But now, delighting in his elm tree's shade,  
 Where deep *Potomac* laves the enchanting shore,  
 He prunes the tender vine, or bids the soil  
 Luxuriant harvests to the sun display.——  
 Behold a different scene—not thus employ'd  
 Were *Cortez*, and *Pizarro*, pride of Spain,  
 Whom blood and murder only satisf'd,  
 And all to glut their avarice and ambition!——

*Eugenio.*

Such is the curse, *Acasto*, where the soul  
 Humane is wanting—but we boast no feats  
 Of cruelty like Europe's murdering breed——  
 Our milder epithet is merciful,  
 And each American, true hearted, learns  
 To conquer, and to spare; for coward souls  
 Alone seek vengeance on a vanquish'd foe.  
 Gold, fatal gold, was the alluring bait  
 To Spain's rapacious tribes—hence rose the wars  
 From Chili to the Caribbean sea,  
 And Montezuma's Mexican domains:  
 More blest are we, with whose unenvied soil  
 Nature decreed no mingling gold to shine,  
 No flaming diamond, precious emerald,  
 No blushing sapphire, ruby, chrysolite,  
 Or jasper red—more noble riches flow  
 From agriculture, and the industrious swain,  
 Who tills the fertile vale, or mountain's brow,  
 Content to lead a safe, a humble life,  
 Among his native hills, romantic shades  
 Such as the muse of Greece of old did feign,  
 Allur'd the Olympian gods from chrystal skies,  
 Envyng such lovely scenes to mortal man.

*Leander.*

Long has the rural life been justly fam'd,  
 And bards of old their pleasing pictures drew  
 Of flowery meads, and groves, and gliding streams:  
 Hence, old *Arcadia*—wood-nymphs, satyrs, fawns;  
 And hence *Elysium*, fancied heaven below!——  
 Fair agriculture, not unworthy kings,  
 Once exercis'd the royal hand, or those  
 Whose virtues rais'd them to the rank of gods.  
 See, old *Laertes*\* in his shepherd weeds  
 Far from his pompous throne and court august,

\* Hom. Odyss. B. 24.



Digging the grateful soil, where round him rise,  
 Sons of the earth, the tall aspiring oaks,  
 Or orchards, boasting of more fertile boughs,  
 Laden with apples red, sweet scented peach,  
 Pear, cherry, apricot, or spongy plumb;  
 While through the glebe the industrious oxen draw  
 The earth-inverting plough.—Those Romans too,  
 Fabricius and Camillus, lov'd a life  
 Of neat simplicity and rustic blifs,  
 And from the noisy Forum hastening far,  
 From busy camps, and sycophants, and crowns,  
 'Midst woods and fields spent the remains of *life*,  
 Where full enjoyment still awaits the wise

How grateful, to behold the harvests rise,  
 And mighty crops adorn the extended plains!—  
 Fair plenty smiles throughout, while lowing herds  
 Stalk o'er the shrubby hill or grassy mead,  
 Or at some shallow river slake their thirst.—  
 The *inclosure*, now, succeeds the shepherd's care,  
 Yet milk-white flocks adorn the well stock'd farm,  
 And court the attention of the industrious swain—  
 Their fleece rewards him well; and when the winds  
 Blow with a keener blast, and from the north  
 Pour mingled tempests through a sunless sky  
 (Ice, fleet, and rattling hail) secure he sits  
 Warm in his cottage, fearless of the storm,  
 Enjoying now the toils of milder moons,  
 Yet hoping for the spring.—Such are the joys,  
 And such the toils of those whom heaven hath bless'd  
 With souls enamour'd of a country life.

*Acasto.*

Such are the visions of the rustic reign—  
 But this alone, the fountain of support,  
 Would scarce employ the varying mind of man;  
 Each seeks employ, and each a different way:  
 Strip Commerce of her sail, and men once more  
 Would be converted into savages—  
 No nation e'er grew social and refin'd  
 'Till Commerce first had wing'd the adventurous prow,  
 Or sent the slow-pac'd caravan, afar,  
 To waft their produce to some other clime,  
 And bring the wish'd exchange—thus came, of old,  
 Golconda's golden ore, and thus the wealth  
 Of *Ophir*, to the wisest of mankind.

*Eugenio*

Great is the praise of Commerce, and the men  
 Deserve our praise, who spread the undaunted sail,  
 And traverse every sea—their dangers great,



Death still to combat in the unfeeling gale,  
 And every billow but a gaping grave:—  
 There, skies and waters, wearying on the eye,  
 For weeks and months no other prospect yield  
 But barren wastes, unfathom'd depths, where not  
 The blissful haunt of human form is seen  
 To cheer the unsocial horrors of the way——  
 Yet all these bold designs to Science owe  
 Their rise and glory——Hail, fair Science! thou,  
 Transplanted from the eastern skies, dost bloom  
 In these blest regions——Greece and Rome no more  
 Detain the Muses on *Cithæron's* brow,  
 Or old *Olympus*, crown'd with waving woods,  
 Or *Hæmus'* top, where once was heard the harp,  
 Sweet *Orpheus'* harp, that gain'd his cause below,  
 And pierc'd the heart of *Orcus* and his bride;  
 That hush'd to silence by its voice divine  
 Thy melancholy waters, and the gales  
 O *Hebrus!* that o'er thy sad surface blow.——  
 No more the maids round *Alpheus'* waters stray,  
 Where he with *Arethusa's* stream doth mix,  
 Or where swift *Tiber* disembogues his waves  
 Into the Italian sea, so long unsung;  
 Hither they wing their way, the last the best  
 Of countries, where the arts shall rise and grow,  
 And arms shall have their day—even now we boast  
 A *Franklin*, prince of all philosophy,  
 A genius piercing as the electric fire,  
 Bright as the lightning's flash, explain'd so well  
 By him, the rival of *Britannia's* sage.\*——  
 This is the land of every joyous sound,  
 Of liberty and life, sweet liberty!  
 Without whose aid the noblest genius fails,  
 And Science irretrievably must die.

*Leander*

But come, *Eugenio*, since we know the past——  
 What hinders to pervade with searching eye  
 The mystic scenes of dark futurity!  
 Say, shall we ask what empires yet must rise,  
 What kingdoms, powers and states, where now are seen  
 Mere dreary wastes and awful solitude,  
 Where Melancholy sits, with eye forlorn,  
 And time anticipates, when we shall spread  
 Dominion from the north, and south, and west,  
 Far from the Atlantic to Pacific shores,  
 And shackle half the convex of the main!——  
 A glorious theme!—but how shall mortals dare  
 To pierce the dark events of future years  
 And scenes unravel, only known to fate!

\* Newton.



*Acasto.*

This might we do, if warm'd by that bright coal  
 Snatch'd from the altar of cherubic fire  
 Which touch'd Isaiah's lips—or if the spirit  
 Of Jeremy and Amos, prophets old,  
 Might swell the heaving breast—I see, I see  
 Freedom's establish'd reign; cities, and men,  
 Numerous as sands upon the ocean shore,  
 And empires rising where the sun descends!—  
 The *Ohio* soon shall glide by many a town  
 Of note; and where the *Mississippi* stream,  
 By forests shaded, now runs weeping on,  
 Nations shall grow, and STATES not less in fame  
 Than Greece and Rome of old!—we too shall boast  
 Our Scipio's, Solon's, Cato's, sages, chiefs  
 That in the womb of time yet dormant lie,  
 Waiting the joyous hour of life and light—  
 O snatch me hence, ye muses, to those days  
 When through the veil of dark antiquity  
 Our sons shall hear of us as things remote,  
 That blossom'd in the morn of days—Alas!  
 How could I weep that we were born so soon,  
 Just in the dawning of these mighty times,  
 Whose scenes are painting for eternity!  
 Dissentions that shall swell the trump of fame,  
 And ruin brooding o'er all monarchy!

*Eugenio.*

Nor shall these angry tumults here subside  
 Nor murders\* cease, through all these provinces,  
 Till foreign crowns have vanish'd from our view  
 And dazzle here no more—no more presume  
 To awe the spirit of fair Liberty—  
 Vengeance shall cut the thread—And Britain, sure,  
 Will curse her fatal obstinacy for it!  
 Bent on the ruin of this injur'd country,  
 She will not listen to our humble prayers,  
 Though offer'd with submission:  
 Like vagabonds, and objects of destruction,  
 Like those whom all mankind are sworn to hate,  
 She casts us off from her protection,  
 And will invite the nations round about,  
 Russians and Germans, slaves and savages,  
 To come and have a share in our perdition—  
 O cruel race, O unrelenting Britain,  
 Who bloody beasts will hire to cut our throats,  
 Who war will wage with prattling innocence,  
 And basely murder unoffending women!—  
 Will stab their prisoners when they cry for quarter.

\* The massacre at Boston, March 5th, 1770, is here more particularly glanced at.



Will burn our towns. and from his lodging turn  
 The poor inhabitant to sleep in tempests!—  
 These will be wrongs, indeed, and all sufficient  
 To kindle up our souls to deeds of horror,  
 And give to every arm the nerves of Sampson—  
 These are the men that fill the world with ruin,  
 And every region mourns their greedy sway.—  
 Nor only for ambition—  
 But what are this world's goods, that *they* for them  
 Should exercise perpetual butchery?  
 What are these mighty riches we possess,  
 That they should send so far to plunder them?—  
 Already have we felt their potent arm—  
 And ever since that inauspicious day,  
 When first Sir *Francis Bernard*  
 His cannons planted at the *council door*,  
 And made the assembly room a home for strumpets,  
 And soldiers rank and file—e'er since that day  
 This wretched land, that drinks its children's gore,  
 Has been a scene of tumult and confusion—!  
 Are there not evils in the world enough?  
 Are we so happy that they envy us?  
 Have we not toil'd to satisfy their harpies,  
 King's deputies, that are insatiable;  
 Whose practice is to incense the royal mind  
 And make us despicable in his view?  
 Have we not all the evils to contend with  
 That, in this life, mankind are subject to,  
 Pain, sickness, poverty and natural death—  
 But into every wound that nature gave  
 They will a dagger plunge, and make them mortal!

*Leander.*

Enough, enough—such dismal scenes you paint,  
 I almost shudder at the recollection—  
 What, are they dogs that they would mangle us?—  
 Are these the men that come with base design  
 To rob the hive, and kill the industrious bee!—  
 To brighter skies I turn my ravish'd view,  
 And fairer prospects from the future draw—  
 Here independent power shall hold her sway,  
 And public virtue warm the patriot breast:  
 No traces shall remain of tyranny,  
 And laws, a pattern to the world beside,  
 Be here enacted first.—

*Acasto.*

And when a train of rolling years are past,  
 (So sung the exil'd seer in *Patmos* isle)  
 A new Jerusalem, sent down from heaven,  
 Shall grace our happy earth—perhaps this land,  
 Whose ample breast shall then receive, tho' late,  
 Myriads of saints, with their immortal king,



To live and reign on earth a thousand years,  
 Thence called *Millennium*. Paradise anew  
 Shall flourish, by no second Adam lost.  
 No dangerous tree with deadly fruit shall grow,  
 No tempting serpent to allure the soul  
 From native innocence.—A *Canaan* here,  
 Another *Canaan* shall excel the old,  
 And from a fairer *Pisgab's* top be seen.  
 No thistle here, nor thorn, nor briar shall spring,  
 Earth's curse before: the lion and the lamb  
 In mutual friendship link'd, shall browse the shrub,  
 And timorous deer with soften'd tygers stray  
 O'er mead, or lofty hill, or grassy plain:  
 Another Jordan's stream shall glide along,  
 And Siloah's brook in circling eddies flow:  
 Groves shall adorn their verdant banks, on which  
 The happy people, free from toils and death,  
 Shall find secure repose. No fierce disease,  
 No fevers, slow consumption, ghastly plague,  
 (Fate's ancient ministers) again proclaim  
 Perpetual war with man: fair fruits shall bloom,  
 Fair to the eye, and grateful to the taste;  
 Nature's loud storms be hush'd, and seas no more  
 Rage hostile to mankind—and, worse than all,  
 The fiercer passions of the human breast  
 Shall kindle up to deeds of death no more,  
 But all subside in universal peace.—

—Such days the world,  
 And such AMERICA, thou first shalt have,  
 When ages, yet to come, have run their round,  
 And future years of bliss alone remain.

[1771.]

T H E

## W I S H of D I O G E N E S.

A HERMIT's house beside a stream  
 With forests planted round,  
 Whatever it to you may seem  
 More real happiness I deem  
 Than if I were a monarch crown'd.

A cottage I could call my own  
 Remote from domes of care;  
 A little garden wall'd with stone,  
 The wall with ivy overgrown,  
 A limpid fountain near,



Would more substantial joys afford,  
 More real bliss impart  
 Than all the wealth that misers hoard,  
 Than vanquish'd worlds, or worlds restor'd——  
 Mere cankers of the heart!

Vain foolish man! how vast thy pride,  
 How little can thy wants supply!——  
 'Tis surely wrong to grasp so wide——  
 You act as if you only had  
 To triumph—not to die!

\*\*\*\*\*

## D I S C O V E R Y.

SIX thousand years in these dull regions pass'd,  
 'Tis time, you'll say, we knew their bounds at last,  
 Knew to what skies our setting stars retire,  
 And where the wintry suns expend their fire;  
 What land to land protracts the varied scene,  
 And where extended oceans roll betwixt;  
 What worlds exist beneath *antarctic* skies,  
 And from *Pacific* waves what verdant islands rise.

In vain did Nature shore from shore divide,  
 Art form'd a passage and her waves defied:  
 When his bold plan the master pilot drew  
 Dissever'd worlds stept forward at the view,  
 And lessening still the intervening space  
 Disclosed new millions of the human race.  
 Proud even of toil, succeeding ages join'd  
 New-seas to vanquish, and new worlds to find;  
 Age following age still farther from the shore,  
 Found some new wonder that was hid before,  
 'Till launch'd at length, with avarice doubly bold,  
 Their hearts expanding as the world grew old,  
 Some to be rich, and some to be renown'd,  
 The earth they rifled, and explor'd it round.

Ambitious Europe, polish'd in thy pride,  
 Thine was the art that toil to toil ally'd  
 Thine was the gift, to trace each heavenly sphere,  
 And seize their beams, to serve ambition here:  
 Hence, fierce *Pizarro* stock'd a world with graves,  
 Hence *Montezuma* left a race of slaves——  
 Which project suited best with heaven's decree  
 To force new doctrines, or to leave them free?——  
 Religion only feign'd to claim a share,  
 Their riches, not their souls, employ'd thy care——  
 Alas! how few of all that daring train  
 That seek new worlds embosom'd in the main.



How few have fail'd on virtue's nobler plan,  
 How few with motives worthy of a man!—  
 While through the deep-sea waves we saw them go  
 Where'er they found a *man* they made a foe;  
 Superior only by superior art,  
 Forgot the social virtues of the heart,  
 Forgetting still, where'er they madly ran,  
 That sacred friendship binds mankind to man,  
 Fond of exerting power, untimely shewn,  
 The momentary triumph all their own!  
 Met on the wrecks and ravages of time,  
 They left no native master of his clime,  
 His trees, his towns with harden'd front they claim,  
 Seize his dear country in some tyrant's name,  
 And force the oath, that binds him to obey  
 Some prince unknown, ten thousand miles away.

Slaves to their passions, man's imperious race  
 Born for contention, find no resting place,  
 And the vain mind, bewilder'd and perplex'd,  
 Makes this world wretched to enjoy the next.  
 Tir'd of the scenes that Nature made their own,  
 They rove to conquer what remains unknown:  
 Avarice, undaunted, claims what e'er she sees,  
 Surmounts earth's circle, and foregoes all ease:  
 Religion, bolder, sends some *sacred* chief  
 To bend the nations to her own belief:  
 To their vain standard Europe's sons invite,  
 Who hold no other *world* can think aright  
 Behold their varied tribes, with self applause,  
*First* in religion, liberty and laws,  
 And while they bow to cruelty and blood,  
 Condemn the Indian with his milder god—  
 Ah race to justice, truth, and honour blind,  
 Are thy convictions to convert mankind—!  
 Vain pride—convince them that your own are just,  
 Or leave them happy as you found them first.

WHAT charm is seen thro' Europe's realms of strife  
 That adds new blessings to the savage life?—  
 On them warm suns with equal splendor shine,  
 And each domestic pleasure equals thine,  
 Their native groves a happier bloom display,  
 As self-contented roll their lives away,  
 And the gay soul, in fancy's visions blest,  
 Leaves to the care of chance her heaven of rest.—  
 What are the arts that rise on reason's plan  
 But arts destructive to the bliss of man?  
 What are all wars, where'er the marks you trace,  
 But the sad records of our world's disgrace?  
 Reason degraded from her tottering throne,  
 And precepts, call'd divine, observ'd by none—



BLEST in their distance from that bloody scene,  
 Why spread the sail to pass the gulphs between?—  
 If winds can waft to ocean's utmost verge,  
 And there new islands and new worlds emerge—  
 If wealth, or war, or science bid thee roam,  
 Ah, leave religion and thy laws at home,  
 Leave the free native to enjoy his store,  
 Nor teach destructive arts, unknown before—  
 Woes of their own those new found worlds invade,  
 There, too, fierce passions the weak soul degrade,  
 Invention there has wing'd the unerring dart,  
 There the swift arrow vibrates to the heart,  
 Revenge and death contending bosoms share,  
 And pining envy claims her subjects there.—  
 Are these too few?—then see despotic power  
 Spends on a throne or turf her busy hour;  
 Hard by, and half ambitious to ascend,  
 Priests, interceding with the gods, attend—  
 Atoning victims at their shrines they lay,  
 Their crimson knives tremendous rites display,  
 Or the proud despot's gore remorseless shed,  
 Through life detested, or ador'd when dead:  
 BORN to be wretched, search this globe around,  
 Dupes to a few the race of man is found!  
 Seek some new world in some new climate plac'd;  
 Some gay *Ta-i-ta* on the wat'ry waste,  
 Though Nature drefs in all her bright array  
 Some proud tormentor steals her charms away:  
 Howe'er she smiles beneath those milder skies,  
 Though men decay the monarch never dies!  
 Howe'er the groves, howe'er the gardens bloom,  
 A *Monarch* and a *Priest* is still their doom!

## E P I T A P H:

Intended for the Tomb Stone of PATRICK BAY, Inn-holder, killed by an  
 ignorant Physician.—[THE DEAD MAN SPEAKING.]

“NOT Fate or Death—but doctor Rowe.  
 “Advanc'd to give the deadly blow  
 “That smote me to the shades below.  
 “Had Death alone approach'd too nigh.  
 “Had Fate or Nature bid me die,  
 “I must have borne it patiently.  
 “But to be robb'd of life and ease  
 “By such infernal quacks as these,  
 “And pay, besides, their *modest* fees,  
 D.



" My words were few, I must confess,  
 " And very silly my address,  
 " A melancholy tale !  
 " In short, I knew not what to say,  
 " I squinted this and th' other way,  
 " Like Lucifer.

" Alack a day! my friends, quoth I,  
 " I guess you'll get no more from me—  
 " In troth I have forgot it!—  
 " O my oration! thou art fled;  
 " And not a trace within my head  
 " Remains to me!

" What could be done?—I gap'd once more,  
 " And set the audience in a roar,  
 " They laugh'd me out of face—  
 " I turn'd my eyes from north to south,  
 " I clapt my fingers in my mouth—  
 " And down I came!"

## ADVICE to the LADIES,

### NOT TO NEGLECT THE DENTIST.

**S**INCE Time too soon the race of man impairs,  
 And age comes on, with all its pains and cares,  
 Why then, by nature subject to decay,  
 Ah! why invite what art might long delay?—  
 Foes to the bloom of health, neglect and sloth  
 Corrode the ivory of the loveliest tooth,  
 And that coarse breath, where every sweet might dwell,  
 Tempts the nice beau to slight his careless belle,  
 And think no longer 'tis his heaven to sip  
 Love's draft of pleasure from the damask lip.

The DENTIST's care, bright maids, can shield from harms,  
 And to your kisses lend a thousand charms,  
 Safe from the ills of torture and decay,  
 Love there would perch, and half his flames display—  
 Low at *their* shrine more constant lovers fall  
 Who leave no *Nature* to accomplish all—  
 Revere that art which thus prevents your pain,  
 Which ages past have fought, but fought in vain;  
 So shall your lovers to their oaths be true,  
 And, years elaps'd, each beauty still be new;  
 While she, who proudly would all art despise,  
 And trusts alone to conquests of the eyes,



Too soon beholds her wonted influence lost,  
 Neglected wit, and love congeal'd to frost;  
 In vain her paints the mask of health restore,——  
 No more her *lovers* sigh, her *slaves* adore:  
 Insulting prudes no more a rival fear,  
 But cruel whispers thus insult her ear;  
 “*In love's bright circle why should they be seen,  
 Whose toothless charms encroach on gay sixteen?*”

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## L I N E S

*To the memory of a young American LADY; who died  
 soon after her arrival in LONDON.*

**T**HOU, who shalt rove to that sequester'd place  
 Where vanish'd thousands rest in death's embrace;—  
 While wandering there, with sympathetic sighs,  
 Pass not the turf where lovely *Catharine* lies,  
 Lost, early lost! her memory held most dear;—  
 Virtue and beauty join'd to darkness there!

Thus, on some plain, the fairest flower that blows  
 To dust returning, takes a long repose;  
 No art restores the lovely stranger lost,  
 Nipt in her bloom, and bound in endless frost!

Escap'd deep seas, she reach'd the British shore,  
 Doom'd a fond father's arms to meet no more:  
 No more with smiles his evening hours employ,  
 Nor share the embraces of a mother's joy——  
 Lost are those fruits, in early seasons sown,  
 And fled that sweetness, which was all her own,——  
 Each native charm, fine sense, and every grace  
 That won the soul, or wanton'd o'er the face,  
 Return'd to earth, congenial with decay,  
 The lamp extinguish'd, and eclips'd her day!

How many pains our fancied bliss destroy——  
 How many griefs repay a moment's joy——  
 Nature! great parent of our race below,  
 Impartial Nature, claims the debt we owe,  
 Mingles with kindred dust the virgin bloom,  
 And the warm heart lays torpid in the tomb!



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 " And very filly my address,  
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## HUMANITY and INGRATITUDE.

## A COMMON CASE.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.]

## I.

BY the side of the sea, in a cottage obscure,  
 There liv'd an old fellow nam'd Charlot Boncœur,  
 Who was free to his neighbour and good to the poor,  
     Catching fish was his trade,  
     And all people said,  
 That mischief to nothing but fish he design'd,  
 To all people else he was candid and kind.

## II.

One day as he went to the brink of the lake,  
 Persuading the fishes their dinner to take,  
 (The last he intended they ever should make)  
 While his hooks he employ'd to their sorrow and woe,  
 A grunting he heard in the waters below,  
 And casting his eyes to the bottom (for here  
 We'll suppose that the water was perfectly clear)  
 He saw on the bed of the liquid profound  
 An unfortunate wight who was drowning, or drown'd.

## III.

That the man to the surface once more might ascend,  
 He took up his pole, with a hook at the end,  
     And to it he fell,  
     And manag'd so well,  
 That soon to the margin the carcase was drawn,  
 And who should it be but his old neighbour John!  
 Now, some how or other, it popp'd in his head,  
 That in spite of his drowning the man was not dead,  
 And while he was thinking what means to devise  
 That his friend might recover and open his eyes,  
 He saw with vexation and sorrow, no doubt,  
 That, in lugging him up, he had put one eye out—  
 However, convinc'd, from what he had heard,  
 That John might be living, for aught that appear'd;  
 To his cottage he took him, and there had him blèd,  
 Rubb'd, roll'd on a barrel, and then put to bed.  
 So in less than a week (to his praise be it said)  
 In less than a week, the man was as sound  
 (Excepting the loss of his eye and the wound)  
 As if in his life he had never been drown'd.



## IV.

But when John had begun to travel about,  
 He was sadly chagrin'd that his eye was put out,  
 And forgetting what service his neighbour had done him,  
 Went off to a lawyer, and clapt a writ on him.  
 Talk'd much of the value of what he had lost,  
 That Charlot must pay all the damage and cost,  
 And if with such sentence he would not comply,  
 He swore he would have his identical eye.

## V.

That Charlot was vex'd, we hardly need say,  
 Yet he urg'd what he could in a moderate way,  
 Declar'd to the judges, by way of defence,  
 "That the action was wrought without malice propense.  
 That his conscience excus'd him for what he had done,  
 That fortune was only to blame—and that John  
 Might have thought himself happy (when death was so nigh)  
 To purchase his life with the loss of an eye—  
 That the loss of an eye is a serious affair  
 Was certain—and yet he'd be bold to declare,  
 That the man who can shew but one eye in his head,  
 Is better by far than a man that is dead."

## VI.

In answer to all the defendant's fine pleading,  
 John said "He had never yet found in his reading  
 A people, or nation, or senator sage,  
 Or a law, or a custom, in whatever age,  
 Permitting (unpunish'd) by force or surprise  
 One neighbour to put out his next neighbour's eyes."

## VII.

The lawyers and judges were all at a stand  
 Which way to conclude on the matter in hand.  
 'Till a half-witted fellow, who chanc'd to be there,  
 Undertook to decide on this weighty affair,  
 And cry'd, "Can you doubt in a case that's so plain—?  
 Be guided by me, and you'll ne'er doubt again:  
 The plea of the plaintiff rests wholly on this;  
 In fishing him up he takes it amiss,  
 That Charlot manœuvred with so little skill,  
 So awkwardly fumbled, and manag'd so ill  
 As thus with his bungling to ruin John's look,  
 And put out an eye with the point of his hook—  
 Well, now, my lord judges, attend my decree,  
 Straightway let the plaintiff be thrown in the sea,  
 And, after reposing a while on the bottom,  
 If he get out alone from where Charlot got him,



Safe, sound, and undamag'd—why, then 'tis my sentence  
 That Charlot be punish'd and brought to repentance;  
 But if, after gasping and flouncing about,  
 He drowns in the water, and fails getting out,  
 Why, then, it is justice, it must be confess'd,  
 That Charlot forthwith be discharg'd from arrest,  
 Absolv'd from all punishment due to the wound,  
 And paid in the bargain, 'cause John was not drown'd."

## VIII.

The audience were struck with a world of surprize,  
 To find that a fool could give counsel so wise.  
 The judges themselves the sentence espous'd,  
 And freely consented that John should be sours'd,  
 JOHN finding that matters had took a wrong turn,  
 Not waiting to see if the court would adjourn,  
 Sneak'd out of the house, with a hiss of disgrace,  
 In dread—lest the sentence should quickly take place—  
 Grown pliant at last, his cause he withdrew—  
 His plea was so bad, and his friends were so few,  
 It was needless, he thought, on the cast of a die  
 To venture his life for the sake of an eye,  
 And concluded 'twas better to give up the suit,  
 Than risk the one left, and be smother'd to boot.

—\*\*\*\*\*—\*\*\*\*\*—

## The DESOLATE ACADEMY.

SUBJECTED to despotic sway,  
 Compell'd all mandates to obey,  
 Once in this dome I humbly bow'd,  
 A member of the murmuring crowd,  
 Where *Pedro Blanco* held his reign,  
 The tyrant of a small domain.

BY him a numerous herd controul'd,  
 The smart, the stupid, and the bold,  
 Essay'd some little share to gain  
 Of the vast treasures of his brain—  
 Some learn'd the latin, some the greek,  
 And some in flowery stile to speak—  
 Some writ their themes, while others read,  
 And some with Euclid stuff'd the head—  
 Some toil'd in verse, and some in prose,  
 And some in logick sought repose—  
 Some learn'd to cypher, some to draw,  
 And some began to study law.

BUT all is ruin'd, all is done,  
 The Tutor to the shades is gone,



And all his pupils, led astray,  
 Have each found out a different way.  
 Some are in chains of wedlock bound,  
 And some are hang'd, and some are drown'd;  
 Some are advanc'd to posts and places,  
 And some in pulpits screw their faces;  
 Some at the bar a living gain,  
 Perplexing what they should explain—  
 To soldiers turn'd, a bolder band,  
 Repell the invaders of the land;  
 Some to the arts of Physic bred,  
 Dispatch their patients to the dead;  
 Some plough the land, and some the sea,  
 And some are slaves, and some are free;  
 Some court the great, and some the muse,  
 And some subsist by mending shoes—  
 While others—but so vast the throng,  
*The Coblers shall conclude my song.*

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### A D V I C E to a F R I E N D.

**S**O long harass'd by winds and seas,  
 'Tis time, at length, to take your ease,  
 Change ruffian waves for quiet groves  
 And war's loud blast for sylvan loves.

In all your rounds, 'tis passing strange  
 No fair one tempts you to a change—  
 Madness it is, you must agree,  
 To lodge alone 'till *forty-three*.

Old Plato own'd, no blessing here  
 Could equal Love—if but sincere;  
 And writings penn'd by heaven, have shown  
 That man can ne'er be blest alone.

O'er life's meridian have you pass'd;  
 The night of death advances fast!  
 No props you plant for your decline,  
 No partner sooths these cares of thine.

If Neptune's self, who rul'd the main,  
 Kept sea-nymphs there to ease his pain;  
 Yourself, who skim that empire o'er,  
 May surely have one nymph from shore.—

Myrtilla fair, in yonder grove,  
 Has so much beauty, so much love,  
 That, on her lip, the meanest fly  
 Is happier far than you or I.



## The VERNAL AGUE.

WHERE the Blackbird roosts at night,  
In groves of half distinguish'd light,  
Where the evening breezes sigh,  
Solitary, there stray I.

Close along the shaded stream,  
Source of many a golden dream,  
Where branchy cedars dim the day  
There I muse, and there I stray,

Yet what can please amid this bower,  
That charm'd my eyes for many an hour!  
The budding leaf is lost to me,  
And dead the bloom on every tree,

The winding stream, that glides along,  
The lark, that tunes her early song,  
The mountain's brow, the sloping vale,  
The murmuring of the western gale,

Have lost their charms!—the blooms are gone!  
Trees put a darker aspect on;  
The stream disgusts that wanders by,  
And every zephyr brings a sigh.

Great guardian of our feeble kind,  
Restoring Nature, lend thine aid,  
And o'er the features of the mind  
Renew those colours, that must fade,  
When vernal suns forbear to roll,  
And endless winter chills the soul.

## The MARKET GIRL.

AT dawn of day, from short repose,  
At hours that might all townsmen shame,  
To catch our money, round or square,  
She from the groves of *Flatbush* came  
With kail and cabbage—fresh and fair.

At *Brooklyn* wharff, in travelling trim,  
Arriv'd an hour before the sun,  
Young *Charon's* boat receives her store:  
Across the wavy waste they skim;  
And thus they, laughing, come to town,  
She at the helm, and he, the oar.



Full early taught the arts of gain,  
 No tharping knave that walks the street,  
 (Tho' vers'd in all the tricks of trade)  
 No city nymph, or powdered swain  
 With all their art, can hope to cheat  
 A BARGAIN from this country maid.

The market done, her cash secur'd,  
 She homeward takes her wonted way:  
 The painted chest, behind the door,  
 (With many a GOLDEN GUINEA stor'd)  
 Receives the gainings of the day;  
 Laid up—to see the sun no more!

Sweet nymph! why all this ceaseless pain,  
 Such early toil, and evening care,  
 This hoarding for the age to come!  
 If he that courts you, courts in vain,  
 And you, regardless of an heir,  
 Refuse—alas!—to take him home!

T H E  
 D Y I N G I N D I A N.

*Debemur morti nos, nostraque.*

“ON yonder lake I spread the sail no more!  
 Vigour, and youth, and active days are past—  
 Relentless demons urge me to that shore  
 On whose black forests all the dead are cast:  
 Ye solemn train, prepare the funeral song,  
 For I must go to shades below,  
 Where all is strange, and all is new;  
 Companion to the airy throng,  
     What solitary streams,  
     In dull and dreary dreams,  
 All melancholy, must I rove along!

To what strange lands must *Shalum* take his way!  
 Groves of the dead departed mortals trace;  
 No deer along those gloomy forests stray,  
 No huntsmen there take pleasure in the chace,  
 But all are empty unsubstantial shades,  
 That ramble through those visionary glades;  
 No spongy fruits from verdant trees depend,  
     But sickly orchards there  
 Do fruits as sickly bear,





## POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

And apples a consumptive visage shew,  
And wither'd hangs the hurtle-berry blue,  
Ah me! what mischiefs on the dead attend!  
Wandering a stranger to the shores below,  
Where shall I brook or real fountain find?  
Lazy and sad deluding waters flow—  
Such is the picture in my boding mind!

Fine tales, indeed, they tell  
Of shades and purling rills,  
Where our dead fathers dwell  
Beyond the western hills,  
But when did ghost return his state to shew;  
Or who can promise half the tale is true?

I too must be a fleeting ghost—no more—  
None, none but shadows to those mansions go;  
I leave my woods, I leave the Huron shore,  
For emptier groves below!  
Ye charming solitudes,  
Ye tall ascending woods,  
Ye glassy lakes and prattling streams,  
Whose aspect still was sweet,  
Whether the sun did greet,  
Or the pale moon embrac'd you with her beams—  
Adieu to all!

To all, that charm'd me where I stray'd,  
The winding stream, the dark sequester'd shade;  
Adieu all triumphs here!  
Adieu the mountain's lofty swell,  
Adieu, thou little verdant hill,  
And seas, and stars, and skies—farewell,  
For some remoter sphere!

Perplex'd with doubts, and tortur'd with despair,  
Why so dejected at this hopeless sleep?  
Nature at last these ruins may repair,  
When fate's long dream is o'er, and she forgets to weep;  
Some real world once more may be assign'd,  
Some new born mansion for the immortal mind!  
Farewell, sweet lake; farewell surrounding woods,  
To other groves, through midnight glooms, I stray,  
Beyond the mountains, and beyond the floods,  
Beyond the Huron bay!

Prepare the hollow tomb, and place me low,  
My trusty bow, and arrows by my side,  
The cheerful bottle, and the ven'son store;  
For long the journey is that I must go,  
Without a partner, and without a guide."

He spoke, and bid the attending mourners weep:  
Then clos'd his eyes, and sunk to endless sleep!



POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

The J U G of R U M.

**W**ITHIN these earthen walls confin'd,  
The ruin lurks of human kind;  
More mischiefs here, united, dwell,  
And more diseases haunt this cell  
Than ever plagu'd the Egyptian flocks,  
Or ever curs'd Pandora's box.

*Within these prison-walls repose  
The seeds of many a bloody nose;  
The chattering tongue, the horrid oath;  
The fist for fighting, nothing loth;  
The passion quick, no words can tame,  
That bursts like sulphur into flame;  
The nose with diamonds glowing red,  
The bloated eye, the broken head!*

Forever fastened be this door—  
Confin'd within, a thousand more  
Destructive fiends, of hateful shape,  
Even now are plotting an escape,

Here, only by a cork controul'd,  
And slender walls of earthen mould,  
In all their pomp of death reside  
Revenge, that ne'er was satisfy'd;  
The Tree, that bears the deadly fruit  
Of murder, maiming, and dispute;  
ASSAULT, that innocence assails,  
The IMAGES of gloomy jails,  
The GIDDY THOUGHT, on mischief bent,  
The midnight hour, in folly spent,  
ALL THESE within this jug appear,  
And JACK, the hangman, in the rear!

Thrice happy he, who early taught  
By Nature, ne'er this poison sought;  
Who, friendly to his own repose,  
Treads under foot this worst of foes,—  
He, with the purling stream content,  
The beverage quaffs that Nature meant;  
In Reason's scale his actions weigh'd,  
His spirits want no foreign aid—  
Not swell'd too high, or sunk to low,  
Placid, his easy minutes flow;  
Long life is his, in vigour pass'd,  
Existence, welcome to the last,  
A spring, that never yet grew stale—  
Such virtue lies in—ADAM'S ALE!



## ELEGIAC LINES.

ONCE in these groves divine ASPASIA stray'd!—  
 Then, conscious Nature, smiling, look'd more gay;  
 But soon she left the dear delightful shade,  
 The shade, neglected, droops and dies away,

And pines for her return, but pines in vain,—  
 In distant isles belov'd Aspasia died,  
 Pride of the plains, ador'd by every swain,  
 Sweet warbler of the woods, and of the woods the pride.

Philander early left this rural maid,  
 Nor yet return'd, by fate compell'd to roam,  
 But absent from the heavenly girl he stray'd,  
 Her charms forgot, forgot his native home.

O fate severe, to seize the nymph so soon,  
 The nymph, for whom a thousand bosoms sigh,  
 And, in the space of one declining moon,  
 To doom the fair one and her swain to die.

O! could thy care have shielded still from harms  
 Aspasia, she, the loveliest of her kind!  
 Lucretia's virtue with a Helen's charms,  
 Charms of the face, and beauties of the mind.

The blusky cheek, the lively sparkling eye,  
 The ruby lip, the flowing jetty hair,  
 The stature tall, the aspect so divine,  
 All beauty, you had thought, was center'd there.

Each future age her virtues shall extol,  
 Nor the just tribute to her worth refuse:  
 Fam'd, to the stars URANIA bids her rise,  
 Theme of the moral and the tragic muse.

Sweet as the fragrance of the vernal morn,  
 Nipt in its bloom, this faded flower I see;  
 The inspiring angel from that breast is gone  
 And life's warm tide forever chill'd in thee!

Such charms shall greet my longing soul no more,  
 Her radiant eyes are clos'd in endless shade;  
 Torpid she rests on yonder marble floor,  
 Approach—and see what havoc here is made!



T H E

## PICTURES of COLUMBUS.

1. COLUMBUS *sketching a Map.*

AS o'er his charts Columbus ran,  
 Such disproportion he survey'd,  
 He thought he saw in art's mean plan  
 Blunders that Nature never made;  
 The *land* in one poor corner plac'd,  
 And all beside a swelling waste—!  
 "It can't be so," Columbus said;

"Far to the west, what lengthen'd seas!—

"Are no gay islands found in these,

"No sylvan worlds, by Nature meant

"To balance Asia's vast extent?

"Who knows but HE that hung this ball

"In the clear void, and governs all,

"On those dread scenes, remote from view,

"Has trac'd some mighty region too.

"What can these idle charts avail—

"O'er real seas I wish to fail;

"If fortune aids the grand design,

"Worlds, yet unthought of, shall be mine.

"But how shall I this country find!

"Gay, painted picture of the mind!

"Religion\* holds my project vain,

"And owns no worlds beyond the main.

If Neptune on my prowefs smiles,

And I detect his hidden isles,

I hear some warning spirit say,

"No monarch will your toils repay:

"For this the ungrateful shall combine,

"And hard misfortune must be thine;

"For this the base reward remains

"Of cold neglect and galling chains!

"In a poor solitude forgot,

"Reproach and want shall be the lot

"Of him that gives new worlds to Spain,

"And westward spreads her golden reign.

\* The Inquisition made it criminal to assert the existence of the Antipodes.



" On thy design what woes attend!  
 " The nations at the ocean's end,  
 " No longer destin'd to be free,  
 " Shall owe distress and death to thee!  
 " The seats of innocence and love  
 " Shall soon the scenes of horror prove:  
 " But why disturb these Indian climes.  
 " The pictures of more happy times!  
 " Has avarice, with u. feeling breast,  
 " Has cruelty thy soul possess'd?  
 " May ruin on thy boldness wait!—  
 " And sorrow crown thy toils too late!"

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2. COLUMBUS addresses king FERDINAND.

PRINCE, and the pride of Spain! while meaner crowns,  
 Pleas'd with the shadow of monarchial sway,  
 Exact obedience from some paltry tract  
 Scarce worth the pain and toil of governing,  
 Be thine the generous care to send thy fame  
 Beyond the knowledge, or the guess of man.

This gulphy deep (that bounds our western reign  
 So long by civil feuds and wars disgrac'd)  
 Must be the passage to some other shore  
 Where nations dwell, children of early time,  
 Basking in the warm sunshine of the west,  
 Who some false deity, no doubt, adore,  
 Owning no virtue in the potent cross:  
 What honour, Sire, to plant your standard there,  
 And souls recover to your holy faith  
 That now in paths of dark perdition stray  
 Warp'd to his worship by the evil one!

Think not that Europe and the Asian waste,  
 Or Africa, where barren sands abound,  
 Are the sole gems in Neptune's bosom plac'd:  
 Think not the world a vast extended plain:  
 See yond' bright orbs, that through the ether move,  
 All globular;—this earth a globe like them  
 Walks her own rounds, attended by the moon,  
 Bright comrade, but with borrowed lustre bright.  
 If all the surface of this mighty round  
 Be one wide ocean of unfathom'd depth  
 Bounding the little space already known,  
 Nature must have forgot her wonted wit,  
 And made a monstrous havoc of proportion.  
 If her proud depths were not restrain'd by lands,  
 And broke by continents of vast extent  
 Existing somewhere under western skies,



Far other waves would roll before the storms  
 Than ever yet have burst on Europe's shores,  
 Driving before them deluge and confusion.  
 But Nature will preserve what she has plann'd:  
 And the whole suffrage of antiquity,  
 Platonic dreams, and reason's plainer page  
 All point at something that we ought to see  
 Buried behind the waters of the west,  
 Clouded with shadows of uncertainty:  
 The time is come for some sublime event.  
 Of mighty fame:—mankind are children yet,  
 And hardly dream what treasures they possess  
 In the dark bosom of the fertile main,  
 Unfathom'd, unattempted, unexplor'd.  
 These, mighty prince, I offer to reveal,  
 And by the magnet's aid, if you supply  
 Ships, and some gallant hearts, engage to bring  
 From distant climes, news worthy of a king.

---

3. FERDINAND and his first MINISTER.

*Ferdinand.*

WHAT would this madman have, this bold projector!  
 A wild address I have to-day attended,  
 Mingling its folly with our great affairs,  
 Dreaming of islands and new hemispheres  
 Plac'd on the ocean's verge, we know not where—  
 What shall I do with this petitioner?

*Minister.*

Even send him, fire, to perish in his search:  
 He has so pestered me these many years  
 With idle projects of discovery——  
 His name—I almost dread to hear it mention'd:  
 He is a Genoese, of vulgar birth,  
 And has been round all Europe with his plans  
 Presenting them to every potentate;——  
 What pains me too, is, that our royal lady  
 Lends him her ear, and reads his mad addresses,  
 Oppos'd to reason and philosophy.

*Ferdinand.*

He acts the devil's part in Eden's garden:  
 Knowing the man was proof to his temptations  
 He whisper'd something in the ear of Eve,  
 And promis'd much, but meant not to perform.

*Minister.*

I've treated all his schemes with such contempt  
 That any but a rank, mad-brain'd enthusiast,  
 Pushing his purpose to extremities,



Would have forsook your empire, royal fir,  
Discourag'd, and forgotten long ago.

*Ferdinand.*

Has he so long been busy at his projects?—  
I scarcely heard of him 'till yesterday:  
A plan pursued with so much obstinacy  
Looks not like madness:—wretches of that stamp  
Survey a thousand objects in an hour,  
In love with each, and yet attach'd to none  
Beyond the moment that it meets the eye—  
But him I honour, tho' in beggars' garbs,  
Who has a soul of so much constancy  
As to bear up against the hard rebuffs,  
Sneers of great men, and insolence of power,  
And through the opposition of them all  
Pursues his object:—Minister, this man  
Must have our notice.—Let him be commissioned  
Viceroy of all the lands he shall discover,  
Admiral and general in the fleets of Spain;  
Let three stout ships be instantly selected,  
The best and strongest ribb'd of all we own,  
With crews to man them, patient of fatigue:  
But stay, attend! how stands our treasury?—

*Minister.*

Empty—even to the bottom, royal fir!  
We have not coin for bare necessities,  
Much less, (so pard n me) to spend on madmen.

#### 4. COLUMBUS addresses Queen ISABELLA,

WHILE Turkish queens, dejected, pine,  
Compell'd sweet freedom to resign;  
And, taught one virtue, *to obey*,  
Lament some eastern tyrant's sway,

Queen of all hearts, bright Isabell!  
A happier lot to you has fell,  
Who make a nation's bliss your own,  
And share the rich Castilian throne.

Exalted thus, beyond all fame,  
Assist, fair lady, that proud aim  
Which would your native reign extend  
To the wide world's remotest end.

From science, fed by busy thought,  
New wonders to my view are brought:  
The vast abyss, beyond our shore,  
I deem impassable no more.



Let those that love to dream or sleep  
Pretend no limits to the deep:  
I see beyond the rolling main  
Abounding wealth reserv'd for Spain.

From Nature's earliest days conceal'd,  
Men of their own these climates yield,  
And scepter'd dames, no doubt, are there,  
Queens like yourself, but not so fair.

But what should most provoke desire  
Are the fine pearls that they admire,  
And diamonds bright, and coral green,  
More fit to grace a Spanish queen.

Their yellow shells, and virgin gold,  
And silver, for our trinkets fold,  
Shall well reward this toil and pain  
And bid our commerce shine again.

As men were forc'd from Eden's shade  
By errors that a woman made,  
Permit me, at a woman's cost,  
To find the climates that we lost.

He, that with you, partakes command;  
The nation's hope, great Ferdinand,  
Attends, indeed, to my request,  
But wants no empires in the west.

Then, queen, supply the swelling sail,  
For eastward breathes the steady gale  
That shall the meanest barque convey  
To regions richer than Cathay.\*

Arriv'd upon that flowery coast  
Whose towns of golden temples boast,  
While these bright objects strike our view  
Their wealth shall be reserv'd for you.

Each swarthy king shall yield his crown,  
And, smiling, lay their sceptres down,  
When they, untam'd by force of arms,  
Shall hear the story of your charms.

Did I an empty dream pursue  
Great honour still must wait on you,  
Who sent the lads of Spain to keep  
Such vigils on the untravell'd deep,

\* The ancient name for China.



Who fix'd the bounds of land and sea,  
 Trac'd Nature's works through each *degree*,  
 Imagin'd some unheard-of shore  
 But prov'd that there was nothing more.

Yet happier prospects, I maintain,  
 Shall open on your female reign,  
 While ages hence, with rapture, tell  
 How much they owe to Isabell!

5. *Queen ISABELLA's Secretary writing a reply to COLOMBUS.*

YOUR yellow shells, and coral green,  
 And gold, and silver—not yet seen,—  
 Have had such influence on a woman's mind  
 The queen could almost pillage from the crown,  
 And add some costly jewels of her own,  
 Thus sending you that charming coast to find  
 Where all these heavenly things abound,  
 Queens in the west, and chiefs renown'd.  
 But then no great men take you by the hand,  
 Nor are the nobles busied in your aid;  
 The clergy have no relish for your scheme,  
 And deem it madness—one archbishop said  
 You were bewildered in a paltry dream  
 That led directly to undoubted ruin,  
 Your own and other men's undoing:—  
 And our confessor says, it is not true,  
 (And calls it heresy in you)  
 Thus to assert the world is round,  
 And that the *Antipodes* are found  
 Held to the earth, we can't tell how.—

But you shall fail; I heard the queen declare  
 That mere geography is not her care;—  
 And thus she bids me say,  
 “Columbus, haste away,  
 “Hasten to Palos, and if you can find  
 “Three barques, of structure suited to your mind,  
 “Straight make a purchase in the royal name;  
 “Equip them for the seas without delay.  
 “Since long the journey is (we heard you say)  
 “To that rich country which we wish to claim—  
 “Let them be small—for know the crown is poor,  
 “Though basking in the sunshine of renown.  
 “Long wars have wasted us: the pride of Spain  
 “Was ne'er before so high, nor purse so mean;  
 “Giving us ten years war, the humbled Moor  
 “Has left us little else but victory:  
 “Time must restore past splendor to this reign.”



6. COLUMBUS *at the Harbour of Palos, in Andalusia.*

COLUMBUS.

IN three small barques to cross so vast a sea,  
 Held to be boundless, even in learning's eye—  
 It is a bold attempt!—Yet I must go,  
 Travelling the surge to its great boundary;  
 Far, far away beyond the reach of men,  
 Where never galley spread her milk-white sail  
 Or weary pilgrim bore the christian name!

But though I were confirm'd in my design,  
 And saw the whole event with certainty,  
 How shall I so exert my eloquence,  
 And hold such arguments with vulgar minds  
 As to convince them I am not an idiot  
 Chasing the visions of a shattered brain,  
 Ending in their perdition and my own?  
 The world, and all its wisdom is against me;  
 The dreams of priests; philosophy in chains;  
 False learning, swollen with self-sufficiency;  
 Men seated at the helm of royalty  
 Reasoning like school-boys;—what discouragements!  
 Experience holds herself mine enemy,  
 And one weak woman only hears my story!—

I'll make a speech———Hear jovial sailors, hear!

“Ye that would rise beyond the rags of fortune,  
 “Struggling too long with hopeless poverty,  
 “Coasting your native shores on shallow seas  
 “Vex'd by the galleys of the Ottoman;  
 “Now meditate with me a bolder plan,  
 “Catching at fortune in her plenitude!  
 “He that shall undertake this voyage with me  
 “Shall be no longer held a vulgar man:  
 “Princes shall wish they had been our companions,  
 “And Science blush she did not go along  
 “To learn a lesson that might humble pride  
 “Now grinning idly from a pedant's cap,  
 “Lurking behind the veil of cowardice.

“Far in the west a golden region lies  
 “Unknown, unvisited for many an age,  
 “Teeming with treasure, to enrich the brave.  
 “Embark, embark—Columbus leads the way——  
 “Why, friends, existence is alike to me  
 “Dear and desirable, with other men;  
 “What good could I devise in seeking ruin?  
 “Embark, I say; and he that sails with me  
 “Shall reap a harvest of immortal honour:  
 “Wealthier he shall return than they that now  
 “Lounge in the lap of principalities,  
 “Hoarding the gorgeous treasures of the east.”——



Alas, alas! they turn their backs upon me,  
 And rather choote to wallow in the mire  
 Of wine and torpid nactivity,  
 Than, by one bold and masterly exertion,  
 Themselves enoble, and enrich their country!

---

7. *A SAILOR'S HUT, near the sea Shore.*

THOMAS and SUSAN.

*Thomas.*

I WISH I was over the water again!  
 'Tis pity we cannot agree;  
 When I try to be merry 'tis labour in vain,  
 You always are scolding at me;  
 Then what shall I do  
 With this termagant Sue;  
 Tho' I hug her and squeeze her  
 I never can please her —  
 Was there ever a devil like you?

*Susan.*

If I was a maid, as I now am a wife  
 With a sot and a brat to maintain,  
 I think it would be the first care of my life,  
 To shun such a drunkard again:  
 Not one of the crew  
 Is so hated by Sue;  
 Though they always are bawling,  
 And pulling, and hauling —  
 Not one is so noisy as you.

*Thomas.*

Dear Susan, I'm sorry that you shou'd complain  
 There is nothing indeed to be done;  
 If a war should break out, not a sailor in Spain  
 Would sooner be found at his gun:  
 Arriving from sea  
 I would kneel on one knee,  
 And the plunder presenting  
 To Susan relenting —  
 Who then would be honour'd like me!

*Susan.*

To day as I came by the sign of the ship,  
 A mighty fine captain was there,  
 He was a king for sailors to take a small trip,  
 But I cannot remember well where;  
 He was hearty and free,  
 And if you can agree  
 To leave me dear honey,  
 And bring me some money! —  
 How happy — indeed — I shall be!



## POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

*Thomas.*

The man that you saw not a sailor can get,  
 'T's a Captain Columbus, they say;  
 To fit out a ship he is running in debt,  
 And our wages he never can pay:  
 Yes, yes, it is he,  
 And, Sue, do ye see,  
 On a wild undertaking  
 His heart he is breaking——  
 The devil may take him for me!

---

8. BERNARDO, a Spanish Friar, in his canonicals

DID not our holy book most clearly say  
 This earth is built upon a pillar'd base;  
 And did not REASON add convincing proofs  
 That this huge world is one continued plane  
 Extending onward to immensity,  
 Bounding with oceans these abodes of men;  
 I should suppose this dreamer had some hopes,  
 Some prospects built on probability  
 What says our lord, the pope——he cannot err——  
 He says, *our world is not orbicular*,  
 And has rewarded some with chains and death  
 Who dar'd defend such wicked heresies.  
 But we are turning heretics indeed!——  
 A foreigner, an idiot, an impostor,  
 An infidel (since he dares contradict  
 What our most holy order holds for truth)  
 Is pouring poison in the royal ear;  
 Telling him tales of illands in the moon,  
 Leading the nation into dangerous errors,  
 Slighting instruction from our brotherhood!——  
 O Jesu! Jesu! what an age is this!

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9. OROSIO, a Mathematician, with his scales and compasses

THIS persevering man succeeds at last!  
 The last gazette has publish'd to the world  
 That *Ferdinand* and *Isabella* grant  
 Three well rigg'd ships to *Christopher Columbus*;  
 And have bestow'd the noble titles too  
 Of *Admiral* and *Vice-Roy*——great indeed!  
 Who will not now project, and scrawl on paper——  
 Pretenders now shall be advanc'd to honour;  
 And every pedant that can frame a problem,  
 And every lad that can draw parallels  
 Or measure the subtension of an angle,  
 Shall now have ships to make discoveries!



THIS simple man would sail he knows not where;  
 Building on fables, schemes of certainty—  
 Visions of *Plato*, mix'd with idle tales  
 Of later date, intoxicate his brain:  
 Let him advance beyond a certain point  
 In his fantastic voyage, and I foretell  
 He never can return: ay, let him go!—  
 There is a line towards the setting sun  
 Drawn on an ocean of tremendous depth,  
 (Where Nature plac'd the limits of the day)  
 Haunted by dragons, fond of solitude,  
 Red serpents, fiery forms, and yelling hags,  
 Fit company for mad adventurers.—  
 There when the sun descends, 'tis horror all;  
 His angry globe through vast abysses gliding  
 Burns in the briny bosom of the deep,  
 Making a havock so unconscionable,  
 And causing such a wasteful ebullition,  
 That never island green, or continent  
 Could find foundation, there, to grow upon!

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#### 10. COLUMBUS and a PILOT.

*Columbus.*

TO take on board the sweepings of a jail  
 Is inexpedient, in a voyage like mine,  
 That will require most patient fortitude,  
 Strict vigilance and staid sobriety,  
 Contempt of death, on cool reflection sounded,  
 A sense of honour, motives of ambition,  
 And every sentiment that sways the brave.—  
 Princes should join me now!—not those I mean  
 Who lurk in courts, or revel in the shade  
 Of painted ceilings:—those I mean, more worthy.  
 Whose daring aims and persevering souls  
 Soaring beyond the sordid view of fortune,  
 Bespeak the lineage of true royalty.

*Pilot.*

A fleet arriv'd last month at Carthage  
 From Smyrna, Cyprus, and the neighbouring isles:  
 Their crews releas'd from long fatigues at sea,  
 Have spent their earnings in festivity,  
 And hunger tells them they must out again:  
 Yet nothing instantly presents itself  
 Except your new and noble expedition:  
 The fleet must undergo immense repairs,  
 And numbers will be unemploy'd a while:  
 I'll take them in the hour of dissipation  
 (Before reflection has made cowards of them.)



Suggesting questions of impertinence)  
 When desperate plans are most acceptable,  
 Impossibilities are possible,  
 And all the spring and vigour of the mind  
 Is strain'd to madness and audacity:  
 If you approve my scheme, these ninety men  
 (The number you pronounce to be sufficient)  
 Shall all be enter'd in a week, at most.

*Columbus.*

Go, pilot, go—and every motive urge  
 That may put life into this expedition.  
 Early in August we must weigh our anchors.  
 Time wears apace—being none but willing men,  
 So shall our orders be the better borne,  
 The people less inclin'd to mutiny.

## II. DISCONTENTS at Sea

*Antonio. (a sailor)*

DREADFUL is death in his most gentle forms!—  
 More horrid still on this mad element,  
 So far remote from land—from friends remote!  
 So many thousand leagues already sail'd  
 In quest of visions!—what remains to us  
 But perishing in these moist solitudes;  
 Where many a day our corpses on the sea  
 Shall float unwept, unpitied, unentomb'd!  
 O fate most terrible!—undone Antonio!  
 Why didst thou listen to a madman's dreams,  
 Pregnant with mischief—why not, comrades, rise!—  
 See, Nature's self prepares to leave us here;  
 The needle, late so faithful to the pole,  
 Now quits his object and bewilders us;  
 Steering at random, just as chance directs—  
 O fate most terrible!—undone Antonio!—

*Hernando. (a sailor)*

Borne to creation's utmost verge, I saw  
 New stars ascending, never view'd before!  
 Low sinks the bear!—O land, my native land,  
 Clear springs and shady groves! why did I change  
 Your aspect fair for these infernal wastes,  
 Peopled by monsters of another kind;  
 Ah me! design'd not for the haunt of man!

*Columbus.*

Cease, dastards, cease; and be inform'd, that man  
 Is Nature's lord, and wields her to his will:  
 If her most noble works obey our aims.  
 How much more so ought worthless scum, like you,  
 Whose whole existence is a morning dream,



POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Whose life is sunshine on a wintry day,  
Who shake at shadows, struck with palsied fear;  
Measuring the limit of your lives by distance.

*Antonio.*

Columbus, hear! when with the land we parted,  
You *thirty days* agreed to plough the main,  
Directing westward — thirty have elaps'd,  
And thirty more have now begun their round,  
No land appearing yet, nor trace of land,  
But distant fogs that mimic lofty isles,  
Painting gay landscapes on the vaporous air,  
Inhabited by fiends, that mean our ruin—  
You persevere, and have no mercy on us—  
Then perish by yourself—we must return—  
And know our firm resolve is fix'd for Spain;  
In this resolve we are unanimous.

JUAN DE VILLA-REAL to COLUMBUS.

*(A billet.)*

“ I heard them, over night, a plot contriving,  
“ Of fatal purpose—have a care, Columbus!—  
“ They have resolv'd, as on the deck you stand  
“ Aiding the vigils of the midnight hour,  
“ To plunge you headlong in the roaring deep,  
“ And slaughter such, as favour your design  
“ Still to pursue that western continent.”

*Columbus, solus.*

Why, Nature, hast thou treated those so ill,  
Whose souls, capacious of immense designs  
Leave ease and quiet for a nation's glory,  
Thus to subject them to these little things,  
Insects, by heaven's decree in shapes of men!  
But so it is, and so we must submit,  
Bending to thee, the heaven's great chancellor!  
But must I fail!—and by timidity!  
Must thou to thy green waves receive me, Neptune,  
Or must I basely with my ships return,  
Nothing accomplish'd!—not one pearl discover'd,  
One bit of gold to make our queen a bracelet,  
One diamond for the crown of Ferdinand!  
How will their triumph be confirm'd, who said  
That I was mad!—Must I then change my course,  
And quit the country that would straight appear  
If one week longer we pursued the sun!

*(He addresses the crew.)*

“ Assemble, friends; attend to what I say:  
“ Signs unequivocal, at length, declare  
“ That some great continent approaches us:  
“ The sea no longer glooms unmeasur'd depths,  
“ Small motes I see, from ebbing rivers borne,



" And Neptune's waves a greener aspect wear.  
 " The setting sun discovers clouds that owe  
 " Their origin to fens and woodland wastes,  
 " Not such as breed on ocean's salt domain.—  
 " Vast flocks of birds attend us on our way,  
 " These all have haunts amidst the watery void,  
 " Sweet scenes of ease, and sylvan solitude,  
 " And springs, and fire me, that we shall share with them.  
 " Now hear my most importunate request:  
 " I call you all my friends, you are my equals,  
 " Men of true worth and native dignity,  
 " Whose spirits are too mighty to return  
 " Most meanly home, when nothing is accomplish'd—  
 " Consent to sail our wonted course with me  
 " But one week longer, and if that be spent,  
 " And nought appear to recompence our toil,  
 " Then change your course, and homeward haste away—  
 " Nay, homeward not!—for that would be too base—  
 " But to the depths below, where we may hide,  
 " And never think of Ferdinand again."

*Hernando.*

One week!—too much—it shall not be, Columbus!  
 Already are we on the verge of ruin,  
 Warm'd by the sunshine of another sphere,  
 Fann'd by the breezes of the burning zone,  
 Launch'd out upon the world's extremities —  
 Who knows where one week more might carry us?

*Antonio.*

Nay, talk not to the traitor!—Base Columbus,  
 To thee our ruin and our deaths we owe!  
 Away, away!—friends!—men at liberty,  
 Now free to act as best befits our case,  
 Appoint another pilot to the helm,  
 And *Andalusia* be our port again!

*Columbus.*

Friends, is it thus you treat your admiral,  
 Who bears the honours of great Ferdinand;  
 The royal standard, and the arms of Spain!  
 Three days allow me—and I'll shew new worlds.

*Hernando.*

Three days!—one day will pass too tediously—  
 But in the name of all our crew, Columbus,  
 Whose speaker and controulor I am own'd;  
 Since thou, indeed, art a most gallant man.  
 Three days we grant—but ask us not again!



## 12. COLUMBUS at CAT ISLAND.

*Columbus, solus.*

HAIL, beauteous land! the first that greets mine eye,  
 Since, bold, we left the cloud-capp'd *Teneriffe*,  
 The world's last limit long suppos'd by men.—  
 Tir'd with dull prospects of the watery waste  
 And midnight dangers that around us grew,  
 Faint hearts, and feeble hands, and traitors vile,  
 Thee, HOLY SAVIOUR, on this foreign coast  
 We still adore, and name this land from thee! \*  
 In these green groves who would not wish to stay  
 Where guardian Nature holds her quiet reign,  
 Where beardless men speak other languages,  
 Unknown to us, ourselves unknown to them.

*Antonio.*

In tracing o'er the isle no gold I find—  
 Nought else but barren trees and craggy rocks  
 Where screaming sea-fowl mix their odious loves,  
 And fields of burning marle, where devils play,  
 And men with copper skins talk barbarously—  
 What merit has our chief in sailing hither  
 Discovering countries of no real worth!  
 Spain has enough of barren sands, no doubt,  
 And savages in crowds are found at home;—  
 Why then surmount the world's circumference  
 Merely to stock us with this Indian breed?

*Hernando.*

Soft!—or Columbus will detect you murmuring—  
 This new found isle has re-instated him  
 In all our favours—see you yonder sands?—  
 Why, if you see them, swear that they are gold,  
 And gold like this shall be our homeward freight,  
 Gladding the heart of Ferdinand the great,  
 Who, when he sees it, shall say smilingly,  
 “Well done, advent'rous fellows, you have brought  
 “The treasure we expected, and deserv'd!”  
 Hold! I am wrong—there goes a savage man  
 With gold suspended from his ragged ears:  
 I'll brain the monster for the sake of gold;  
 There, savage, try the power of Spanish steel—  
 'Tis of *Toledo* †—true and trusty stuff!  
 He falls! he falls! the gold, the gold is mine!  
 First acquisition in this golden isle!—

\* He called the island San Salvador. It lies about 90 miles S. E. from Providence; is one of the Bahama cluster, and to the eastward of the Grand Bank.

† The best steel-blades in Spain are manufactured at *Toledo* and *Bilbao*.



*Columbus, jolus.*

Sweet sylvan scenes of innocence and ease,  
 How calm and joyous pass the seasons here!  
 No splendid towns or spiry turrets rise,  
 Nor lordly palaces—no tyrant kings  
 Enact hard laws to crush fair freedom here;—  
 No gloomy jails to shut up wretched men;  
 All, all are free!—here God and Nature reign;  
 Their works un sullied by the hands of man—  
 Ha! what is this—a murdered wretch I see,  
 A Spanish ponyard thro' his entrails driven—  
 His blood yet warm—O hapless islander,  
 Who could have thus so basely mangled thee,  
 Who, never offer'd insult to our shore—  
 Was it for those poor trinkets in your ears  
 Which by the custom of your tribe you wore,—  
 Now seiz'd away—and which would not have weigh'd  
 One poor piaſtre!  
 Is this the fruit of my discovery!  
 If the first scene is murder, what shall follow  
 But havock, hatred, chains, and devastation  
 In every dress and form of cruelty!  
 O injur'd Nature, whelm me in the deep,  
 And let not Europe hope for my return;  
 Or guess at worlds upon whose threshold now  
 So black a deed has just been perpetrated!—  
 We must away—enjoy your woods in peace,  
 Poor, wretched, injur'd, harmless islanders;  
 On *Hayti's*\* isle you say vast stores are found  
 Of this destructive gold—which without murder  
 Perhaps, we may possess!—away, away!  
 And southward, pilots, seek another isle,  
 Fertile, they say, and of immense extent:  
 There we may fortune find, without a crime.

## 13. COLUMBUS in a Tempest, on his return to Spain.

THE storm hangs low; the angry lightning glares  
 And menaces destruction to our masts;  
 The *Corposant*† is busy on the decks,  
 The soul, perhaps, of some lost admiral  
 Taking his walks about most leisurely,  
 Foreboding we shall be with him to-nights;

\* This island is now called Hispaniola.

† A vapour common at sea in bad weather, something larger and rather paler than the light of a candle; which, seeming to rise out of the sea, first moves about the decks, and then ascends or descends the rigging in proportion to the increase or decrease of the storm. Superstition formerly imagined them to be the souls of drowned men.—



See, now he climbs the shrouds—as he ascends  
 The gale grows bolder!—all is violence!  
 Seas, mounting from the bottom of their deaths,  
 Hang o'er our heads, with all their horrid curls,  
 Threatening perdition to our feeble barque,  
 Which three hours longer cannot bear their fury,  
 Such heavy strokes already shatter her;  
 Who can endure such dreadful company!  
 Then, must we die with our discovery!  
 Must all my labours, all my pains be lost  
 And my new world in old oblivion sleep—?  
 My name forgot, or if it be remembered,  
 Only to have it said, “He was a madman  
 “Who perish'd as he ought—deservedly—  
 “In seeking what was never to be found!”——  
 Let's obviate, what we can, this horrid sentence,  
 And, lost ourselves, perhaps preserve our fame.  
 'Tis easy to contrive this painted casket,  
 (Caulk'd, pitch'd, secur'd with canvas round and round)  
 That it may float for months upon the main,  
 Bearing the freight within secure and dry:  
 In this will I an abstract of our voyage,  
 And islands found, in little space enclose:  
 The western winds in time may bear it home  
 To Europe's coasts: or some wide wandering ship  
 By accident, may meet it toss'd about,  
 Charg'd with the story of another world.

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14. COLUMBUS visits the COURT at Barcelona.

*Ferdinand.*

LET him be honour'd like a God, who brings  
 Tidings of islands at the ocean's end!  
 In royal robes let him be, quick, attir'd,  
 And seated next ourselves, the noblest Peer.

*Isabella.*

The merit of this gallant deed is mine:  
 Had not my jewels furnish'd out the fleet  
 Still had his world been latent in the main——  
 Since on his project every man look'd cold,  
 A woman, as his patroness shall shine;  
 And through the world the story shall be told,  
 A woman gave new continents to Spain.

*Columbus.*

A world, great prince, bright queen and royal lady,  
 Discover'd now, has well repaid our toils:  
 We to your bounty owe all that we are;  
 Men of renown and to be fam'd in story.  
 Islands of vast extent we have discover'd  
 With gold abounding: see a sample here



Of those most precious metals we admire;  
 And Indian men, natives of other climes,  
 Whom we have brought to do you princely homage,  
 Owning they hold their diadems from you.

*Ferdinand.*

To fifteen sail your charge shall be augmented:  
 Hasten to *Palos*, and prepare again  
 To sail in quest of this fine golden country,  
 The *Ophir*, never known to Solomon;  
 Which shall be held the brightest gem we have,  
 The richest diamond in the crown of Spain.

15. COLUMBUS *in* CHAINS.\*

ARE these the honours they reserve for me,  
 Chains for the man that gave new worlds to Spain?  
 Rest here, my swelling heart!—O kings, O queens,  
 Patrons of monsters,\* and their progeny,  
 Authors of wrong, and slaves to fortune merely!  
 Why was I seated at my prince's side,  
 Honour'd, caress'd like some first peer of Spain,  
 Was it, that I might fall most suddenly  
 From honour's summit to the sink of scandal!  
 'Tis done, 'tis done!—what madness is ambition;  
 What is there in that little breath of men,  
 Which they call *Fame*, that should induce the brave,  
 To forfeit ease, and that domestic bliss,  
 Which is the lot of happy ignorance,  
 Less glorious aims, and dull humility.—  
 Whoe'er thou art, that shalt aspire to honour,  
 And on the strength and vigour of the mind  
 Vainly depending, court a monarch's favour,  
 Pointing the way to vast extended empire;  
 First count your pay to be ingratitude,  
 Then chains, and prisons, and disgrace like mine!  
 Each wretched pilot now shall spread his sails,  
 And treading in my footsteps, hail new worlds,  
 Which, but for me, had still been empty visions.

16. COLUMBUS *at* VALLADOLID.†

HOW sweet is sleep, when gain'd by length of toil!  
 No dreams disturb the slumbers of the dead——  
 To snatch existence from this scanty soil,

\* During his third voyage, while in San Domingo, (in Hispaniola) such unjust representations were made of his conduct, to the Court of Spain that a new admiral, Bovadilla, was appointed, to supersede him, who sent Columbus home in irons.

† After he found himself in disgrace with the Court of Spain, he retired to Valladolid, a town of Old Castile, where he died, it is said, more of a broken heart than any other disease, on the 20th of May, 1506.



Were these the hopes deceitful fancy bred;  
And were her painted pageants nothing more  
Than this life's phantoms by delusion led?

The winds blow high: one other world remains;  
Once more, without a guide, I find the way;  
In the dark tomb to slumber with my chains—  
Prais'd by no poet on my funeral day,  
Nor even allow'd one dearly purchas'd claim—  
My new found world not honour'd with my name!

Yet, in this joyless gloom while I repose,  
Some comfort will attend my pensive shade,  
When memory paints, and golden fancy shews  
My toils rewarded, and my woes repaid;  
When empires rise where lonely forests grew,  
Where Freedom shall her generous plans pursue.

To shadowy forms, and g'hosts, and sleepy things,  
Columbus, now, with dauntless heart repair;  
You liv'd to find new worlds for thankless kings:  
Write this upon my tomb—yes—tell it there—  
Tell of those chains that sullied all my glory—  
Not mine but their's—ah, tell the shameful story.

(ANNO 1774.)

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## The INDIAN STUDENT:

OR, FORCE OF NATURE.

**F**ROM Susquehanna's farthest springs  
Where savage tribes pursue their game,  
(His blanket tied with yellow strings,)  
A shepherd of the forest came.

Not long before, a wandering priest  
Express'd his wish, with visage sad—  
“ Ah, why (he cry'd) in Satan's waste,  
“ Ah, why detain so fine a lad?

“ In white-man's land there stands a town  
“ Where learning may be purchas'd low—  
“ Exchange his blanket for a gown,  
“ And let the lad to college go.”—

From long debate the council rose,  
And viewing *Sba'um's* tricks with joy  
To Cambridge H<sup>l</sup>, o'er waster of snows,  
They sent the copper-colour'd boy.



One generous chief a bow supply'd,  
This gave a shaft, and that a skin;  
The feathers, in vermillion dy'd,  
Himself did from a turkey win:

Thus dress'd so gay, he took his way  
O'er barren hills, alone, alone!  
His guide a star, he wander'd far,  
His pillow every night a stone.

At last he came, with foot so lame,  
Where learned men talk heathen Greek,  
And Hebrew lore is gabbled o'er,  
To please the Muses,—twice a week.

Awhile he writ, awhile he read,  
Awhile he conn'd their grammar rules—  
(An Indian savage so well bred  
Great credit promis'd to the schools.)

Some thought he would in *law* excel,  
Some said in *physic* he would shine;  
And one that knew him, passing well,  
Beheld, in him, a sound Divine.

But those of more discerning eye  
Even then could other prospects show,  
And saw him lay his *Virgil* by  
To wander with his dearer *bow*.

The tedious hours of study spent,  
The heavy-moulded lecture done,  
He to the woods a hunting went,  
Thro' lonely wastes he walk'd, he ran.

No mystic wonders fir'd his mind;  
He sought to gain no learn'd degree,  
But only sense enough to find  
The squirrel in the hollow tree.

The shady bank, the purling stream,  
The woody wild his heart possess'd,  
The dewy lawn, his morning dream  
In fancy's gayest colours dress'd.

“ And why (he cry'd) did I forsake  
“ My native wood for gloomy walls;  
“ The silver stream, the limpid lake  
“ For musty books, and college halls.

“ A little could my wants supply—  
“ Can wealth and honour give me more;



“ Or, will the sylvan god deny  
 “ The humble treat he gave before?

“ Let seraphs gain the bright abode,  
 “ And heaven’s sublimest mansions see——  
 “ I only bow to NATURE’S GOD——  
 “ The land of shades will do for me.

“ These dreadful secrets of the sky  
 “ Alarm my soul with chilling fear—  
 “ Do planets in their orbits fly,  
 “ And is the earth, indeed, a sphere?

“ Let planets still their *course* pursue,  
 “ And comets to the CENTRE run—  
 “ In HIM my faithful friend I view,  
 “ The image of my God—the SUN.

“ Where Nature’s ancient forests grow,  
 “ And mingled laurel never fades,  
 “ My heart is fix’d;—and I must go  
 “ To die among my native shades.”

He spoke, and to the western springs,  
 (His gown discharg’d, his money spent,  
 His blanket tied with yellow strings,)  
 The shepherd of the forest went.

\* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \*

### The ORATOR of the WOODS.

**E**ACH traveller asks, with fond surprize,  
 Why *Thyrsis* wastes the fleeting year  
 Where gloomy forests round him rise,  
 And only rustics come to hear——  
*His taste is odd, (they seem to say)*  
*Such talents in so poor a way!*

To those that courts and titles please  
 How dismal is his lot;  
 Beyond the hills, beneath some trees,  
 To live—and be forgot——,  
 In dull retreats, where Nature binds  
 Her mass of clay to vulgar minds.

While you lament his barren trade,  
 Tell me—in yonder vale  
 Why grows that flower beneath the shade,  
 So feeble and so pale!—



Why was she not in sun-shine plac'd  
To blush, and please your men of taste?

In lonely wilds, those flowers so fair  
No curious step allure;  
And *chance*, not choice has plac'd them there,  
(Still charming, tho' obscure)  
Where, heedless of such sweets so nigh,  
The lazy hind goes loitering by.

=====

P A L E M O N to L A V I N I A.

**T**ORN from your arms by rude relentless hands,  
No tears recall our lost Alcander home,  
Who, far remov'd by fierce piratic bands,  
Finds in a foreign soil\* an early tomb:

Well may you grieve!—his race so early done,  
No years he reach'd, to urge some task sublime;—  
No conquests made, no brilliant action won,  
No verse to bear him down the stream of time.

Amidst these shades and heart depressing glooms,  
What comfort shall I give—what can I say;  
In her distress shall we discourse on tombs,  
Or tell LAVINIA, 'tis a cloudy day?

The pensive priest accosts her with a sigh:  
With movement slow, in sable robes he came—  
But why so sad, philosopher, ah, why,  
Since from the tomb alone all bliss we claim?

By pining care and wakeful sorrow worn,  
While silent griefs her downcast heart engage,  
She saw me go, and saw me thrice return  
To pen my musings on some vacant page.

To learning's store, to Galen's science bred,  
I saw *Orestes* rove through all the plain:  
His pensive step no friendly genius led  
To find one plant that might relieve your pain!

Say, do I wake?—or are your woes a dream!—  
Depart, dread vision!—waft me far away:  
Seek me no more by this sky-painted stream  
That glides, unconscious, to the Indian bay.

\* Algiers.



Alcander!—ah!—what tears for thee must flow——  
 What doom awaits the wretch that tortured thee!  
 May never flower in his curs'd garden blow,  
 May never fruit enrich his hated tree:

May that fine spark, which Nature lent to man,  
*Reason*, be thou extinguish'd in his brain;  
 Sudden his doom, contracted be his span,  
 Ne'er to exist, or spring from dust again.

May no kind genius save his step from harms:  
 Where'er he sails, may tempests rend the sea;  
 May never maiden yield to him her charms,  
 Nor prattling infant hang upon his knee!

Retire, retire from this disastrous shore:  
 Dark is the sun, when woes like these dismay;  
 Resign your groves, and view with joy no more  
 The fragrant orange, and the floweret gay."

\* ~~~~~ \*

### On the SLEEP of PLANTS.

WHEN suns are set, and stars in view,  
 Not only *man* to slumber yields;  
 But Nature grants this blessing too,  
 To yonder *plants*, in yonder fields.

The Summer heats and lengthening days  
 (To them the same as toil and care)  
 Thrice welcome make the evening breeze,  
 That kindly does their strength repair.

At early dawn each plant survey,  
 And see, reviv'd by Nature's hand,  
 With youthful vigour, fresh and gay,  
 Their blossoms blow, their leaves expand.

Yon' garden plant, with weeds o'er-run,  
 Not void of *thought*, perceives its hour,  
 And, watchful of the parting sun,  
 Throughout the night conceals her flower.

Like us, the slave of cold and heat,  
 She too enjoys her little span—  
 With *Reason*, only less complete  
 Than *that* which makes the boast of *man*.

Thus, moulded from one common clay,  
 A varied life adorns the plain;  
 By nature subject to decay,  
 BY NATURE MEANT TO BLOOM AGAIN!



## The PARTING GLASS.

*(Written at an Inn.)—[To SEXTUS DECIUS.]*

**T**HE man that joins in life's career  
 And hopes to find some comfort here;  
 To rise above this earthly mass,  
 The only way's to drink his GLASS.

But, still, on this uncertain stage,  
 Where hopes and fears the soul engage;  
 And while, amid the joyous band,  
 Unheded flows the measured sand,  
 Forget not as the moments pass,  
*That TIME shall bring the parting glass!*

In spite of all the mirth I've heard,  
*This* is the glass I always fear'd;  
 The glass that would the rest destroy,  
 The farewell cup, the close of joy!

With you, whom Reason taught to *think*,  
 I could, for ages, sit and drink:  
 But with the fool, the sot, the ass,  
 I haste to take the parting glass.

The luckless wight, that still delays  
 His draught of joy to future days,  
 Delays too long—for then, alas!  
 Old age steps up, and—breaks the glass!

The nymph, who boasts no borrowed charms,  
 Whose sprightly wit my fancy warms;  
 What tho' she tends this country inn,  
 And mixes wine, or deals out *gin*?  
 With such a kind, obliging lass  
 I sigh, to take the parting glass.

With him, who always talks of gain,  
 (Dull Momus, of the plodding train)—  
 The wretch, who thrives by others' woes,  
 And carries grief where'er he goes:—  
 With people of this knavish class  
 The first is still my parting glass.

With those that drink before they dine—  
 With him that apes the grunting swine,  
 Who fills his page with low abuse,  
 And strives to act the gabbling goose  
 Turn'd out by fate to feed on grass—  
*Boy, give me quick, the parting glass.*



The man, whose friendship is sincere,  
 Who knows no guilt, and feels no fear:—  
 It would require a heart of brass  
 With him to take the parting glass!

With him, who loves a pot of ale;  
 Who holds to all an even scale;  
 Who hates a knave, in each disguise,  
 And fears him not— whate'er his size—  
 With him, well pleas'd my days to pass,  
 May heaven forbid the PARTING GLASS!

+++++  
 T H E

## P R I S O N E R.

**T**O fields of green and tufted pines,  
 Where Nature plans her bold designs,  
 While little souls for pleasure stray,  
 I find content, an easier way.

Once, like the rest in folly's train  
 A jail I deem'd the worst of pain;  
 But reason says, and say we can,  
 'Tis wisdom's walk, the school for man.

Your men of sense take half an age  
 To moralize from Plato's page;  
 But TRUTH, that guides my pen, can tell,  
 A sheriff's writ will do as well,

The pitying eye, that upwards cast,  
 Laments our daily, dull repast,  
 That deems our time is spent in care,  
 Should look at home, and find it there.

Of debts and duns no more afraid,  
 I now enjoy a happier shade,  
 And more secure retreats from pain  
 Than fages dream, or poets feign.

The painted cards and flying dice  
 No longer bring me dull advice;  
 I deal my cards, I shake my hand,  
 And fear no loss of *house* or land.

When friends forsake, and riches fail,  
 The last resource is still a jail:  
 Here busy fools from toil repair,  
 And find an end of all their care.



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Hence, Lycidas, I pray, retire:  
Go with your mates, and take your play—  
Not him I prize, or much admire,  
Who, curious, hangs on all I say:



*The lad that's wise, before his time,  
Will be a coxcomb in his prime.*

Stay not too close in learning's shop;—  
Till time a riper mind prepares,  
The ball, the marble, and the top  
Are books that should divide your cares—  
*The lads that life's gay morn enjoy,  
I'm pleas'd to see them act the boy.*

I hate the pert, I hate the bold,  
Who, proud of years but half a score,  
With none but men would converse hold,  
And things beyond their reach explore:  
*Like the fam'd Cretan, soaring high,  
To melt their waxen wings, and die.*

## ELEGIAC STANZAS

*On a young gentleman drowned in a Mill-Pond.*

**L**OST in the pool, the bloom upon his cheek  
And matted in the wave, his hair so sleek—  
His India vest, and coat of bottle-green.  
No more at church, or play-house, shall be seen.  
No more shall *Chloes* that complexion praise.  
No more the buckle shine, the button blaze.—  
How will *BELINDA*, when this loss she hears,  
Mourn her *ADONIS* in a flood of tears!  
Drown'd in a pool, and scarce a fathom deep,  
(A shallow grave)—how will *Belinda* weep!  
“*Had this but hap'd (the pensive maiden cries)*  
“*Far on the Atlantic main, where billows rise,*  
“*And stormy gales the foundering vessel chace,*  
“*I might have borne it with a better face:*  
“*But, to be drown'd where only cat-fish play,*  
“*And slippery eels pursue their grovelling ways;*  
“*Where shepherd Damon scowrs his lousy goats,*  
“*Or truant school-boys sail their baby boats—*  
“*This breaks my heart—this prompts the heavy sigh—*  
“*Was ever wretched girl so plagu'd as I,*  
“*Condemn'd to pass THREE DAYS in grief and pain—*  
“*Go Jackey, go—dear boy—and haul the sein!”*



## The INDIAN BURYING-GROUND.

IN spite of all the learn'd have said,  
I still my old opinion keep;  
The *posture*, that we give the dead,  
Points out the soul's eternal sleep.

Not so the ancients of these lands—  
The Indian, when from life releas'd,  
Again is seated with his friends,  
And shares again the joyous feast.\*

His imag'd birds, and painted bowl,  
And ven'son, for a journey dress'd,  
Bespeak the nature of the soul,  
Activity, that knows no rest.

His bow, for action ready bent,  
And arrows, with a head of stone,  
Can only mean that life is spent,  
And not the finer essence gone.

Thou, stranger, that shalt come this way,  
No fraud upon the dead commit—  
Observe the swelling turf, and say  
They do not *lie*, but here they *fit*.

Here still a lofty rock remains,  
On which the curious eye may trace  
(Now wasted, half, by wearing rains)  
The fancies of a ruder race.

Here still an aged elm aspires,  
Beneath whose far-projecting shade  
(And which the shepherd still admires)  
The children of the forest play'd!

There oft a restless Indian queen  
(Pale *Shebab*, with her braided hair)  
And many a barbarous form is seen  
To chide the man that lingers there.

By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,  
In vestments for the chase array'd,  
The hunter still the deer pursues,  
The hunter and the deer, a shade!

\* The North American Indians bury their dead in a sitting posture; decorating the corpse with wampum, the images of birds, quadrupeds, &c. And (if that of a warrior) with bows, arrows, tomhawks, and other military weapons.



And long shall timorous fancy see  
 The painted chief, and pointed spear,  
 And Reason's self shall bow the knee  
 To shadows and delusions here.

---

T H E  
 A L M A N A C M A K E R.

**W**HILE others dwell on mean affairs,  
 Monarchs, their councils, and their wars  
*Philaster* roves among the stars.

In melancholy silence, he  
 Travels alone, and cannot see  
 An equal for his company.

Not one of all the learned train  
 Like him can manage *Charles's wain*,  
 Or motion of the moon explain.

He tells us when the sun will rise,  
 Points out fair days, or clouded skies;—  
 No matter if he sometimes lies.

An annual almanac to frame,  
 And publish with fictitious name,  
 Is all his labour, all his aim.

He every month has something new,  
 And mostly deals in what is true,  
 Obliging all, and cheating few,

Our sister moon, the stars, the sun,  
 In measur'd circles round him run;  
 He knows their motions—every one.

The solar system at his will—  
 To mortify such daring skill,  
 The comets—they are rebels still.

Advancing in its daily race,  
 He calculates each planet's place;  
 Nor can the moon elude his chace.

In dark eclipse when she would hide  
 And be awhile the modest bride,  
 He pulls her veil of crape aside.



POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

97

EACH passing age must have its taste,  
The sun is in the centre plac'd,  
And fuel must supply his waste;

But how to find it he despairs,  
Nor will he leave his idle cares,  
Or Jove to mind his own affairs;

He prophesies the sun's decay;  
And while he would his fate delay,  
New sorrows on his spirits prey.

So much upon his shoulders laid,  
He reads what Aristotle said;  
Then calls the comets to his aid.

The people of the lunar sphere  
(As he can plainly make appear)  
Are coming nearer, year by year.

Though others often gaze in vain,  
Not one of all the starry train  
Could ever puzzle his strong brain.

The ram, the twins, the shining goat,  
And Argo, in the skies afloat,  
To him are things of little note:

And that which now adorns the bear,  
(I heard him say) the sailors star.  
Will be, in time, the lord knows where.

Thus Nature waiting at his call,  
His book, in vogue with great and small,  
Is sought, admir'd, and read by all.

How happy thus on earth to stay,  
The planets keeping him in pay—  
And when 'tis time to part away,

Old *Saturn* will a bait prepare,  
And hook him up from toil and care  
To make new calculations *there*.

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T H E  
S C O R N F U L L A D Y,

DRESS'D out in all her gay attire,  
Who sees, but seeing, must admire

1341



The nymph, with all her cruel arts,  
Bound on a cruise; to capture hearts.

Aloft her filken streamers play,  
The ensigns of unbounded sway:  
For her the wretched victim burns,  
Yet she no love for love returns.

Young Jocky, from the isle of Kent,  
In vain pursuit a year had spent,  
And own'd at last some knight or peer  
Could only hope to conquer her.

Proud of the artillery of her eyes  
She would not own so poor a prize,  
But, disregarding force or prayer,  
She struck him dumb, and left him there.

Thus, huntsmen of their prowess boast,  
Who, hunting on the Spanish coast,  
No deer at once by them is slain,  
But left to languish on the plain.

When first this heav'nly form I pass'd,  
She back'd her topsails to the mast—  
I saw there was no chance to fly,  
At once she bade me yield or die.

Amaz'd at such a strange attack,  
I chang'd my course, and hurried back;  
But such a fatal arrow met  
As pierc'd me deep, and pains me yet.

Ah, Celia, what a strange mistake  
To ruin, thus, for ruin's sake,  
Thus to delude us in distress,  
And quit the prize you should possess:

Years may advance, with silent pace,  
And rob that form of every grace,  
And all your conquests be repaid—  
With Teague O'Murphy, and his spade.

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## The VISION of the NIGHT.

[A FRAGMENT.]

**L**ET others draw from smiling skies their theme  
And tell of climes, that boast unceasing light:  
I draw a darker scene replete with gloom,  
I sing the horrors, and the shades of night.



Stranger, believe the truth experience tells,  
Poetic dreams are of a livelier cast  
Than those which o'er the sober brain diffus'd,  
Repeat the image of some action past.

Fancy, I own thy power! when sunk in sleep,  
Thou play'st thy wild delusive part so well,  
You raise me into immortality,  
Depict new heavens, or draw dark scenes of hell.

By some sad means, when reason holds no sway,  
Lonely I rovd at midnight o'er a plain  
Where murmuring streams, and mingling rivers flow  
Far from their springs, and seek the sea again.

Sweet vernal *May*—tho' then thy woods, in bloom,  
Flourish'd, yet nought of this could Fancy see:  
No wild pinks bless'd the meads, no green the fields,  
And naked seem'd to stand each lifeless tree.

Dark was the sky, and not one friendly star  
Shone from the zenith, or horizon clear;  
Mist sat upon the plains, and darkness rode  
In her dark chariot, with her ebon spear.

And from the wilds, the late resounding note  
Issued, of the loquacious whippoorwill\*  
Hoarse, howling dogs, and nightly-roving wolves  
Clamour'd from far-off cliffs, invisible.

Rude, from the deep, wave-wasting Chesapeake  
I heard the winds the dashing waves assail;  
And saw from far, by picturing fancy form'd,  
The black ship travelling thro' the adverse gale.

At last, by chance, and guardian fancy, led,  
I reach'd a noble dome, rais'd fair and high,  
And saw the light from upper-windows glare,  
Presage of mirth and hospitality.

And, by that light, around the dome appear'd  
A mournful garden of Autumnal hue,  
Its lately pleasing flowers, all drooping, stood  
Amidst high weeds, that in rank plenty grew.

The primrose there, the violet darkly blue,  
Daisies, and fair narcissus ceas'd to rise;  
Gay spotted pinks their charming bloom withdrew,  
And polyanthus quench'd its thousand dyes.

\* A bird peculiar to America; of a solitary nature, that never sings but in the night. Her note resembles the above name, given to her by the country people.



No pleasant fruit, or blossom gaily smil'd—  
 Nought but unhappy plants and trees were seen,  
 The yew, the myrtle, and the gloomy elm,  
 The cypress, with her melancholy green:

There cedars dark, the osier, and the pine,  
 Shorn tamarisks, and weeping-willows grew;  
 The poplar tall, the lotos, and the lime,  
 And pyracantha, did her leaves renew:

The poppy, there, companion to repose,  
 Display'd her blossoms, that began to fall;  
 And there the purple amaranthus rose,  
 With mint, strong-scented, for the funeral.

And here and there, with laurel shrubs between,  
 A tombstone lay, inscrib'd with strains of wee;  
 And stanzas sad, throughout the dismal green,  
 Lamented for the dead, that slept below.

Among the graves a spiry building stood,  
 Whole tolling bell, resounding through the shade,  
 Sung doleful ditties to the adjacent wood;  
 And many a dismal, drowsy thing it said:

“ This fabric tall, with towers and chancels grac'd,  
 “ Was rais'd by churchmen's hands, in ages fled;  
 “ The roof they painted, and the beams they brac'd,  
 “ And texts from *Moses* o'er the walls they spread:

“ But wicked were their hearts, for they refus'd  
 “ To aid the helpless orphan, when distress;  
 “ The shivering, naked stranger they mis-us'd,  
 “ And banish'd from their doors the starving guest.

“ By laws protected, cruel and prophane,  
 “ The poor man's ox these monsters drove away;—  
 “ And left distress to attend the infant train,  
 “ No friend to comfort, and no bread to stay!

“ But heaven look'd on, with keen resentful eye,  
 “ And doom'd them to perdition and the grave;  
 “ That, as they felt not for the wretch distress,  
 “ So heaven no pity on their souls would have.

“ In pride they rais'd this building, tall and fair;  
 “ Their hearts were on perpetual mischief bent:  
 “ With pride they preach'd, and pride was in their prayer;  
 “ With pride they were deceiv'd—and so to hell they went.”



T H E  
W I L D H O N E Y S U C K L E

**F**AIR flower, that dost so comely grow,  
Hid in this silent, dull retreat;  
Untouch'd thy honey'd blossoms blow,  
Unseen thy little branches greet:  
No roving foot shall find thee here,  
No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white array'd,  
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,  
And planted here the guardian shade,  
And sent soft waters murmuring by;  
Thus quietly thy summer goes,  
Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with those charms, that must decay,  
I grieve to see your future doom;  
They died—nor were those flowers less gay,  
The flowers that did in Eden bloom;  
Unpitying frosts, and Autumn's power  
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dews  
At first thy little being came:  
If nothing once, you nothing lose,  
For when you die you are the same;  
The space between, is but an hour,  
The frail duration of a flower.

---

The VANITY of EXISTENCE.

To THYRSIS.

**I**N youth, gay scenes attract our eyes,  
And not suspecting their decay  
Life's flow'ry fields before us rise,  
Regardless of its winter day.

But vain pursuits, and joys as vain,  
Convince us life is but a dream.  
Death is to wake, to rise again  
To that true life you best esteem.

So nightly on some shallow tide,  
Oft have I seen a splendid show;  
Reflected stars on either side,  
And glittering moons were seen below.



But when the tide had ebb'd away,  
 The scene fantastic with it fled,  
 A bank of mud around me lay,  
 And sea-weed on the river's bed.

---

## M A Y to A P R I L.

W ITHOUT your showers, I breed no flowers,  
 Each field a barren waste appears;  
 If you don't weep, my blossoms sleep,  
 They take such pleasure in your tears.

As your decay made room for *May*,  
 So I must part with all that's mine:  
 My balmy breeze, my blooming trees  
 To torrid suns their sweets resign!

O'er *April* dead, my shades I spread:  
 To her I owe my dress so gay—  
 Of daughters three, it falls on me  
 To close our triumphs on one day.

Thus, to repose, all Nature goes;  
 Month after month must find its doom:  
 Time on the wing, May ends the Spring,  
 And Summer dances o'er her tomb!

---

## The S E X T O N's S E R M O N.

A Few short years, at most, will bound our span;  
 “(*Wretched and few*,” the Hebrew patriarch said)  
 Live while you may, be jovial while you can;  
 Too soon our debt to Nature, must be paid.  
 When Nature fails, the man exists no more,  
 And death is nothing but an empty name,  
 Spleen's odious offspring, in some gloomy hour;—  
 The coward's tyrant, and the bad man's dream.  
 You ask me, where those numerous hosts have fled  
 That once existed on this changeful ball?  
 If aught remains, when mortal man is dead.  
 Where, ere their birth they were, they now are all.  
 Seek not for Paradise! 'tis not for you  
 Where, high in heaven, its sweetest blossoms blow;  
 Nor scarce, where gliding to the Persian main,  
 Thy waves, *Euphrates*, through the garden flow.



What is this DEATH, ye thoughtless mourners, say?—  
 Death is no more than never-ceasing change:  
 New forms arise, while other forms decay,  
 Yet, all is life throughout creation's range.

The towering *Alps*, the haughty *Appenine*,  
 The *Andes*, wrapt in ever during snow,  
 The *Apalachian*, and the *Ararat*,  
 Sooner or later, must to ruin go.

Hills sink to plains, and man returns to dust;  
 That dust supports a reptile or a flower;  
 Each changeful atom, by some other nurs'd,  
 Takes some new form, to perish in an hour.

When Nature bids thee from the world retire,  
 With joy thy lodging leave, a fated guest,  
 In sleep's blest state (our DULLMAN's fond desire)  
 Existing always——always to be blest.

Like insects busy in a summer's day,  
 We toil and squabble to increase our pain:  
 Night comes at last, and weary of the fray,  
 To dust and silence all are sent again!

Beneath my hand what numerous crowds retire—  
 By the cold turf for ages, now, oppress'd!  
 Millions have fallen—and millions must expire,  
 Doom'd by the impartial God to endless rest.

In vain with stars *He* deck'd yon' spangled skies,  
 And bade the mind to heaven's bright regions soar,  
 And brought so far to your admiring eyes  
 A glimpse of glories, that shall blaze no more!

What is there here, that man should wish to bear  
 A weight of years?—such rage to madness vex;  
 Wan, wasting, grief, and ever musing care,  
 Distressful pain, and poverty perplex?——

What is there here, but tombs and monuments—  
 Tyrants——who misery spread through every shore;  
 Wide wasting wars, the scourge of innocence;  
 Fevers and plagues, with all their noxious store?

Before we call'd this wrangling world our home  
 In undisturb'd abodes we sweetly slept:  
 But when dame Nature made that world our doom,  
 'Twas then our troubles came—and then we wept!

Though humbled now, dishearten'd, or distressed,  
 Yet, when returning to the peaceful ground,



With heroes, kings, and conquerors we shall rest;  
Shall sleep as sweetly and, no doubt, as sound.

Ne'er shall we hope to see the day-light spring  
Or from the up-lifted window lean to hear  
(Fore-runner of the scarlet-mantled morn)  
The early note of wakeful *Chanticleer*!

Oblivion there, expands her raven wing:—  
We soon must go where all the dead are gone,  
Trace the dull path, explore the gloomy road  
To that dark country, where I see no dawn.

Then why these sobs, these useless floods of woe,  
That vainly flow for the departed *dead*?  
If doom'd to wander on the coasts below,  
What are to *them* these floods of grief you shed?

If heaven in rapture doth *their* hours employ—  
If sighs and sorrows reach a place like that:  
They blast *their* pleasures, and they damp *their* joy,  
They make *them* wretched in a land of fat.

The joys of wine, immortal as my theme,  
To days of mirth the aspiring soul invite:  
Life, void of this, a punishment I deem,  
A Greenland winter, robb'd of heat and light.

Then envy not, ye sages too precise,  
The drop from life's gay tree, that damps our woe—  
Noah himself, the wary and the wise,  
A vineyard planted—and the vines did grow.

(Of social soul was he)—the grape he press'd,  
And drank the juice, oblivious to his care:  
Sorrow he banish'd from his place of rest,  
And sighs, and *sextons*, had no business there.

Such bliss be ours through every changing scene:  
The glowing face bespeaks the glowing heart;  
If heaven be joy, wine is to heaven a-kin,  
Since, wine, on earth, can heavenly joys impart.

Mere glow-worms are we all—a moment shine!—  
I, like the rest, in giddy circles run,  
And grief shall say, when I this breath resign,  
HIS GLASS IS EMPTY, AND HIS SERMON DONE!



## The D I S H of T E A.

LET some in grog place their delight,  
O'er bottled porter waste the night,  
Or sip the rosy wine:  
A dish of TEA more pleases me,  
Yields softer joys, provokes less noise,  
And breeds no base design.

From China's groves, this present brought,  
Enlivens every power of thought,  
Riggs many a ship for sea:  
Old maids it warms, young widows charms;  
And ladies' men, not one in ten  
But courts them for their TEA.

When throbbing pains assail my head,  
And dullness o'er my brain is spread,  
(The muse no longer kind)  
A single sip dispels the hyp:  
To chase the gloom fresh spirits come,  
The flood-tide of the mind.

When worn with toil, or vexed with care,  
Let Susan but this draught prepare  
And I forget my pain.  
This magic bowl revives the soul;  
With gentlest sway, bids care be gay;  
Nor mounts, to cloud the brain.—

If learned men the truth would speak  
They prize it far beyond their GREEK,  
More fond attention pay;  
No HEBREW root so well can suit;  
More quickly taught, less dearly bought,  
And studied twice a day.

This leaf, from distant regions sprung,  
Puts life into the female tongue,  
And aids the cause of love.  
Such power has TEA o'er bond and free;  
Which priests admire, delights the 'squire,  
And Galen's sons approve.



## The DRUNKARD'S APOLOGY

" YOU blame the blushes on my nose,  
 " And yet admire the blushing rose;  
 " On CELIA'S cheek the bloom you prize,  
 " And yet, on mine, that bloom despise.  
  
 " The world of spirits you admire,  
 " To which all holy men aspire:  
 " Yet, me with curses you requite,  
 " Because in *spirits* I delight.  
  
 " Whene'er I fall, and crack my crown,  
 " You blame me much for *falling down*—  
 " Yet to some *god*, that you adore,  
 " You, too, fall prostrate on the floor.  
  
 " You call me fool, for drinking hard;  
 " And yet old HUDSON you regard,  
 " Who fills his jug from yonder bay,  
 " And drinks his guts-full, every day!"—

## MODERN DEVOTION.

T O church I went, with good intent,  
 To hear *Sangrado* preach and pray;  
 But objects there, black, brown, and fair,  
 Turn'd eyes and heart a different way.

Miss Patty's fan, miss Molly's man,  
 With powder'd hair and dimpled cheek;  
 Miss Bridget's eyes, that once made prize  
 Of *Fopling*, with his hair so sleek:

Embroider'd gowns, and play-house tunes  
 Estrang'd all hearts from heaven too wide:  
 I felt most odd, this house of God  
 Should all be flutter, pomp, and pride.

Now, pray be wise, no prayers will rise  
 To heaven—where hearts are not sincere.  
 No church was made for Cupid's trade;  
 Then why these arts of ogling here.

Since time draws nigh, when you and I,  
 At church, must claim the sexton's care!—  
 Leave pride at home, whene'er you come  
 To pay to heaven your offerings, *there!*



## On a PAINTER.

*Who was endeavouring to recover, from memory, the features  
of a deceased young Lady.*

WHILE health supplies the swelling veins,  
And youth's warm blush the face retains,  
A second life the pencil gives,  
And beauty on the canvas lives.

The artist views, with fond surprize,  
From Nature stolen, the glossy eyes,  
The blushing cheek, the forehead fair,  
The damask lip, the auburne hair.

The nymph, by Nature meant to please,  
Her other self on canvas sees;  
Her face, that now so frail appears,  
Renew'd, to last a thousand years.—

All this was gain'd from *Flemish* schools,  
From *Raphael's* plans, or *Titian's* rules:  
Man did to man his gift impart,  
And age to age transfer'd the art.

On schemes, deriv'd from reason's law;  
They copied well whate'er they saw,  
Of breathing forms the semblance drew;  
To Nature's type each picture true.

But O! the cheek, that glows no more.  
On canvas how can you restore!  
Where death his frozen hand hath laid,  
No art recalls the charm decay'd!

By memory's help, from ocean's urn  
Can you the gentle maid return;  
With her clos'd eyes my bosom warm,  
Nor cheat me with a meaner form?

Here, only here, within this breast,  
Not wrong'd by art, her beauties rest;  
Not for the vulgar view design'd,  
And painted merely for the mind!



# MARRIAGE A-la Mode;

(Or, the Run-a-way Match.)

**B**ORN in the woods, in neighbouring cabbins bred,  
 Two lovers long a mutual passion sway'd:  
 When vex'd with lice, *she* fondly comb'd his head;  
*He* often help'd her, at the hoe and spade.  
 Her spinning wheel if accidents befel,  
 He straight with joy repair'd the rude machine;  
 And once a week, not led by sound of bell,  
 At country church was each fond lover seen.  
 Amidst these joys ambition had no share,  
 No hopes of splendid domes, no pride had they—  
 Amidst these joys, this loving, longing pair  
 What could have tempted to have run-a-way?  
 Both poor alike; no gold had they in store,  
 No kindred rich gave hopes of future prize:  
 Scarce once a year her muslin gown she wore,  
 Scarce once a month a *skilling* blest'd his eyes.  
 No parents stern had e'er refus'd consent:  
*Darby* and *Joan* their growing loves approv'd—  
*Susan* and *Sawney* oft their present made  
 Pig-tail tobacco—to the nymph belov'd.—  
 To gossip *Kate's* *she* hardly knew the road:  
*He* to the market and the mill had been;  
 Their names unknown beyond the adjacent wood;  
 He had no towns, and she no cities seen.  
 At midnight hour, when troubled ghosts patrol,  
 He, silent, to the cottage window came:  
 She from her nest of straw, to meet him, stole;  
 He, mounted on his nag, bore off the dame.  
 A straggling parson tied the sacred knot—  
 A quick pursuit the trembling couple fear'd;  
 Then mov'd again, and forc'd the steed a-trot—  
*Dad's* angry voice in every breath she heard.  
 By break-of-day be-wildered and be-swamp'd,  
 Deep in the mire, this couple and their nag  
 Were lodg'd—she snuffled, while he swore and stamp'd,  
 Horse-whipt the horse, and call'd the bride—a hag.  
 Slow; and on foot, with shame returning home,  
 Both from their gaping friends forgiveness pray:  
 Then to his spade he turns, and she her loom;—  
 And when they're ask'd the reason of their flight  
 He answers straight (as many others might)  
 “*Zurs, 'tis the fashion now to run-a-way!*”



## The BRIDGE of DELAWARE.

**W**HILE hid from day the wandering *Lehigh* weeps,  
 Mantled in frost, the gentle *Schuylkill* sleep:  
 While ruffian HUDSON takes a long repose,  
 The frozen DELAWARE wraps his breast in snows:  
 His wave, that bore the pile of mighty freight,  
 Now wafts the new-form'd sailor on the skait;  
 Where once the pilot spread the shivering sail,  
 Or haul'd his bow-lines, to embrace the gale,  
 There now he walks, repining at his lot,  
 Nor cares a farthing if it blows or not;  
 Here, where whole fleets, safe moor'd, at anchor lay,  
 Now *Jersey* nymphs with *Southwark* ladies stray:  
 Where lofty ships with streamers cut a dash,  
 They show their ribbons and the tall *calash*,  
 Some, by themselves—some convoy'd by a beau,  
 All wander, careless of the gulph below;  
 Devoid of fear, ON NATURE'S BRIDGE they float,  
 And scorn the aid of *Charon*, and his boat.

## STANZAS to the MEMORY,

Of two young persons (twin-brothers) ROBERT SEVIER and WILLIAM SEVIER, who were killed by the SAVAGES on Cumberland River, in North-Carolina, in attempting to assist a new settler, who was then passing the river with a numerous family.

**I**N the same hour two lovely youths were born,  
 Nature, with care, had moulded either clay:  
 In the same hour, from this world's limits torn,  
 The murderous Indian seiz'd their lives away.

Distress to aid, impell'd each generous breast;  
 With nervous arm they brav'd the adverse tide,  
 In friendship's cause encounter'd death's embrace  
 Blameless they liv'd, in honour's path they died.

But ah! what art shall dry a father's tears!  
 Who shall relieve, or what beguile his pain!  
 Clouds shade his sun, and griefs advance with years—  
 Nature gave joys, to take those joys again.

Thou, that shall come to these sequester'd streams,  
 When times to come their story shall relate;  
 Let the fond heart, that native worth esteems,  
 Revere their virtues, and bemoan their fate.



## The BLESSINGS of the POPPY.

—*Opifer per Orbem dicor.*

WHEN the first men to this world's climates came  
Smit by the winter's rude inclement blast,  
Unskill'd to raise the wall, or wake the fire,  
Badly, in narrow huts, their lives they pass'd.

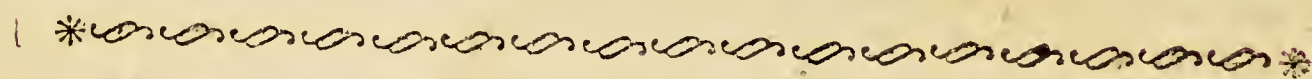
Conscious of pains they knew not how to cure,  
In vain they sigh'd, and sighing begg'd relief,  
No druggist came, by art or reason taught  
With strength of potent herbs, to calm their grief.

Fierce tortures to allay, some reverend sage  
Preach'd PATIENCE to the pangs, that could not hear;  
For restless anguish doom'd her victim still  
To groan thro life, and sigh from year to year.

At length from Jove, and heaven's etherial dome  
Sky-walking Hermes came to view these plains:  
He look'd—and saw what fate or gods had done,  
And gave the POPPY, to relieve all pains.

Then to the sons of grief his speech address'd,  
“Through this dull flower is shed such potent dew,  
When pain distracts—drink this—and drown in sleep  
All ills, that Nature sent to torture you.

From other worlds, by other beings trod,  
To these bleak climes this plunder'd plant I bore;  
Receive a gift, thrice worthy of a god,  
*Since pain, when hush'd to sleep,—is pain no more.*”



## MINERVA'S ADVICE.

AS from the port, in airy trim,  
Old ARGO first was seen to glide,  
With sails so white and masts so slim,  
The moving wonder of the tide;  
As down the stream she made her way,  
With all so new, and all so gay,  
Thus Neptune whisper'd in my ear,  
“Who know not danger, know not fear.  
“Bred up to sail on Meles' stream,  
“These wights at length would grow more wise;  
“The ocean has such waves, they deem,  
“As on that gentle river rise;



“ For songs and dances they prepare,  
 “ But *fortune is the child of care.*”

Arriv'd upon the vast domain,  
 Where tempests rave and monsters play,  
 Strange feelings seiz'd each gallant swain,  
 As stretch'd upon the decks they lay,  
 The gale grew high, the bark was toss'd,  
 The pilot cry'd, 'The ship is lost!  
 The chaplain left his cards and cup,  
 The boatswain spew'd his entrails up;  
 When forth Minerva shone confest,  
 And thus the trembling chief address'd:

“ Ah Jason, why those sighs and tears,  
 “ Why is that nervous arm unstrung,  
 “ To honour, best, true courage steers,  
 “ When thickest dangers round her throng,  
 “ Sighs ne'er will hush the waves to peace,  
 “ Nor gain for you, the GOLDEN FLEECE.

“ Would you the gentle nymph review,  
 “ That hopes and sighs for your return,  
 “ To labour drive the skulking crew,  
 “ That now their speedy ruin mourn:  
 “ Jove hates the wretch whom storms appall;  
 “ But smiles on him that scorns them all.

“ Would you surmount old Neptune's snares,  
 “ Unfathom'd seas that gape to drown,  
 “ Send not to Jove those sneaking prayers,  
 “ But bring the yards and topmasts down;  
 “ When storms blow high, such folks as you,  
 “ Should learn to set their canvas low.”

Rous'd by a voice that seem'd divine,  
 No more the chief, dejected, lay:  
 Convinc'd 'twas idle to repine,  
 He boldly fac'd the stormy day,  
 Through lurking dangers steer'd his barque,  
 And, landing, made this grave remark;  
     *Ruin the ruffian rarely meets,*  
     *As he grows saucy, she retreats!*

---

*Libera nos, Domine—DELIVER US, O LORD,*  
*Not only from British Dependence, but also,*

**F**ROM a junto that labour for absolute power,  
 Whose schemes disappointed, have made them look sour,







Yes! that's the point—Let those who will, say, No;  
If GEORGE and NORTH decree—it must be so.

DOUBTS, black as night, disturb my lov'd repose—  
Men that were once my friends have turn'd my foes—  
What if we conquer this *rebellious town*.

Suppose we burn it, storm it, tear it down—

This land's like *Hydra*, cut off but *one* head,  
And TEN shall rise, and dare you in its stead.

If to subdue a league or two of coast

Requires a navy, and so large a host,

How shall a length of twice seven hundred miles

Be brought to bend to two European isles?—

And *that*, when all their utmost strength unite,

When twelve\* dominions swear to arm and fight,

When the same spirit darts from every eye,

One fix'd resolve to gain their point or die.,

As for myself—true—I was born to fight

As George commands, let him be wrong or right,

While from his hand I squeeze the golden prize

I'll ask no questions, and he'll tell no lies—

But did I swear, I ask my heart again,

In their base projects monarchs to maintain?

Yes—when REBELLION her artillery brings

And aims her arrows at the best of kings,

I stand a champion in my monarch's cause—

The men are *rebels* that resist his laws.

A VICEROY I—like modern monarchs, stay

Safe in the town—let others guide the fray:

A life, like mine, is of no common worth:

'Twere wrong, by heaven, that I should fall forth!

A random bullet from a RIFLE sent

Might pierce my heart; and ruin NORTH's intent:

Let others combat in the dusty field,

Let petty captains scorn to live or yield,

I'll send my ships to neighbouring isles, where stray

Unnumb'ed herds, and steal those herds away,

I'll strike the women in this town with awe,

And make them tremble at my martial law.

Should gracious heaven befriend our troops and fleet,

And throw this vast dominion at my feet,

How would Britannia echo with my fame!

What endless honours would await my name!

In every province should the traveller see

Recording marble rais'd, to honour me—

Hard by the lakes, my sovereign lord would grant

A rural empire to supply my want,

A manor would but poorly serve my turn,

Less than a kingdom from my soul I scorn!

An ample kingdom round Ontario's lake

By heaven, should be the least reward I'd take,

\* Georgia had not at this time acceded to the Union of the 13 States.



There might I reign, unrivall'd and alone,  
 An ocean and an empire of my own!——  
 What though the scribblers and the wits might say,  
*He built his pile on vanquish'd LIBERTY*——  
 Let others meanly dread the slanderous tongue,  
 While I obey my king, can I do wrong?—  
 Then, to accomplish all my soul's desire,  
 Let red-hot bullets set their towns on fire;  
 May heaven, if so the righteous judgment pass,  
 Change earth to steel, the sky to solid brass,  
 Let hosts combin'd, from Europe centring here,  
 Strike this base offspring with alarm and fear;  
 Let heaven's broad concave to the center ring,  
 And blackest night expand her sable wing,  
 The infernal powers in dusky combat join,  
 Wing the swift ball, or spring the deadly mine;  
 (Since 'tis most true, tho' some may think it odd,  
 The foes of Britain are the foes of God :)  
 Let bombs, like comets, kindle all the air,  
 Let cruel famine prompt the orphan's prayer,  
 And every ill that war or want can bring  
 Be shower'd on subjects that resist their king.  
 What is their plea?—our sovereign only meant  
 This people should be *tax'd without consent*.  
 Ten years the court with secret cunning try'd  
 To gain this point—the event their hopes bely'd:  
 How should they else than sometimes miss the mark  
 Who sleep at helm, yet think to steer the barque?  
 NORTH, take advice; thy lucky genius show,  
 Dispatch Sir JEFFERY to the *states* below.  
 That gloomy prince, whom mortals *Satan* call,  
 Must help us quickly, if he help at all—  
*You* strive in vain by force of bribes to tie,  
 They see thro' all your schemes with half an eye,  
 If open force with secret bribes *I* join,  
 The contest sickens—and the day is mine.  
 But hark the trumpet's clangor—hark—ah me!  
 What means this march of *Washington* and *Lee*?  
 When men, like these, such distant marches make,  
 Fate whispers something—that we can't mistake;—  
 When men like these defy my martial rule,  
 Good heaven! it is no time to play the fool——  
 Perhaps, they for their country's freedom rise;  
 North has, perhaps, deceiv'd me with his lies.—  
 If George at last a tyrant should be found,  
 A cruel tyrant, by no sanctions bound,  
 And I, myself, in an unrighteous cause  
 Be sent to execute the worst of laws,  
 How will those dead whom I conjur'd to fight—  
 Who sunk in arms to everlasting night,



Whose blood the conquering foe conspir'd to spill  
 At Lexington and Bunker's fatal hill,  
 Whose mangled corpses scanty graves embrace—  
 Rise from those graves, and curse me to my face?—  
 Alas! that e'er ambition bade me roam,  
 Or thirst of power forsake my native home—  
 What shall I do?—*there*, crowd the hostile bands;  
*Here*, waits a navy to receive commands—  
 I speak the language of my heart—shall I  
 Steal off by night, and o'er the ocean fly,  
 Like a lost man to unknown regions stray,  
 And to oblivion leave this cloudy day?—  
 Or shall I to Britannia's shores again,  
 And, big with lies, conceal my thousands slain?—  
 Yes—to some distant clime my course I steer,  
 To any country rather than be here,  
 To worlds, where Nature scarce exerts her law,  
 A branch-built cottage, and a bed of straw—  
 Even Scotland's coast seems charming in my sight,  
 And frozen *Zembla* yields a strange delight.—  
 But such vexations in my bosom burn,  
 That to these shores I never will return,  
 'Till fruits and flowers on Greenland's coasts be known,  
 And frosts are thaw'd in climates once their own.  
 Ye souls of fire, who burn for chief command,  
 Come! take my place in this disastrous land;  
 To wars like these I bid a long good night—  
 Let NORTH and GEORGE themselves such battles fight,

## The H E R M I T of S A B A.

*Hermit, First Mariner, Second Mariner, Third Mariner.*

SCENE, *The Island of SABA.*

*Hermit.*

**T**HOUGH many years on these tall cliffs residing  
 I recollect not such a dreadful quarrel  
 Between the seas and water-vexing tempests  
 As now torments my ears, and pains my eyes—  
 Clouds, low suspended, seem to embrace the foam  
 Of yonder angry ocean—bursting thunders,  
 With their pale sheets of lightning, are as busy  
 As tho' they meant to cleave this mass of nature,  
 Proving at once the world's mortality—  
 But am I safe on this sea-girded island,  
 Or can these shores, thus beaten, bear the shock  
 Of such a bold assault—?



When universal ruin shall approach,  
 Will the grand scene be more astonishing  
 When thou, sky-pointing Saba,  
 Shalt tremble on thy base most fearfully——!  
 Night comes!—I'll to my cavern in the mountain,  
 Far from the torrent's roar and bursting billow;  
 That cavern, where I oft have found repose  
 Since on this barren isle, a shipwreck'd stranger,  
 I made my sole escape.——Ha! what are these!  
 A barque half buried in the spouting surge  
 Comes rushing toward the isle, impell'd by winds  
 That scorn all motives of compassion.  
 Hark! now she strikes the iron pointed reef  
 Foundering; the horrid surge that breaks upon her  
 Has seal'd their doom, and hope itself forsakes them,  
 Man is too weak to combat with the power  
 Of these mad elements, that conquer all,  
 Ending the day light of our misery!——  
 Yes, yes—I'll to my haunt, for scenes like these  
 Pain the shock'd soul and damp all resolution;——  
 Or, shall I to the shore, while day remains,  
 And search among the shell-incrusted coral,  
 Lest if by some great chance or miracle  
 Some wretch survives upon the ragged rocks,  
 Who knowing not of human kind residing  
 On this sequester'd, unfrequented isle,  
 Tir'd in contending with the angry billows  
 And beaten by the surge the whole night through  
 For want of such relief, may die ere morning——  
 Perdition! three I see upon the rocks  
 Clinging, to keep off death, while the rude billow  
 Swells o'er their heads, insultingly victorious:  
 Now from the reef upborne I see them struggle,  
 Heaven grant successfully!—they labour on,  
 Now headlong to the shore, now back they go  
 Despairing to the main——!—now, now they land  
 Safe in that calm recess, a narrow bay  
 To them the haven from impending ruin——  
 So what are you?——

*First Mariner.*

If thou art an inhabitant of the isle,  
 Lend your kind aid to three half perish'd wretches  
 Of threescore souls, the only three remaining—  
 And if thou knowest of any shelter'd spot  
 Where from these horrid blasts and water spouts  
 We may retire to pass the long dull night:  
 Or if thou knowest of any standing pool  
 Or running stream, or earth-supported spring,  
 O tell us; and, as nothing more remains,  
 Our gratitude must be thy sole reward.



*Hermit.*

Among the hills, on their declivities  
 Full many a sylvan haunt I have espy'd  
 Ere now, in wandering when the heaven was bright;  
 But springs or running streams abound not here,  
 The skies alone supply the hollowed rock  
 From whence I drain my annual full supply.  
 Yet to my cavern you shall all resort  
 To taste a hermit's hospitality——  
 If you have strength, ascend this winding path  
 And 'mongst these rugged rocks, still following me,  
 We soon shall reach a safe retreat, remov'd  
 Alike from noisy seas, and mountain torrents.

*Second Mariner.*

Lo! here the tall palmettoe, and the cedar,  
 The lime tree, and sweet scented shrubs abundant  
 With mingling branches, form a blest abode;  
 Here, bleating lambs crowd to the evening fold  
 And goats and kids, that wander o'er the hills,  
 Vext by the storm, herd to the social hermit:  
 In neighbouring groves the juicy lemon swells,  
 The golden orange charms the admiring eye,  
 And the rich cocoa yields her milky stream.

*Hermit.*

Here, strangers, here repose your wearied limbs  
 While some dead boughs I bring from yonder thicket,  
 To wake the friendly blaze.——To drain the dams  
 Of these impatient kids. be next my care:  
 The cocoa's milky flesh, dry'd pulse and roots  
 Shall be your fare to night; and when to-morrow  
 Dispells the gloom, and this tornado ceases,  
 We'll search along the shores, and find where lie  
 The bodies of your dear and lost companions,  
 That so we may commit them to the dust,  
 And thus obliterate from our remembrance  
 The horrid havock that this storm occasion'd.

*Third Mariner.*

O good old man, how do I honour thee!  
 My future days, my services are your's;  
 For you, will I be earlier than the sun  
 To bring you sticks to light the morning fire;  
 For you, will I attempt these dangerous cliffs  
 And climb on high to pluck the blushing plum;  
 For you will I from yonder rocky height  
 Drain chrysal waters, to delight your taste:  
 But now be kind; I wish to hear you tell  
 What chance or fortune brought you to these shores;  
 Whether alone on these rough craggs you dwell  
 Where wandering mist is gather'd into showers,



Or whether town or village decks the plain  
 Or is there shelter'd port, where swelling sails  
 Lodge lofty ships, from hurricanes secure,  
 Fenc'd in by reefs, or lock'd by neighbouring hills.

*Hermit.*

No town or village owns this scanty soil,  
 Nor round its coast one safe recess is seen  
 Where lofty ship, or barque of meaner freight  
 Might rest secure, untroubled by the winds,  
 Which still pursue the restless surge that pours,  
 And spits its venom, on these ragged shores;  
 Nor in these woody wilds, till you were wreck'd,  
 Except myself, did Christian man reside,  
 Wandering from Europe to these Indian isles  
 So late discover'd on the world's green end.  
 All lies as Nature form'd it, rough throughout,  
 And chance has planted here this garden wild,  
 For such as I, who wandering from the world;  
 Cities, and men, and civiliz'd domains,  
 The farther distant, find the bliss more pure.

*Third Mariner.*

In such a sad retreat, and quite alone!—  
 To hold no converse but with senseless trees,  
 To have no friendship but with wandering goats,  
 And worthless reptiles that infest the ground—  
 Can man be happy in so dull a scene?

*Hermit.*

To the steep summit of this flighted isle  
 I often climb at early dawn of day,  
 And o'er the vast expanse I throw my view,  
 Not idly thence the busy scene surveying—  
 Vast fleets I sometimes see, each kept at bay,  
 Or joining both in angry conversation,  
 Their object avarice half, and half ambition—  
 What is it all to me? what are they seeking  
 That can give more than a sufficiency—  
 That object I have here which they pursue,  
 Grasping it, miser-like, in my embraces—  
 The stream distilling from the shaded cliff,  
 And fruits mature from trees by Nature planted,  
 And contemplation, heaven-born contemplation!  
*These are my riches!* I am wealthier far  
 Than Spain's proud fleets, that load the groaning ocean.  
 Wait you in yonder cave—I will return—  
 My herd of goats is wandering in the wild,  
 And I must house them, ere the close of day.

*(Exit.)*

*First Mariner.*

Who can this hermit be—what doth he here?  
 In such a dismal cell who would inhabit  
 Thus lonely, who has crowds and cities seen—



Is he some savage offspring of the isle,  
 The mountain goat his food, his god the sun;  
 Some wretch produc'd from mingled heat and moisture.  
 Full brother to the hungry pelican;  
 His friend, some monster of the adjacent wood;  
 His wife, some sorceress, red hair'd hag from hell;  
 His children, serpents, scorpions, centipedes——

*Third Mariner.*

It was but now, (he spoke before he thought) he told me,  
 That he is richer than the fleets of Spain  
 That burden the wide bosom of the ocean;  
 And then he seem'd so pleas'd and satisfied,  
 Boasting himself the happiest of mankind,

*Second Mariner.*

Where should this wealth be hid—his cave shows none;  
 A prayer book and a cross, a string of beads,  
 A bed of moss, a cap, an earthen jug,  
 And some few goat skins, furnish out his cave.  
 But still this humble guise of poverty  
 Vast sums of splendid riches may conceal:  
 The flooring of his den is a loose sand—  
 Searching a fathom deep may shew strange things,  
 While we, so long pursuing, hit on fortune.  
 Perhaps this hermit is some bloody pirate,  
 Who having plunder'd friends and foes, alike.  
 Has brought his booty here, to bury it.

*First Mariner.*

Lo! there he comes, driving his goats before him:  
 He means to fence them from the tempest's rage  
 Under the shelter of those tufted cedars:  
 It does, indeed, appear most possible,  
 That in this cavern rusts his plunder'd wealth:  
 When sleep has lock'd his senses in repose  
 We'll seize him on his couch, and binding him,  
 Cast him from yonder jutting promontory  
 That hangs a hundred fathoms o'er the deep—  
 Thus, shall his fate prevent discovery.

*Second Mariner.*

Your project pleases me—it is most wrong  
 That such a savage should enjoy such hoards  
 Of useful wealth, he has not heart to use:  
 He builds no ships, employs no mariners;  
 But, like a miser, hides the ill gotten store,  
 And had he died before we wander'd hither  
 His gold had perish'd, and none been the wiser.

*Third Mariner.*

While you observe his motions, fellow sufferers,  
 Of twisted bark I'll make a sett of thongs  
 Wherewith to bind him at the midnight hour,  
 Lest waking, he should struggle to be free



And slip our hands before we gain the summit  
 From whence we mean to plunge his tawny carcase:  
 There, there he comes—"Now, hermit, now befriend us,  
 "For cruel, merciless hunger gnaws our vitals,  
 "And every mischief that can man dishearten  
 "Is ripe to drive us into desperation!"

*Hermit.*

Have patience, till from yonder arched grotto  
 I bring my bowls of milk, and season'd roots,  
 And fruits I pluck'd before the day was high:  
 Now, friends, enjoy my hospitality:  
 All's at your service, wretched shipwreck'd men;  
 And when you've satisfied the rage of hunger  
 Repose on these soft skins; your sea-beat limbs  
 Demand the aid of kind refreshing sleep:  
 I'll to my evening prayers, as I am wont,  
 And early dreams;—for travelling o'er the hills,  
 And pelted by the storm the whole day past,  
 My knees grow feeble, and I wish for rest. *(Exit.)*

*Second Mariner.*

Yes, yes—first pray, and then repose in peace,  
 Hermit of Saba, ne'er to wake again!  
 Or should you wake, it must be in convulsions,  
 Toss'd from the peak of yonder precipice,  
 Transfixt on pointed rocks, most bloodily.

*Third Mariner.*

Now, now's the time: he sleeps: I hear him snore—  
 This hidden gold has so possess'd my brain,  
 That I, at all events, must handle it:  
 Yet should the hermit 'wake while thus engag'd,  
 Sad mischief might ensue: his nervous arm  
 (More than a match for our exhausted vigour)  
 Might exercise most horrible revenge!  
 Long practising among the rugged mountains,  
 Pursuing goats, bounding from rock to rock,  
 And cleaving trees to feed his evening fire,  
 His nerves and blood are all activity:  
 And then he is of so robust a fabrick  
 That we should be mere children in his hands,  
 Whirling us from the precipice at pleasure,  
 (Thus turning on ourselves our own designs)  
 Or catching up some fragment of a rock  
 Grind into atoms our pale, quivering limbs;  
 Taking full vengeance on ingratitude.

*First Mariner.*

Fast bound in chains of sleep, I first assail him:  
 This knotty club shall give the unerring blow;  
 You follow on, and boldly second me!  
 Thus—comrades—thus!—that stroke has crush'd his brain!  
 He groans! he dies!—now bear him to the summit



Of yond' tall cliff, and having thence dislodg'd him,  
Uninterrupted we shall dig his riches,  
Heirs to the wealth and plenty of his cave.

*Second Mariner.*

'Tis done, 'tis done—the hermit is no more :——  
Say nothing of this deed, ye hills, ye trees,  
But let eternal silence brood upon it.

O base, base, base !—why was I made a man,  
And not some prowling monster of the forest,  
The worst vile work of NATURE's journeymen !  
Ye lunar shadows ! no resemblance yield  
From craggy pointed rock, or leafy bush,  
That may remind me of this murdered hermit.

*Third Mariner.*

Deep have I fathom'd in his cave, but find  
No glimpse of gold——we surely did mistake him :  
His treasures were not of that glittering kind ;  
Dry'd fruits, and one good book ; his goats, his kids,  
These were, indeed, his riches.——

Now, hermit, now I feel remorse within me :  
While here we stay thy shadow will torment us,  
From every haunted rock, or bush, projecting ;  
And when from hence we go, that too shall follow,  
Crying—*Perdition on these fiends from Europe,*  
*Whose bloody malice, or whose thirst for gold,*  
*Fresh from the slaughter-house of innocence*  
*Unpeoples isles, and lays the world in ruin !*

T H E

## MIDNIGHT CONSULTATIONS :

OR A TRIP TO BOSTON.

SMALL bliss is theirs, whom Fate's too heavy hand  
Confines through life to some small speck of land ;  
More wretched they, whom heaven inspires to roam,  
Yet languish out their lives, and die at home  
Heaven gave to man this wide extended round,  
No climes confine him, and no oceans bound ;  
Heaven gave him forest, mountain, vale and plain,  
And bade him vanquish, if he could, the main ;  
But fordid cares our short-liv'd race confine,  
Some toil at trades, some labour in the mine,  
The miser hoards, and guards his shining store,  
The sun still rises where he rose before——  
No happier scenes his earth-born fancy fill  
Than one dark valley, or one well-known hill,



To other shores his mind, untaught to stray,  
Dull and inactive, slumbers life away.

BUT by the aid of yonder glimmering beam  
The pole star, faithful to my vagrant dream,  
Wild regent of my heart! in dreams convey  
Where herded *Britons* their bold ranks display;  
So late the pride of England's fertile soil.  
(Her grandeur heighten'd by successive toil)  
See, how they sicken in these hostile chimes,  
Themes for the stage, and subjects for our rhimes.

WHAT modern poet have the muses led  
To draw the curtain that conceals the *dead*?  
What bolder bard to Boston shall repair,  
To view the peevish, half-starv'd spectres there?

O thou wrong'd country! why sustain these ills?  
Why rest thy navies on their native hills?  
See, endless forests shade the uncultur'd plain,  
Descend, ye forests, and command the main:  
A leafy verdure shades the mighty mast,  
And every oak bends idly to the blast,  
Earth's entrails teem with stores for your defence,  
Descend, and drag the stores of war from thence;  
Your fertile soil the flowing sail supplies,  
And Europe's arts in every village rise——  
No want is yours——Disdain unmanly fear.  
And swear, *no Tyrant shall reign master here*;  
Know your own strength—in rocky deserts bred,  
Shall the fierce tiger by the dog be led,  
And bear all insults from that snarling race  
Whose courage lies in impudence of face?——  
No—rather bid the wood's wild native turn,  
And from his side the unfaithful guardian spurn.

Now, pleas'd, I wander to the dome of state  
Where *Gage* resides, our western potentate——  
Chief of ten thousand, all a race of slaves,  
Sent to be shrouded in untimely graves;  
Sent by our angry *Jove*, sent sword in hand  
To murder, burn, and ravage through the land——  
You dream of conquest—tell me how or whence——  
Act like a man, and get you gone from hence;  
A madman sent you to this hostile shore  
'To vanquish nations, that shall spill your gore——  
Go fiends, and each in friendly league combin'd  
Destroy, distress, and triumph o'er mankind!——  
'Tis not our peace this murdering hand restrains,  
'The want of power is made the monster's chains;  
Compassion is a stranger to his heart,  
Or if it came, he bade the guest depart;  
'The melting tear, the sympathising groan  
Were never yet to *Gage* or *Jefferies* known;



The seas of blood his heart fore-dooms to spill  
Is but a dying serpent's rage to kill,  
What power shall drive these vipers from our shore,  
These monsters swoln with carnage, death, and gore!

Twelve was the hour—congenial darkness reign'd,  
And no bright star a mimic day-light feign'd—  
First, GAGE we saw—a crimson chair of state  
Receiv'd the honour of his honour's weight,  
This man of straw the regal purple bound,  
But dullness, deepest dullness, hover'd round.

Next *Graves*, who wields the trident of the brine,  
The tall arch-captain of the embattled line  
All gloomy fate—mumbling of flame and fire,  
Balls, cannon, ships, and all their damn'd attire;  
Well pleas'd to live in never ending hum,  
But empty as the interior of his drum.

Hard by, BURGOYNE assumes an ample space,  
And seem'd to meditate with studious face,  
As if again he wish'd our world to see  
Long, dull, dry letters writ to general LEE—  
Huge scrawls of words through endless circuits drawn,  
Unmeaning, as the errand he's upon.—

Is he to conquer—he subdue our land?—  
This buckram hero, with his lady's hand?  
By Cæsars to be vanquish'd is a curse,  
But by a scribbling fop—by heaven, is worse!

Lord *Piercy* seem'd to snore—but may the muse  
This ill-tim'd snoring to the peer excuse;  
Tir'd was the long boy of his tedious day,  
Full fifteen miles he fled—a tedious way,  
How should he then the dews of Somnus shun,  
Perhaps not us'd to walk, much less to run.

Red fac'd as suns, when sinking to repose,  
Reclin'd the infernal captain of the Rose,  
In fame's proud temple aiming for a niche,  
With those who find her at the cannon's breech;  
Skill'd to direct the cannonading shot,  
No Turkish rover half so murdering hot.  
Pleas'd with base vengeance on defenceless towns,  
His heart was malice—but his words were, *Zounds!*

Howe, vex'd to see his starving army's doom,  
Once more besought the skies for elbow room—  
Small was his stock, and theirs, of heavenly grace,  
Yet just enough to ask a larger place.—  
He curs'd the brainless minister that plann'd  
His bootless errand to this hostile land,  
But aw'd by Gage, his bursting wrath recoil'd,  
And in his inmost bosom doubly boil'd,

These, chief of all the tyrant-serving train,  
Exalted fate—the rest (a pension'd clan,)

[C. Wallace,



A sample of the multitudes that wait,  
 Pale sons of famine, at perdition's gate,  
 NORTH's friends down swarming, (to our monarch wills)  
 Hungry as death, from Caledonian hills;  
 Whose endless numbers if you bid me tell,  
 I'll count the atoms of this globe as well)  
 Knights, captains, 'squires—a wonder-working band!  
 Held at small wages 'till they gain the land,  
 Flock penfive round—black spleen assail'd their hearts,  
 (The sport of plough boys, with their arms and arts)  
 And made them doubt (howe'er for vengeance hot)  
 Whether they were invincible or not.

Now *Gage up-starting* from his cushion'd seat  
 Swore thrice, and cry'd—" 'Tis nonsense to be beat!  
 Thus to be drubb'd!—pray, warriors, let me know  
 Which be in fault, myself, the fates, or you—  
 Henceforth let Britain deem her men mere toys—  
 Gods! to be frightened thus by country boys;  
 Why, if your men had had a mind to sup,  
 They might have eat that school-boy army up—  
 Three thousand to twelve hundred thus to yield,  
 And twice five hundred stretch'd upon the field—!  
 O shame to Britain, and the British name,  
 Shame damps my heart, and I must die with shame—  
 Thus to be worsted, thus disgrac'd and beat!—  
 You have the knack, lord Piercy, to retreat,  
 The death you 'scap'd my warmest blood congeals,  
 Heaven grant me, too, so swift a pair of heels—  
 In Chevy-Chace, as, doubtless, you have read,  
 Lord Piercy would have sooner died than fled—  
 Behold the virtues of your house decay—  
 Ah! how unlike the Piercy of that day!"

Thus spoke the great man in disdainful tone  
 To the gay peer—not meant for him alone—  
 But ere the tumults of his bosom rise  
 Thus from his bench the intrepid peer replies:

"When once the soul has reach'd the Stygian shore,  
 My prayer book says, it shall return no more—  
 When once old Charon hoists his tar-black'd sail,  
 And his boat swims before the infernal gale,  
 Farewell to all that pleas'd the man above,  
 Farewell to feats of arms, and joys of love!  
 Farewell the trade that father *Cain* began,  
 Farewell to wine, that cheers the heart of man;  
 All, all farewell!—the penfive shade must go  
 Where cold *Medusa* turns to stone below,  
 Where *Belus*' maids eternal labours ply  
 To drench the cask that stays forever dry,  
 And *Sisiphus*, with many a weary groan,  
 Heaves up the mount the still recording stone!



“ Since, then, this truth no mortal dares deny,  
That heroes, kings—and lords, themselves, must die,  
And yield to *him* who dreads no hostile sword,  
But treats alike the peasant and the lord;  
Since even great George must in his turn give place  
And leave his crown, his Scotchmen, and his lace—  
How blest is he, how prudent is the man  
Who keeps aloof from fate—while yet he can;  
One well-aim’d ball can make us all no more  
Than shipwreck’d scoundrels on that leeward shore.

“ But why, my friends, these hard reflections still  
On Lexington affairs——’tis Bunker’s hill—  
O fatal hill!—one glance at thee restrains  
My once warm blood, and chills it in my veins—  
May no sweet grass adorn thy hateful crest  
That saw Britannia’s bravest troops distressed—  
Or if it does—may some destructive gale  
The green leaf wither, and the grass turn pale—  
All moisture to your brow may heaven deny,  
And God and man detest you, just as I——  
’Tis Bunker’s hill, this night has brought us here,  
Pray question him who led your armies there,  
Nor dare my courage into question call,  
Or blame lord Piercy for the fault of all.”

How e chanc’d to nod while heathenish *Piercy* spoke,  
But as his lordship ceas’d, his honour ’woke,  
(Like those whom sermons into sleep betray)  
Then rubb’d his eyes, and thus was heard to say:

“ Shall those who never ventur’d from the *toron*,  
Or their ships’ sides, now pull our glory down?  
We fought our best—so God my honour save—  
No British soldiers ever fought so brave—  
Resolv’d I led them to the hostile lines,  
(From this day fam’d where’er great *Phœbus* shines)  
Firm at their head I took my dangerous stand,  
Marching to death and slaughter, sword in hand,  
But wonted Fortune halted on her way,  
We fought with madmen, and we lost the day—  
*Putnam*’s brave troops, your honours would have sworn  
Had robb’d the clouds of half their nitrous store,  
With my bold veterans strew’d the astonish’d plain,  
For not one musquet was discharg’d in vain.—  
But, honour’d Gage, why droops thy laurell’d head?—  
Five hundred foes we pack’d off to the dead——

Now captains, generals, hear me and attend!  
Say, shall we home for other succours send?  
Shall other navies cross the stormy main?—  
They may, but what shall awe the pride of Spain?



Still for dominion haughty, *Louis* pants—  
 Ah! how I tremble at the thoughts of France.—  
 Shall mighty George, to enforce his injur'd laws,  
 Transport all Russia to support the cause?—  
 That ally'd empire countless shoals may pour  
 Numerous as sands that strew the Atlantic shore,  
 But policy inclines my heart to fear  
 They'll turn their arms against us, when they're here—  
 Come, let's agree—for something must be done  
 Ere autumn flies, and winter hastens on—  
 When pinching cold our navy binds in ice,  
 You'll find 'tis then too late to take advice.”  
 The clock strikes *two*!—Gage smote upon his breast,  
 And cry'd,—“What fate determines must be best—  
 But now attend—a counsel I impart  
 That long has laid the heaviest at my heart—  
 Three weeks—ye gods!—nay, three long years it seems  
 Since *roast-beef* I have touc'h, except in dreams.  
 In sleep, choice dishes to my view repair,  
 Waking, I gape and champ the empty air.—  
 Say, is it just that I, who rule these bands,  
 Should live on husks, like rakes in foreign lands?—  
 Come let us plan some project ere we sleep,  
 And drink destruction to the rebel sheep,  
 On neighbouring isles uncounted cattle stray,  
 Fat beeves, and swine, an ill defended prey—  
 These are fit visions for my noon day dish,  
 These, if my soldiers act as I would wish,  
 In one short week should glad your maws and mine—  
 On mutton we will sup—on roast beef dine.”  
 Shouts of applause re-echo'd thro' the hall,  
 And what pleas'd one as surely pleas'd them all,  
 WALLACE was nam'd to execute the plan,  
 And thus sheep-stealing pleas'd them to a man.  
 Now slumbers stole upon the great man's eye,  
 His powder'd foretop nodded from on high,  
 His lids just open'd to find how matters were,  
*Dissolve*, he said, *and so dissolv'd ye are*,  
 Then downward sunk to slumbers dark and deep,  
 Each nerve unstrung—and even his guts asleep.

## E P I L O G U E.

WHAT are these strangers from a foreign isle,  
 That we should fear their hate, or court their smile—  
 Pride sent them here, pride blasted in the bud,  
 Who if she can, will build her throne in blood,  
 With slaughter'd millions glut her tearless eyes,  
 And bid even virtue fall, that she may rise.

What deep offence has fir'd a monarch's rage?  
 What moon-struck madness seiz'd the brain of GAGE?



Laughs not the soul when an imprison'd crew  
 Affect to pardon those they can't subdue,  
 Tho' thrice repuls'd, and hemm'd up to their stations,  
 Yet issue pardons, oaths, and proclamations!——  
 Too long our patient country wears their chains,  
 Too long our wealth all-grasping Britain drains,  
 Why still a handmaid to that distant land?  
 Why still subservient to their proud command?  
 Britain the bold, the generous, and the brave  
 Still treats our country like the meanest slave,  
 Her haughty lords already share the prey,  
 Live on our labours, and with scorn repay——  
 Rise, sleeper, rise, while yet the power remains,  
 And bind their nobles and their chiefs in chains:  
 Bent on destructive plans, they scorn our plea,  
 'Tis our own efforts that must make us free—  
 Born to contend, our lives we place at stake,  
 And grow immortal by the stand we make.—  
 The time shall come when strangers rule no more,  
 Nor cruel mandates vex from Britain's shore,  
 When commerce shall extend her shorten'd wing,  
 And her rich freights from every climate bring,  
 When mighty towns shall flourish free and great,  
 Vast their dominion, opulent their state,  
 When one vast cultivated region teems  
 From ocean's side to Mississippi streams,  
 While each enjoys his vine tree's peaceful shade,  
 And even the meanest has no foe to dread.

And you, who far from Liberty detain'd,  
 Wear out existence in some slavish land—  
 Forfake those shores, a self-ejected throng,  
 And arm'd for vengeance, *here* resent the wrong:  
 Come to our climes, where unchain'd rivers flow,  
 And loftiest groves, and Nature's forests grow,  
 Here the blest soil your future care demands;  
 Come, sweep the forests from these shaded lands,  
 And the kind earth shall every toil repay,  
 And harvests flourish as the groves decay,

O heav'n-born Peace, renew thy wonted charms—  
 Far be this rancour, and this din of arms—  
 To warring lands return, an honour'd guest,  
 And bless our crimson shore among the rest—  
 Long may Britannia rule our hearts again,  
 Rule as she rul'd in George the second's reign,  
 May ages hence her growing grandeur see,  
 And she be glorious—but ourselves as free!

[1775.]



## The INSOLVENT's RELEASE.

NOT from those dismal dreary coasts I come  
 Where wizzard *Faustus* chews his brimstone rolls,  
 Nor have I been to wrangle with the men  
 Of that sad country, where, for want of rum,  
 Dead putrid water from the stagnant fen  
 Is drank, unmingled, by departed souls:  
 Nor from that dog house do I bring you news,  
 Where Macedonian Philip \* mends old shoes,  
 But from that dreadful place arriv'd,  
 Where men in debt at cribbage play,  
 And I most cunningly contriv'd  
 To fatten on two groats a day—  
 Full on my back now turn'd the key,  
 The 'squire himself is not so free.

When to these rugged walls, a fathom thick,  
 I came, directed by the sheriff's stick,  
 Alas, said I, what can they mean to do!  
 I am not conscious of one roguish trick!  
 I am no thief—I took no Christian's life,  
 Nor have I meddled with the parson's wife,  
 (Which would have been a dreadful thing you know)  
 Then, by these gloomy walls, this iron gate  
 Appointed by the wisdom of your state  
 To shut in little rogues, and keep out great;  
 Tell me, ye pretty lads, that deal in law,  
 Ye men of mighty wigs, ye judges, say—  
 Say! by the jailor's speckled face  
 That never beam'd one blush of grace;  
     How long must I  
     In prison lie  
 For just nine guineas—that I cannot pay!

Return, ye happy times, when all were free,  
 No jails on land, no nets at sea;  
 When mountain beasts unfetter'd ran,  
 And man refus'd to shut up man,  
 As men of modern days have shut up me!—  
     This is the dreary dark abode  
     Of poverty and solitude;  
 Such was the gloomy cell where Bunyan lay  
 While his dear Pilgrim help'd the time away—  
 Such was the place where Wakefield's vicar drew  
 Grave morals from the imprison'd crew,  
 And found both time to preach and pray.

\* See Lucian's Dialogues.



In bed of straw and broken chair  
 What consolation could be found!  
 No gay companions ventur'd there  
 To push the ruddy liquor round!  
     From jug of stone  
     I drank, alone,  
 A beverage, neither clear nor strong  
     No table laid,  
     No village maid  
 Came there to cheer me with her song;  
 My days were dull, my nights were long!  
     My evening dreams,  
     My morning schemes  
 Were how to break that cruel chain,  
 And, JENNY, be with you again.

\* ++++++

St. P R E U X to E L O I S A.

AS there is a pleasure in being mad  
 Which none but madmen know,  
 So I a secret *pleasure* had  
 In rambling to and fro—  
 Which they that always stay at home,  
 (Like lazy plants untaught to roam ;)  
 Which they shall never know.

But, leaving France last New-Year's day,  
 I bade a long adieu!  
 Had I not minded what these sailors say,  
 I had been still with you,  
 And, free from frosts and chilling snows,  
 On your fond bosom found repose.

Now, while through barbarous climes we sail,  
 Should Neptune force our ship on shore,  
 On some rude isle, by some rough gale,  
 I to your arms return no more,  
 But for some swarthy dame shall bring  
 Cool waters from the Indian spring.

Yet love, with undiminish'd joy,  
 Shall trace your form in Fancy's glass,  
 While I more fond, and you less coy,  
 O'er swelling seas, together pass—  
 No rocks or seas can love divide  
 Where heart with heart is thus ally'd!



## H O R A C E, Lib. I. Ode 15.

*Nereus prophesies the destruction of Troy.*

AS 'cross the deep to Priam's shore  
 The Trojan prince bright Helen bore,  
 Old *Nereus* hush'd each noisy breeze  
 And calm'd the tumults of the seas.

Then, musing on the traitor's doom,  
 Thus he foretold the woes to come;  
 " Ah why remove, mistaken swain,  
 " The prize that Greece shall seize again!

" With omens sad, you sail along;  
 " And Europe shall resent the wrong,  
 " Conspire to seize your bride away,  
 " And Priam's town in ashes lay.

" Alas! what toils and deaths combin'd!  
 " What hosts of men and horses join'd!—  
 " Bold Pallas now prepares her shield,  
 " And arms her chariot for the field.

" Can you with heavenly forms engage,  
 " A goddess kindling into rage;  
 " Who ne'er have dar'd a mortal foe  
 " And wars, alone, of Venus, know.

" In vain you dress your flowing hair,  
 " And songs, to aid the harp, prepare;  
 " The harp, that sung to female ears,  
 " Shall fail when *Mars* and *Greece* appears.

" Invain shall you bewail your bride,  
 " And meanly in her chamber hide,  
 " In hopes to shun, while lingering there,  
 " The massy dart, and *Cretan* spear.

" In vain shall you, with quickening pace,  
 " Avoid fierce *Ajax* in the chace;  
 " For late those locks, that please the eye,  
 " In dust and death shall scatter'd lie.

" Do you not see *Ulysses*, too,  
 " The sage that brings your nation low;  
 " And *Nestor* from the land of *Pyle*—  
 " Chiefs skill'd in arms and martial toil.

" Dost thou not see bold *Teucer* here,  
 " And *him*—no tardy chariotteer;



“ Who both pursue with eager force,  
 “ And both controul the thundering horse.

“ Thou, to thy grief, shalt *Merion* know,  
 “ And *Tydeus’* son shall prove thy foe,  
 “ Who wastes your realms with sword and fire;  
 “ *Tydides*, greater than his fire.

“ Like timorous deer, prepar’d to fly  
 “ When hungry wolves are passing by,  
 “ No more the herbs their steps detain,  
 “ They quit their pastures, and the plain:

“ So you from his triumphant arms  
 “ Shall fly, with all your female charms;  
 “ Can deeds, like these, your valour prove,  
 “ Was this your promise to your love?

“ *Achilles’* wrath shall but delay  
 “ Your ruin to a later day—  
 “ The Trojan matrons then shall mourn,  
 “ And Troy by Grecian vengeance burn.”

\*~~~~~\*

## T O B A C C O.

**T**HIS *Indian weed*, that once did grow  
 On fair *Virginia’s* fertile plain,  
 From whence it came—again may go,  
 To please some happier swain:  
 Of all the plants that Nature yields  
 This, least lov’d, shall shun my fields.

In evil hour I first essay’d  
 To chew this vile, forbidden leaf,  
 When, half asham’d, and half afraid,  
 I touch’d, and tasted—to my grief:  
 Ah me! the more I was forbid,  
 The more I wish’d to take a *quid*.

But when I smok’d, in thought profound,  
 And rais’d the spiral circle high,  
 My heart grew sick, my head turn’d round—  
*And what can all this mean, (said I)—*  
*Tobacco, surely, was design’d*  
*To poison, and destroy mankind.*

Unhappy they, whom choice, or fate  
 Inclines to prize this bitter weed;  
 Perpetual source of female hate;  
 On which no beast—but man will feed;  
 That sinks my heart, and turns my head,  
 And sends me, reeling, home to bed!



## The SEASONS MORALIZED.

THEY, who to warmer regions run,  
 May blefs the favour of the fun,  
 But seek in vain what charms us here,  
 Life's picture, varying with the year.

SPRING, and her wanton train advance  
 Like *Youth* to lead the festive dance,  
 All, all her scenes are mirth and play,  
 And blushing blossoms own her sway.

The *Summer* next (those blossoms blown)  
 Brings on the fruits that spring had sown,  
*Thus men advance*, impell'd by time,  
 And Nature triumphs in her prime.

Then *Autumn* crowns the beauteous year,  
 The groves a sicklier aspect wear;  
 And mournful she (*the lot of all*)  
 Matúres her fruits, to make them fall.

Clad in the vestments of a tomb,  
 Old age is only *Winter's* gloom——  
 Winter, alas! shall spring restore,  
 But youth returns to man no more.

\* † † \* † \* † \* † \* † \* † \* † \* † \* † \* † \* † \*

## The BAY ISLET.

IN shallow streams, a league from town,  
 (Its baby Light-House tumbled down)  
 Extends a country, full in view,  
 Beheld by all, but known to few.

Surrounded by the briny waste  
 No haven here has Nature plac'd;  
 But those who wish to pace it o'er  
 Must land upon the open shore.

There as I fail'd, to view the ground;  
 No blooming goddesses I found——  
 But yellow hags, ordain'd to prove  
 The death, and antidote of love,

Ten stately trees adorn the isle,  
 The house, a crazy, tottering pile,



Where once the doctor ply'd his trade  
On feverish tars, and rakes decay'd.

Six hogs about the pastures feed  
(Sweet mud-larks of the Georgia breed)  
Who, while the hostess deals out drams,  
Can oysters catch, and open clams.

Upon its surface, smooth and clean,  
A world, in miniature, is seen;  
Tho' scarce a journey for a snail  
We meet with mountain, hill, and vale.

To those that guard this stormy place,  
Two cities stare them in the face:  
There, York its spiry summits rears,  
And here *Communipaw* appears.

The tenant, now but ill at ease,  
Derives no fuel from his trees  
And Jersey boats, tho' begg'd to land,  
All leave him on the larboard hand.

Some monied man, grown sick of care,  
To this neglected spot repair:  
What Nature sketch'd, let art complete,  
And own the loveliest COUNTRY SEAT.

## The M A N of N I N E T Y.

**T**O yonder boughs that spread so wide,  
Beneath whose shade soft waters glide,  
Once more I take the well known way;  
With feeble step and tottering knee  
I sigh to reach my WHITE-OAK tree,  
Where rosy health was wont to play.

If to the shades, consuming flow,  
The shadow of myself, I go,  
When I am gone, wilt thou remain!—  
From dust you rose, and grew like me;  
I man became, and you a tree,  
Both natives of one grassy plain.

How much alike; yet not the same!—  
You could no kind protector claim;  
Alone you stood, to chance resign'd:  
When winter came, with blustering sky,  
You fear'd its blasts—and so did I,  
And for warm suns in secret pin'd.



When vernal suns began to glow  
 You felt returning vigour flow,  
 Which once a year new leaves supply'd;  
 Like you, fine days I wish'd to see,  
 And May was a sweet month to me,  
 But when November came—I sigh'd!

If through your bark some ruffian arm  
 A mark impress'd, you took the alarm,  
 And tears awhile I saw descend;  
 Till Nature's kind maternal aid  
 A plaister on your bruises laid,  
 And bade your trickling sorrows end.

Like you, I fear'd the lightning's stroke,  
 Whose flame dissolves the strength of oak,  
 And ends at once this mortal dream;—  
 You saw, with grief, the soil decay  
 That from your roots was torn away;  
 You sigh'd—and curs'd the stream.

With borrow'd earth, and busy spade,  
 Around your roots new life I laid,  
 While joy reviv'd in every vein;  
 (The care of man shall life impart)—  
 Though *Nature* owns the aid of art,  
 No art, immortal, makes her reign.

How much alike our fortune—say—  
 Yet, why must I so soon decay  
 When thou hast scarcely reach'd thy prime—  
 Erect and tall you, joyous, stand;  
 The staff of age has found my hand,  
 That guides me to the grave of time.

Could I, fair tree, like you, resign,  
 And banish all these fears of mine,  
 Grey hairs would be no cause of grief;  
 Your blossoms die, but you remain,  
 Your fruit lies scatter'd o'er the plain—  
 Learn wisdom from the falling leaf.

As you survive, by heaven's decree,  
 Let wither'd flowers be thrown on me  
 Sad compensation for my doom,  
 While winter greens and withering pines,  
 And cedars dark, and barren vines,  
 Point out the lonely tomb.

The enlivening sun, that burns so bright,  
 Ne'er had a noon without a night,  
 So LIFE and DEATH agree;



The joys of man by years are broke—"'  
 'Twas thus the man of *Ninety* spoke,  
 Then rose, and left his *TREE*.

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S A N T A C R U Z.

**S**ICK of thy northern glooms, come, shepherd, seek  
 More equal climes, and a serener sky:  
 Why shouldst thou toil amid thy frozen ground,  
 Where half years' snows, a barren prospect, lie,

When thou mayst go where never frost was seen,  
 Or north-west winds with cutting fury blow,  
 Where never ice congeal'd the limpid stream,  
 Where never mountain tipt its head with snow?

Twice seven days prosperous gales thy barque shall bear  
 To isles that flourish in perpetual green,  
 Where richest herbage glads each fertile vale,  
 And ever verdant plants on every hill are seen.

Nor dread the dangers of the billowy deep,  
 Autumnal winds shall safely waft thee o'er;  
 Put off the timid heart, or, man unblest,  
 Ne'er shalt thou reach this gay enchanting shore.

Thus *Judab's* tribes beheld the promis'd land,  
 While *Jordan's* angry waters swell'd between;  
 Thus, trembling on the brink, I see them stand,  
 Heav'n's type in view, the Canaanitish green.

Thus, some mean souls, in spite of age and care,  
 Are held so firmly to this earth below,  
 They never wish to cross fate's dusky main  
 That parting them and happiness, doth flow:

Though Reason's voice might whisper to the soul  
 That nobler climes for man the gods design—  
 Come, shepherd, haste—the northern breezes blow,  
 No more the slumbering winds thy barque confine.

Sweet orange grove! the fairest of the isle,  
 In thy soft shade luxuriously reclin'd,  
 Where, round my fragrant bed the flowrets smile,  
 In sweet delusions I deceive my mind.

But Melancholy's glooms assail my breast,  
 For potent nature reigns despotic there;—  
 A nation ruin'd, and a world oppress'd,  
 Might rob the boldest Stoic of a tear.



From the vast caverns of old Ocean's bed  
 Fair SANTA CRUZ arising, laves her waist,  
 The threatening waters roar on every side,  
 For every side by ocean is embrac'd.

Sharp, craggy rocks repell the furling brine,  
 Whose cavern'd sides by restless billows wore,  
 Resemblance claim to that remoter isle  
 Where once the winds' proud lord the sceptre bore.

Betwixt old Cancer and the mid way line,  
 In happiest climate, lies this envied isle:  
 Trees bloom throughout the year, soft breezes blow,  
 And fragrant Flora wears a lasting smile.

Cool, woodland streams from shaded cliffs descend,  
 The dripping rock no want of moisture knows,  
 Supplied by springs that on the rocks depend,  
 That fountain feeding as the current flows.

Such were the isles which happy *Flaccus* sung,  
 Where one tree blossoms while another bears,  
 Where spring forever gay, and ever young,  
 Walks her gay round through her unceasing years.

Such were the climes which youthful Eden saw  
 Ere crossing fates destroy'd her golden reign—  
 Reflect upon thy loss, unhappy man,  
 And seek the vales of *Paradise* again.

No lowering skies are here—the neighbouring sun  
 Clear and unveil'd, his brilliant journey goes,  
 Each morn emerging from the ambient main,  
 And sinking there, each evening, to repose.

In June's fair month the spangled traveller gains  
 The utmost limits of his northern way,  
 And blesses with his beams cold lands remote,  
 Sad Greenland's coast, and Hudson's frozen bay.

The shivering swains of these unhappy climes  
 Behold the side-way monarch through the trees,  
 Here glows his fiercer heat, his vertic beams,  
 Temper'd with cooling gales and trade-wind breeze.

The native, here, in golden plenty blest,  
 Bids from the soil the verdant harvests spring;  
 Feasts in the abundant dome, the joyous guest;  
 Time short, life easy, pleasure on the wing.

Here, fixt to day in plenty's smiling vales,  
 Just as the year revolves, they laugh or groan;



September comes, seas swell with horrid gales,  
And old Port-Royal's fate is found their own!

And though so near heaven's blazing lamp doth run,  
They court the beam that sheds the golden day,  
And hence are call'd the children of the sun,  
Who, without fainting, bear his downward ray.

No threatening tides upon their island rise,  
Gay Cynthia scarce disturbs the ocean here,  
No waves approach her orb, and she, as kind,  
Attracts no oceans to her silver sphere.

The happy waters boast, of various kinds,  
Unnumber'd myriads of the scaly race,  
Sportive they glide above the delug'd sand,  
Gay as their clime, in ocean's ample vase.

Some streak'd with burnish'd gold, resplendent, glare,  
Some cleave the limpid deep, all silver'd o'er,  
Some, clad in living green, delight the eye,  
Some red, some blue; of mingled colours more.

Here glides the spangled dolphin through the deep,  
The giant carcass'd whales at distance stray,  
The huge green turtles wallow through the wave,  
Vell pleas'd alike with land or water, they.

The *Rainbow* cuts the deep, of varied green,  
The well-fed *Grouper* lurks remote, below,  
The swift *Bonetta* coasts the watry scene,  
The diamond-coated *Angels* kindle as they go,

Delicious to the taste, salubrious food,  
Which might some temperate, studious sage allure  
To curse the fare of his abstemious cell  
And turn, for once, a cheerful Epicure.

Unhurt may'st thou this luscious food enjoy,  
To fullness feast upon the scaly kind,  
These, well selected from a thousand more,  
Delight the taste, and leave no bane behind.

For think *Hygeia* is a stranger here  
To sensual souls the clime may fatal prove,  
Guilt and death attend, and pain severe,  
The midnight revel, and licentious love.

Full many a swain, in youth's serenest bloom  
Borne untimely to this alien clay,  
Constrain'd to slumber in a foreign tomb,  
Far from his friends, his country far away.



Yet, if devoted to a sensual soul,  
 If fondly their own ruin they create,  
 These victims to the banquet and the bowl  
 Must blame their folly, only, not their fate.

But thou, who first drew breath in northern air,  
 At early dawn ascend the sloping hills;  
 And oft', at noon, to lime-tree shades repair,  
 Where some soft stream from neighbouring groves distills.

And with it mix the liquid of the lime,  
 The old ag'd essence of the generous cane,  
 And sweetest scrups of this liquorish clime,  
 And drink, to cool thy thirst, and drink again.

This happy beverage, joy-inspiring bowl,  
 Dispelling far the shades of mental night,  
 Beams bright ideas on the awakening soul,  
 And sorrow turns to pleasure and delight.

Sweet verdant isle, through thy dark woods I rove,  
 And learn the nature of each native tree,  
 The *fustic* hard, the poisonous *manchineel*  
 Which for its fragrant apple pleaseth thee:

Alluring to the smell, fair to the eye,  
 But deadliest poison in the taste is found—  
 O shun the dangerous tree, nor touch, like *Eve*,  
 This interdicted fruit, in Eden's ground.

The lowly *mangrove*, fond of watry soil,  
 The white bark'd *gregory*, rising high in air,  
 The *masfic* in the woods you may descry,  
*Tamarind*, and lofty bay-trees flourish there.

Sweet orange groves in lonely vallies rise  
 And drop their fruits, unnotic'd and unknown,  
 The cooling acid limes in hedges grow,  
 The juicy lemons swell in shades their own.

Soft, spongy plums on trees wide spreading hang,  
 Bell-apples here, suspended, shade the ground,  
 Plump *grenadilloes*, and *guarvas* grey,  
 With *melons*, in each plain and vale abound.

The conic-form'd *cashew*, of juicy kind,  
 That bears at once an apple and a nut;  
 Whose poisonous coat, indignant to the lip,  
 Doth in its cell a wholesome kernel shut.

The prince of fruits, which some *jayama* call,  
*Anana* some, the happy flavour'd *pine*;



in which unite the tastes and juices all  
of apple, quince, peach, grape, and nectarine,  
grows to perfection here, and spreads his crest,  
his diadem towards the parent sun;  
his diadem, in fiery blossoms drest,  
stands arm'd with swords, from potent Nature won.

on' cotton shrubs with burbling knobs behold,  
their snow white locks these humble groves array;  
in slender trees the blushing coffee hangs,  
like thy fair cherry, and would tempt thy stay.

safe from the winds, in deep retreats, they rise;  
their utmost summit may thine arm attain;  
taste the moist fruit, and from thy closing eyes  
sleep shall retire, with all his drowsy train.

the spicy berry, they *guava* call,  
grows in the mountains on a stripling tree:  
these some admire, and value more than all,  
thy humble verse, besides, unfolds to thee.

the smooth white cedar, here, delights the eye,  
the bay-tree, with its aromatic green,  
the sea-side grapes, sweet natives of the sand,  
and pulse, of various kinds, on trees are seen.

where mingled vines their downward shadows cast,  
where, cluster'd grapes from loaded boughs depend,  
their leaves no frosts, their fruits no cold winds blast,  
but, rear'd by suns, to time alone they bend.

the plantane and banana flourish here,  
of hasty growth, and love to fix their root  
where some soft stream of ambling water flows,  
to yield full moisture to their cluster'd fruit.

no other trees so vast a leaf can boast,  
so broad, so long—through these, refresh'd, I stray,  
and though the noon-sun his fierce radiance shed,  
these friendly leaves shall shade me all the way,

and tempt the cooling breeze to hasten there,  
with its sweet odorous breath to charm the grove;  
high shades and verdant seats, while underneath  
a little stream by mossy banks doth rove,

there once the Indian dames slept with their swains,  
and fondly kiss'd the moon-light eves away;  
the lovers fled, the tearful stream remains,  
and only I console it with my lay!



Among the shades of yonder whispering grove  
 The green palmettoes mingle, tall and fair,  
 That ever murmur, and forever move,  
 Fanning with wavy bough the ambient air.

Pomegranates grace the wild, and sweet-sops there  
 Ready to fall, require the helping hand,  
 Nor yet neglect the papaw or mamee  
 Whose slighted trees with fruits unheeded stand.

Those shaddocks juicy shall thy taste delight,  
 And yon' high fruits, the noblest of the wood,  
 That cling in clusters to the mother tree,  
 The cocoa-nut, rich, milky, healthful food.

O grant me, gods, if yet condemn'd to stray,  
 At least to spend life's sober evening here,  
 To plant a grove where winds yon' shelter'd bay,  
 And pluck those fruits, that frost nor winter fear.

Cassida shrubs abound—transplanted here  
 From every clime, exotic blossoms blow;  
 Here Asia plants her flowers, here Europe trees,  
 And hyperborean herbs, un-winter'd, grow.

Here, a new herbage glads the generous feed,  
 Mules, goats, and sheep enjoy these pastures fair,  
 And for thy hedges, Nature has decreed,  
 Guards of thy toils, the date and prickly pear.

But chief the glory of these Indian isles  
 Springs from the sweet, uncloying sugar-cane:  
 Hence comes the planter's wealth, hence commerce sends  
 Such floating piles, to traverse half the main.

Whoe'er thou art that leav'st thy native shore  
 And shalt to fair West-India climates come,  
 Taste not the enchanting plant—to taste forbear,  
 If ever thou wouldst reach thy much lov'd home.

Ne'er through the Isle permit thy feet to rove,  
 Or, if thou dost, let prudence lead the way,  
 Forbear to taste the virtues of the cane,  
 Forbear to taste what will complete thy stay.

Whoever sips of this enchanting juice,  
 Delicious nectar, fit for Jove's own hall,  
 Returns no more from his lov'd Santa Cruz,  
 But quits his friends, his country, and his all,

And thinks no more of home—Ulysses so  
 Dragg'd off by force his sailors from that shore



Where *lotos* grew, and, had not strength prevail'd,  
They never would have fought their country more.

No annual toil inters this thrifty plant,  
The stalk lopt off, the freshening flowers prolong  
To future years, unfading and secure,  
The root so vigorous, and the juice so strong.

Unnumber'd plants, beside, these climates yield,  
And grass peculiar to the soil that bears:  
Ten thousand various herbs array the field,  
This gilds thy palate, that thy health repairs.

Along the shore a wonderful *flower* is seen,  
Where rocky ponds receive the surging wave,  
Some dress'd in yellow, some attir'd in green,  
Beneath the water, their gay branches lave.

This mystic plant, with its bewitching charms  
Too surely springs from some enchanted bower:  
Fearful it is, and dreads impending harms,  
And ANIMAL, the natives call the flower.

From the smooth rock its little branches rise,  
The object of thy view, and that alone,  
Feast on its beauties with thy ravish'd eyes,  
But aim to touch it, and—the flower is gone.

Nay, if thy shade but intercept the beam  
That gilds the boughs beneath some briny lake,  
Swift they retire, like a deluding dream,  
And even a shadow for destruction take.

Warn'd by experience, hope not thou to gain  
The magic plant, thy curious hand invades;  
Returning to the light, it mocks thy pain,  
Deceives all grasp, and seeks its native shades!

On yonder blue-brow'd hill, fresh harvests rise,  
Where the dark tribe from Afric's sun burnt plain  
Oft o'er the ocean turn their wishful eyes  
To isles remote, high looming o'er the main.

And view soft seats of ease and fancied rest,  
Their native groves new painted on the eye,  
Where no broad misers their gay hours molest,  
No lordly despots pass, unsocial, by.

See, yonder slave that slowly bends this way;  
With years, and pain, and ceaseless toil oppress'd,  
Though no complaining words his woes betray.  
The eye dejected proves the heart distress'd.



Perhaps in chains he left his native shore,  
 Perhaps he left a helpless offspring there,  
 Perhaps a wife, that he must see no more,  
 Perhaps a father, who his love did share.

Curs'd be the ship, that brought him o'er the main,  
 And curs'd the men, that from his country tore;  
 May she be stranded, ne'er to float again,  
 May they be shipwreck'd on some hostile shore——

O gold accurst, of every ill the spring,  
 For thee compassion flies the darken'd mind,  
 Reason's plain dictates no conviction bring,  
 And madness merely sways all human kind.

O gold accurst! for thee we madly run,  
 With murderous hearts, beyond the briny flood,  
 Seek foreign climes beneath a foreign sun,  
 And, there, exult to shed a brother's blood.

But thou, who own'st this sugar-bearing soil,  
 To whom no good the great FIRST CAUSE denies,  
 Let free-born hands attend thy sultry toil,  
 And fairer harvests to thy view shall rise,

The teeming earth shall mightier stores disclose  
 Than ever struck the longing eye before,  
 And late content shall shed a soft repose,  
 Repose, so long a stranger at your door.

Give me some clime, the favorite of the sky,  
 Where cruel slavery never sought to reign——  
 But shun the theme, sad muse, and tell me why  
 These abject trees lie scatter'd o'er the plain?

These isles, lest Nature should have prov'd too kind,  
 Or man have sought his happiest heaven below,  
 Are torn by mighty winds, fierce hurricanes,  
 Nature convuls'd in every shape of woe.

Nor scorn yon' lonely vale, of trees so rest;  
 There plantane groves late grew of liveliest green,  
 The orange flourish'd, and the lemon bore,  
 The genius of the isle dwelt there, unseen.

Wild were the skies, affrighted Nature groan'd  
 As though approach'd her last decisive day,  
 Skies blaz'd around, and bellowing winds had nigh  
 Dislodg'd these cliffs, and tore yon' hills away.

O'er the wild main, dejected and afraid,  
 The trembling pilot lash'd his helm a-lee



Or swiftly scudding, ask'd thy potent aid,  
Dear *Pilot of the Gallilæan Sea*.

Low hung the glooms, distended with the gale  
The clouds, dark brooding, wing'd their circling flight,  
Tremendous thunders join'd the hurricane,  
Daughter of chaos, and eternal night!

And how, alas! could these fair trees withstand  
The wasteful madness of so fierce a blast,  
That storm'd along the plain, seiz'd every grove,  
And delug'd with a sea this mournful waste.

That plantane grove, where oft I fondly stray'd,  
Thy darts, dread Phœbus, in those glooms to shun,  
Is now no more a refuge or a shade,  
Is now with rocks and deep sands over-run.

Those late proud domes of splendor, pomp, and ease  
No longer strike the view, in grand attire;  
But, torn by winds, flew piecemeal to the seas,  
Nor left one nook to lodge the astonish'd 'quire.

But other groves the hand of Time shall raise,  
Again shall Nature smile, serenely gay:  
So soon each scene revives, why haste to leave  
These green retreats, o'er the dark seas to stray?

For I must go where the mad pirate roves,  
A stranger on the inhospitable main,  
Lost to the scenes of Hudson's sweetest groves,  
Cesarea's forests, and my native plain.

There endless waves deject the wearied eye,  
And hostile winds incessant toil prepare;  
And should loud bellowing storms all art defy,  
The manly heart alone must conquer there.—

There wakes my fears, the guileful *Calenture*  
Tempting the sailor on the deep-sea main,  
That paints gay groves upon the ocean floor,  
Beckoning her victim to the faithless scene!

On these blue hills to cull bright Fancy's flowers  
Shall yet awhile the dangerous work delay,  
Shall yet beguile the few remaining hours—  
Ere to those waves I take my destin'd way.

Thy vales, *Bermuda*, and thy sea-girt groves  
Can never like these southern forests please;  
And, lash'd by stormy waves, you court in vain  
The northern shepherd to your cedar trees.



Not o'er those isles such equal planets rule.  
 All, but the cedar dreads the wintry blast;  
 Too well thy charms the banish'd *Water lings*  
 Too near the *pilot's star* thy doom is cast.

Far o'er the waste of yonder surgy field  
 My native climes in fancied prospect lie,  
 Now hid in shades, and now by clouds conceal'd,  
 And now by tempests ravish'd from the eye.

There, triumphs to enjoy, are Britain, thine,  
 There, thy proud navy, awes the pilag'd *shores*;  
 Nor sees the day when nations shall combine  
 That pride to humble, and our rights restore.

Yet o'er the globe shouldst thou extend thy reign,  
 Here may thy conquering arms one grotto spare;  
 Here—though thy conquests vex—in spite of pain,  
 I sip the enlivening glass, in spite of care.

What though we bend to a *tyrannic crown*;  
 Still Nature's charms in varied beauty shine—  
 What though we own the proud, imperious *Danes*,  
 Gold is his sordid care, the Muses mine.

Winter, and winter's glooms are far remov'd,  
 Eternal spring with smiling summer join'd —  
 Absence, and death, and heart-corroding care,  
 Why should they cloud the sun-shine of the mind?

But, shepherd, haste, and leave behind thee far  
 Thy bloody plains and iron glooms above.  
 Quit the cold northern star, and here enjoy,  
 Beneath the smiling skies, this land of love.

The drowsy pelican wings home his way,  
 The misty eve sits heavy on the sea,  
 And though yon' storm hangs brooding o'er the main,  
 Say, shall a moment's gloom discourage thee?

To-morrow's sun new paints the faded scene;  
 Though deep in ocean sink his western beams,  
 His spangled chariot shall ascend more clear,  
 More radiant from the drowsy land of dreams.

Of all the isles the neighbouring ocean bears,  
 None can with this their equal landscapes boast:  
 What could we do on *SABA's* cloudy height;  
 Or what could please on *'STATIA's* barren coast?

Couldst thou content on rough *TORTOLA* stray,  
 Confest the fairest of the *Virgin* train;



O-couldst thou on those rocky summits play  
Where high St. JOHN stands frowning o'er the main!

Haste, shepherd, haste—Hesperian fruits for thee,  
And cluster'd grapes from mingled boughs depend—  
What pleasure in thy forests can there be  
That leafless now, to every tempest bend?

To milder stars, and skies of clearer blue,  
Sworn foe to arms, at least a-while, repair,  
And, 'till to mightier force proud Britain bends,  
Despise her triumphs, and deceive thy care.

Soon shall the genius of the fertile soil  
A new creation to thy view unfold;—  
Admire the works of Nature's magic hand,  
But scorn that vulgar bait, all potent gold.

Yet, if persuaded by no lay of mine,  
You still admire your climes of frost and snow,  
And pleas'd, prefer above our southern groves  
The darksome forests, that round thee grow;

Still there remain—thy native air enjoy,  
Repell the *tyrant*, that thy peace invades,  
While, pleas'd, I trace the vales of Santa Cruz,  
And sing, with rapture, her inspiring shades,

## AMERICA INDEPENDENT;

*And her EVERLASTING DELIVERANCE from BRITISH  
TYRANNY and OPPRESSION.*

**T**IS done! and Britain for her madness sighs—  
Take warning, tyrants, and henceforth be wise,  
If o'er mankind *man* gives you regal sway,  
Take not the rights of human kind away.

When God from chaos gave this world to be,  
Man then he form'd, and form'd him to be free,  
In his own image stamp'd the favourite race—  
How dar'st thou, tyrant, the fair stamp deface!  
When on mankind you fix your abject chains,  
No more the image of that God remains;  
O'er a dark scene a darker shade is drawn,  
His work dishonour'd, and our glory gone!

When first Britannia sent her hostile crew  
To these far shores, to ravage and subdue,



We thought them gods; and almost seem'd to say  
 No ball could pierce them, and no dagger slay—  
 Heavens! what a blunder—half our fears were vain;  
 These hostile *gods* at length have quit the plain,  
 On neighbouring isles the storm of war they shun,  
 Happy, thrice happy, if not quite undone.  
 Yet soon, in dread of some impending woe,  
 Even from those *islands* shall these ruffians go—  
 This be their doom, in vengeance for the slain,  
 To pass their days in poverty and pain;  
 For such base triumphs, be it still their lot  
 To triumph only o'er the rebel *Scot*,  
 And to their insect isle henceforth confin'd  
 No longer lord it o'er the human kind.—  
 But, by the fates, who still prolong their stay,  
 And gather vengeance to conclude their day,  
 Yet, ere they go, the angry Muse shall tell  
 The treasur'd woes that in her bosom swell:—  
 Proud, fierce, and bold, O Jove! who would not laugh  
 To see these bullies worshipping a *calf*:  
 But they are *slaves* who spurn at Reason's rules;  
 And men, once slaves, are soon transform'd to fools.—  
 To recommend what monarchies have done,  
 They bring for witness David and his son;  
 How one was brave, the other just and wise,  
 And hence our plain Republics they despise;  
 But mark how oft, to gratify their pride,  
 The people suffer'd, and the people died:  
 Though one was wise, and one Goliath slew,  
*Kings are the choicest curse that man e'er knew!*  
 Hail, worthy Britain!—how enlarg'd your fame;  
 How great your glory, terrible your name,  
 “Queen of the isles, and empreis of the main,”—  
 Heaven grant you all these mighty things again;  
 But first insure the gaping crowd below  
 That you less cruel, and more just may grow:  
 If fate, vindictive for the sins of man,  
 Had favour shown to your infernal plan,  
 How would your nation have exulted here,  
 And scorn'd the widow's sigh, the orphan's tear!  
 How had your prince, of all bad men the worst,  
 Laid worth and virtue prostrate in the dust!  
 A second *Sarweny* had he shone to-day,  
 A world subdued, and murder but his play.  
 How had that prince, contemning right or law,  
 Glutted with blood his foul, voracious maw:  
 In him we see the depths of baseness join'd,  
 Whate'er disgrac'd the dregs of human kind;  
 Cain, Nimrod, Nero—fiends in human guise,  
 Herod, Domitian—these in judgment rise,



And, envious of his deeds, I hear them say  
None but a George could be more vile than they.

Sworn tho' he was with wealth, revenge, and pride,  
How could he dream that heaven was on his side—  
Did he not see, when so decreed by fate,  
They plac'd the crown upon his royal pate,  
Did he not see the richest jewel fall—  
Dire was the omen, and astonish'd all—  
That gem no more shall brighten and adorn;  
No more that gem by British kings be worn,  
Or swell to wonted heights of fair renown  
The fading glories of their boasted crown.  
Yet he to arms, and war, and blood inclin'd,  
(A fair-day warrior, with a feeble mind,  
Fearless, while others meet the shock of fate,  
And dare that death, which clips his thread too late,)  
He to the fane (O hypocrite!) did go,  
While not an angel there, but was his foe,  
There did he kneel, and sigh, and sob, and pray,  
Yet not to lave his thousand sins away,  
Far other motives sway'd his spotted soul;  
'Twas not for those the secret sorrow stole  
Down his pale cheek—'twas vengeance and despair  
Dissolv'd his eye, and planted sorrow there—  
How could he hope to bribe the impartial sky  
By his base prayers, and mean hypocrisy—  
Heaven still is just, and still abhors all crimes,  
Not acts like George, the Nero of our times—  
What were his prayers—his prayers could be no more  
Than a thief's wishes to recruit his store;  
Such prayers could never reach the worlds above;  
They were but curses in the ear of Jove;—  
You pray'd that conquest might your arms attend,  
And crush that freedom virtue did defend,  
That the fierce Indian, rousing from his rest,  
Might these new regions with his flames invest,  
With scalps and tortures aggravate our woe,  
And to the infernal world dismiss your foe.  
No mines of gold our fertile country yields,  
But mighty harvests crown the loaded fields,  
Hence, trading far, we gain'd the golden prize,  
Which, though our own, bewitch'd their greedy eyes—  
For that they ravag'd India's climes before,  
And carried death to Asia's utmost shore—  
*Clive* was your envied slave, in avarice bold  
He mow'd down nations for his dearer gold;  
'The fatal gold could give no true content,  
He mourn'd his murders, and to *Tophet* went.

Led on by lust of lucre and renown,  
*Burgoyne* came marching with his thousands down,



High were his thoughts, and furious his career,  
 Puff'd with self-confidence and pride severe,  
 Sworn with the idea of his future deeds,  
 Onward to ruin each advantage leads,  
 Before his hosts his heaviest curses drew,  
 And conquer'd worlds rose hourly to his view:  
 His wrath, like Jove's, could bear with no controul;  
 His words bespoke the mischief in his soul;  
 To fight was not this miscreant's only trade,  
 He shin'd in writing, and his wit display'd—  
 To awe the more with titles of command  
 He told of *forts he rul'd* in Scottish land;—  
 Queen's *colonel* as he was, he did not know  
 That thorns and *thistles*, mix'd hwit honours, grow;  
 In Britain's senate though he held a place,  
 Alldid not save him from one long disgrace,  
 One stroke of fortune that convinc'd them all  
 That we could conquer, and *lieutenants* fall.  
 Foe to the rights of man, proud plunderer, say  
 Had conquest crown'd you on that mighty day  
 When you, to GATES, with sorrow, rage, and shame  
 Resign'd your conquests, honours, arms, and fame,  
 When at his feet Britannia's wreaths you threw,  
 And the sun sicken'd at a sight so new;  
 Had you been victor—what a waste of woe!  
 What souls had vanish'd to where souls do go!  
 What dire distress had mark'd your fatal way,  
 What deaths on deaths disgrac'd that dismal day!  
 Can laurels flourish in a soil of blood,  
 Or on those laurels can fair honours bud—  
 Curs'd be that wretch who murder makes his trade,  
 Curs'd be all wars that e'er ambition made!  
 What murdering Tory now relieves your grief,  
 Or plans new conquests for his favourite chief;  
 Designs still dark employ that ruffian race,  
 Beasts of your choosing, and our own disgrace.  
 So vile a crew the world ne'er saw before,  
 And grant, ye pitying heavens, it may no more:  
 If ghosts from hell infest our poison'd air,  
 Those ghosts have enter'd their base bodies here  
 Murder and blood is still their dear delight—  
 Scream round their roofs, ye ravens of the night!  
 Whene'er they wed, may demons, and despair,  
 And grief and woe, and blackest night be there;  
 Fiends leagu'd from hell the nuptial lamp display,  
 Swift to perdition light them on their way,  
 Round the wide world their devilish squadrons chase,  
 To find no realm, that grants one resting place.  
 Far to the north, on Scotland's utmost end  
 An isle there lies, the haunt of every fiend,



No shepherds there attend their bleating flocks;  
But wither'd witches rove among the rocks;  
Sarcoded in ice, the blasted mountains show  
Their cloven heads, to daunt the seas below;  
The lamp of heaven in his diurnal race  
There scarcely deigns to unveil his radiant face,  
Or if one day he circling treads the sky  
He views this island with an angry eye,  
Or ambient fogs their broad, moist wings expand  
Damp his bright ray, and cloud the infernal land;  
The blackening winds incessant storms prolong,  
Dull as their night, and dreary as my song;  
When stormy winds and gales refuse to blow,  
Then from the dark sky drives the unpitying snow;  
When drifting snows from iron clouds forbear,  
Then down the hailstones rattle through the air—  
There screeching owls, and screaming vultures rest  
And not a tree adorns its barren breast;  
No peace, no rest, the elements bestow,  
But seas forever rage, and storms forever blow.  
There, miscreants, there with loyal hearts retire,  
There pitch your tents, and kindle *there* your fire;  
There dost Nature will her stings display,  
And fiercest hunger on your vitals prey,  
And with yourselves let *John Burgoyne* retire  
To reign the monarch, whom your hearts admire.  
Britain, at last to arrest your lawless hand,  
Rises the genius of a generous land,  
Our injur'd rights bright Gallia's prince defends,  
And from this hour that prince and we are friends,  
Feuds, long up-held, are vanish'd from our view.  
Once we were foes—but for the sake of you—  
Britain, aspiring Britain, now must bend—  
Can she at once with France and us contend,  
When we alone, remote from foreign aid,  
Her armies captur'd, and distress'd her trade—  
Britain and we no more in combat join,  
No more, as once, in every sea combine;  
Dead is that friendship which did mutual burn,  
Fled is the sceptre, never to return;  
By sea and land, perpetual foes we meet,  
Our cause more honest, and our hearts as great;  
Lost are these regions to Britannia's reign,  
Nor shall these strangers of their loss complain,  
Since all, that *here* with greedy eyes they view,  
From our own toil, to wealth and empire grew:—  
Our hearts are ravish'd from our former queen  
Far as the ocean God hath plac'd between,  
They strive in vain to join this mighty mass,  
Torn by convulsions from its native place



As well might men to flaming *Hecla* join  
 The huge high *Alps* or towering *Appennine*;  
 In vain they send their half-commissioned tribe  
 And whom they cannot conquer strive to bribe;  
 Their pride and madness burst our union chain,  
 Nor shall the unwieldy mass unite again.

Nor think that France sustains our cause alone;  
 With gratitude her helping hand we own,  
 But hear, ye nations—Truth herself can say  
 We bore the heat and danger of the day:  
 She calmly view'd the tumult from afar,  
 We brav'd each insult, and sustain'd the war:  
 Oft drove the foe, or forc'd their hosts to yield.  
 Or left them, more than once, a dear bought field—  
 'Twas then, at last on Jersey plains distressed,  
 We swore to seek the mountains of the west,  
 There a free empire for our seed obtain,  
 A terror to the slaves that might remain.

Peace you demand, and vainly wish to find  
 Old leagues renew'd, and strength once more combin'd—  
 Yet shall not all your base dissembling art  
 Deceive the tortures of a bleeding heart—  
 Yet shall not all your mingled prayers that rise  
 Wash out your crimes, or bribe the avenging skies;  
 Full many a corpse lies mouldering on the plain  
 That ne'er shall see its little brood again:  
 See, yonder lies, all breathless, cold, and pale.  
 Drench'd in her gore, *Lavinia* of the vale;  
 The cruel Indian seiz'd her life away,  
 As the next morn began her bridal day!—  
 This deed alone our just revenge would claim,  
 Did not ten thousand more your sons defame.

Return'd, a captive, to my native shore,  
 How chang'd I find those scenes that pleas'd before!  
 How chang'd those groves where fancy lov'd to stray,  
 When spring's young blossoms bloom'd along the way;  
 From every eye distils the frequent tear,  
 From every mouth some doleful tale I hear!  
 Some mourn a father, brother, husband, friend:  
 Some mourn, imprison'd in their native land,  
 In sickly ships what numerous hosts confin'd  
 At once their lives and liberties resign'd:  
 In dreary dungeons woeful scenes have pass'd,  
 Long in tradition shall the story last,  
 As long as spring renews the flowery wood,  
 As long as breezes curl the yielding flood!—  
 Some sent to India's sickly climes, afar,  
 To dig, with slaves, for buried diamonds there,  
 There left to sicken in a land of woe  
 Where o'er scorch'd hills infernal breezes blow,



Whose every blast some dire contagion brings,  
Fevers or death on its destructive wings,  
'Till fate relenting, its last arrows drew,  
Brought death to them, and infamy to you.

Pests of mankind! remembrance shall recall  
And paint these horrors to the view of all;  
Heaven has not turn'd to its own works a foe  
Nor left to monsters these fair realms below,  
Else had your arms more wasteful vengeance spread,  
And these gay plains been dy'd a deeper red.—

O'er Britain's isle a thousand woes impend,  
Too weak to conquer, govern, or defend,  
To liberty she holds pretended claim—  
The substance we enjoy, and they the name;  
Her prince, surrounded by a host of slaves,  
Still claims dominion o'er the vagrant waves:  
Such be his claims o'er all the world beside,—  
An empty nothing—madness, rage, and pride.

From Europe's realms fair freedom has retir'd,  
And even in Britain has the spark expir'd—  
Sigh for the change your haughty empire feels,  
Sigh for the doom that no disguise conceals!  
Freedom no more shall *Albion's* cliffs survey;  
Corruption there has centred all her sway,  
Freedom disdains her honest head to rear,  
Or herd with nobles, kings, or princes there;  
She shuns their gilded spires, and domes of state,  
Resolv'd, O Virtue, at thy shrine to wait;  
'Midst savage woods and wilds she dares to stray,  
And bids uncultur'd nature bloom more gay.  
She is that glorious and immortal sun,  
Without whose ray this world would be undone,  
A mere dull chaos, sunk in deepest night,  
An abject something, void of form and light,  
Of reptiles, worst in rank, the dire abode,  
Perpetual mischief, and the dragon's brood.

Let Turks and Russians glut their fields with blood,  
Again let Britain dye the Atlantic flood,  
Let all the east adore the sanguine wreath  
And gain new glories from the trade of death—  
America! the works of peace be thine,  
Thus shalt thou gain a triumph more divine—  
To thee belongs a second golden reign,  
Thine is the empire o'er a peaceful main;  
Protect the rights of human kind below  
Crush the proud tyrant who becomes their foe,  
And future times shall own our struggles blest,  
And future years enjoy perpetual rest.

Americans! revenge your country's wrongs;  
To you the honour of this deed belongs,



Your arms did once this sinking land sustain,  
 And sav'd those climes where Freedom yet must reign—  
 Your bleeding soil this ardent task demands,  
 Expel yon' thieves from these polluted lands,  
 Expect no peace till haughty Britain yields,  
 'Till humbled Britons quit your ravag'd fields—  
 Still to the charge that routed foe returns,  
 The war still rages, and the battle burns—  
 No dull debates, or tedious counsels know,  
 But rush, at once, embodied, on your foe;—  
 With hell-born spite a seven years war they wage,  
 The pirate *Goodrich*, and the ruffian *Gage*.  
 Your injur'd country groans while yet they stay,  
 Attend her groans, and force their hosts away;  
 Your mighty wrongs the tragic muse shall trace,  
 Your gallant deeds shall fire a future race;  
 To you shall kings and potentates appeal,  
 You shall the doom of jarring nations seal;  
 A glorious empire rises, bright and new!  
 Firm be its basis, and must rest on you—  
 Fame o'er the mighty *pile* expands her wings,  
 Remote from princes, bishops, lords, and kings,  
 Those fancied gods, who, fam'd through every shore,  
 Mankind have fashion'd, and, like fools, adore.—  
 Here yet shall heaven the joys of peace bestow,  
 While thro' our soil the streams of plenty flow,  
 And o'er the main we spread the trading sail,  
 Wasting the produce of the rural vale.

[*Annæ*, 1778.]

On the New AMERICAN FRIGATE

A L L I A N C E.

**A**S Neptune trac'd the azure main,  
 That own'd so late proud Britain's reign,  
 A floating pile approach'd his car,  
 The scene of terror, and of war.

As nearer still the monarch drew,  
 ( Her starry flag display'd to view )  
 He ask'd a Triton of his train  
 " What flag was this that rode the main—

" A ship of such a gallant mien  
 " This many a day I have not seen,  
 " To no mean power can she belong,  
 " So swift, so warlike, stout, and strong.

" See how she mounts the foaming wave—  
 " Where other ships would find a grave,



- “ Majestic, awful, and serene,  
“ She walks the ocean, like its queen,”—
- “ Great monarch of the hoary deep,  
“ Whose trident awes the waves to sleep,  
(Reply’d a Triton of his train)  
“ This ship, that stems the western main,
- “ To those new, rising *States* belongs,  
“ Who, in resentment of their wrongs,  
“ Oppose proud Britain’s tyrant sway,  
“ And combat her, by land and sea.
- “ This pile, of such superior fame,  
“ From their strict *union* takes her name,  
“ For them she cleaves the briny tide,  
“ While terror marches by her side.
- “ When she unfurls her flowing sails,  
“ Undaunted by the fiercest gales,  
“ In dreadful pomp, she ploughs the main,  
“ While adverse tempests rage in vain.
- “ When she displays her gloomy *tier*,  
“ The boldest Britons freeze with fear,  
“ And, owning her superior might,  
“ Seek their best safety in their flight.
- “ But, when she pours the dreadful blaze,  
“ And thunder from her cannon plays,  
“ The bursting flash, that wings the ball,  
“ Compells those foes to *strike*, or fall.
- “ Though she, with her triumphant train,  
“ Might fill with awe the British main,  
“ Yet, filial to the land that bore,  
“ She stays, to guard her native shore.
- “ Though she might make their cruisers groan  
“ That sail beneath the torrid zone,  
“ She kindly lends a nearer aid,  
“ Annoys them here, and guards the trade.
- “ Now, traversing the eastern main,  
“ She greets the shores of France and Spain;  
“ Her gallant flag, display’d to view,  
“ Invites the old world to the new.
- “ This task atchiev’d, behold her go  
“ To seas congeal’d with ice and snow,  
“ To either tropic, and the *line*,  
“ Where suns with endless fervour shine.



"Not, Argo, in thy womb was found  
 "Such hearts of brass, as here abound;  
 "They for their golden fleece did fly,  
 "These sail—to vanquish tyranny."—

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ON THE DEATH OF  
CAPTAIN NICHOLAS BIDDLE,

Commander of the RANDOLPH Frigate,

Blown up near Barbadoes—

WHAT distant thunders rend the skies,  
 What clouds of smoke in columns rise,  
     What means this dreadful roar!  
 Is from his base *Vesuvius* thrown,  
 Is sky-topt *Atlas* tumbled down,  
     Or *Etna's* self no more!

Shock after shock torments my ear;  
 And lo! two hostile ships appear,  
     Red lightnings round them glow:  
 The *Yarmouth* boasts of sixty-four,  
 The *Randolph* thirty-two—no more—  
     And will she fight this foe!

Say, who commands that dismal blaze,  
 Where yonder starry streamer plays;  
     Does *Mars* with *Jove* engage!  
 'Tis Biddle wings those angry fires,  
 Biddle, whose bosom *Jove* inspires  
     With more than mortal rage.

Tremendous flash!—and hark, the ball  
 Drives through old *Yarmouth*, flames and all:  
     Her bravest sons expire;  
 Did *Mars* himself approach so nigh,  
 Even *Mars*, without disgrace, might fly  
     The *Randolph's* fiercer fire.

The Briton views his mangled crew,  
 "And shall we strike to *thirty-two*,  
     (Said *Hector*, stain'd with gore)  
 "Shall Britain's flag to *these* descend—  
 "Rise, and the glorious conflict end,  
     "Britons, I ask no more!

He spoke—they charg'd their cannon round,  
 Again the vaulted heavens resound,  
     The *Randolph* bore it all,



Then fix'd her pointed cannons true—  
 Away the unwieldy vengeance flew;  
 Britain, thy warriors fall.

The Yarmouth saw, with dire dismay,  
 Her wounded hull, shrouds shot, away,  
 Her boldest heroes dead—  
 She saw amidst her floating slain  
 The conquering *Randolph* stem the main—  
 She saw, she turn'd—and fled!

That hour, blest chief, had she been thine,  
 Dear *Biddle*, had the powers divine  
 Been kind as thou wert brave;  
 But fate, who doom'd thee to expire,  
 Prepar'd an arrow, tipped with fire,  
 And mark'd a wat'ry grave,

And in that hour, when conquest came  
 Wing'd at his ship a pointed flame,  
 That not even *he* could shun—  
 The conquest ceas'd, the Yarmouth fled,  
 The bursting *Randolph* ruin spread,  
 And lost what courage won.

[1776

On the Book called, UNITARIAN THEOLOGY.

**I**N this choice work, by wisdom penn'd, we find  
 The noblest system to reform mankind,  
 Bold truths confirm'd, that bigots have denied,  
 By most perverted, and which some deride.  
 Here, truths divine in easy language flow,  
 Truths long conceal'd, that now all climes shall know:  
 Here, like the blaze of our material *sun*,  
 Enlighten'd *Reason* proves, that GOD IS ONE—  
 As that, concenter'd in itself, a sphere,  
 Illumes all Nature with its radiance here,  
 Bids towards itself all trees and plants aspire,  
 Awakes the winds, impells the seeds of fire,  
 And, still subservient to the Almighty plan,  
 Warms into life the changeful race of man;  
 So—like that sun—in heaven's bright realms we trace  
 One POWER OF LOVE, that fills unbounded space,  
 Existing always by no borrow'd aid,  
 Before all worlds—eternal, and not made—  
 To THAT indebted, stars and comets burn,  
 Owe their swift movements, and to THAT return!  
 Prime source of wisdom, all-contriving mind,  
 First spring of *Reason*, that this globe design'd;



Parent of order, whose unwearied hand  
 Upholds the fabric that his wisdom plann'd,  
 And, its due course assign'd to every sphere,  
 Revolves the seasons, and sustains the year!—  
 Pure light of TRUTH, where'er thy splendours shine;  
 Thou art the image of the power divine;  
 Nought else, in life, that full resemblance bears,  
 No sun, that lights us through our circling years,  
 No stars, that through yon' charming azure stray,  
 No moon, that glads us with her midnight ray,  
 No seas, that o'er their gloomy caverns flow,  
 No forms beyond us, and no shapes below!

Then flight—ah flight not, this instructive page,  
 For the mean follies of a dreaming age:  
 Here to the truth, by REASON's aid aspire,  
 Nor some dull preacher of OLD LIES admire;  
 See ONE, SOLE GOD, in these convincing lines,  
 Beneath whose view perpetual day-light shines;  
 At whose command all worlds their circuits run,  
 And night, retiring, dies before the sun!

*Here, MAN no more disgrac'd by Time appears,  
 Lost in dull slumbers through ten thousand years;  
 Plung'd in that gulph, whose dark, unfathom'd waves  
 Men of all ages to perdition gave;  
 An empty dream, or still more empty shade,  
 The substance vanish'd, and the form decay'd!—*

Here Reason proves, that when this life decays,  
 Instant, new life in the warm bosom plays,  
 As that expiring, still its course repairs  
 Thro' endless ages, and unceasing years.

Where parted souls with kindred spirits meet,  
 Rapt to the bloom of beauty all complete;  
 In that celestial, vast, unclouded sphere,  
 Nought there exists but has its image here!  
 All there is MIND!—That INTELLECTUAL FLAME,  
 From whose vast stores all human genius came,  
 In which all Nature forms on REASON's plan—  
 FLOWS TO THIS ABJECT WORLD, AND BEAMS ON MAN!

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## The JEWISH LAMENTATION at EUPHRATES.

**B**Y Babel's streams we sate and wept,  
 When Sion bade our sorrows flow;  
 Our harps on lofty willows slept  
 That near those distant waters grow:  
 The willows high, the waters clear  
 Beheld our toils and sorrows there.



The cruel foe, that captive led  
 Our nation from their native soil,  
 The tyrant foe, by whom we bled,  
 Requir'd a song, as well as toil:  
 "Come, with a song your sorrows cheer,  
 "A song, that Sion lov'd to hear."

How shall we, cruel tyrant, raise  
 A song on such a distant shore?—  
 If I forget my Sion's praise,  
 May my right hand assume no more  
 To strike the silver sounding string,  
 And thence the slumbering music bring,

If I forget that happy home,  
 My perjur'd tongue, forbear to move!  
 My eyes, go out in endless gloom—  
 My joy, my rapture, and my love!  
 No rival grief my mind can share,  
 For thou shalt reign unrivall'd there.

Remember, Lord, that hated foe  
 (When conquer'd Sion droop'd her head)  
 Who laughing at our deepest woe,  
 Thus to our tears and sorrows said,  
 "From its proud height degrade her wall,  
 Destroy her towers—and ruin all."

Thou, Babel's offspring, hated race,  
 May some avenging monster seize,  
 And dash your venom in your face  
 For crimes and cruelties, like these:  
 And, deaf to pity's melting moan,  
 With infant blood stain every stone.

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## The INVITATION.

**T**HOU, who on some dark mountain's brow  
 Hast toil'd thy life away, till now,  
 And often from that rugged steep  
 Beheld the vast extended deep,  
 Come from thy forest; and with me  
 Learn what it is to go to sea.

There endless plains the eye surveys  
 As far from land the vessel strays;  
 No longer hill nor dale is seen,  
 The realms of death intrude between,  
 But fear no ill; resolve, with me,  
 To share the dangers of the sea.



But look not there for verdant fields—  
Far different prospects Neptune yields;  
Blue seas shall only greet the eye,  
Those seas encircled by the sky,  
Immense and deep—come then with me  
And view the wonders of the sea.

Yet sometimes groves and meadows gay  
Delight the seamen on their way;  
From the deep seas, that round us swell,  
With rocks, the surges to repel,  
Some verdant isle, by waves embrac'd,  
Swells, to adorn the wat'ry waste,

Though now this vast expanse appear  
With glassy surface, calm and clear;  
Be not deceiv'd—'tis but a show,  
For many a corpse is laid below—  
Even Britain's lads—*it cannot be*—  
'They were the *masters* of the sea!

Now combating upon the brine,  
Where ships in flaming squadrons join,  
At every blast the brave expire  
'Midst clouds of smok, and streams of fire;  
But scorn all fears; advance with me—  
'Tis but the custom of the sea.

Now we the peaceful wave divide,  
On broken surges now we ride,  
Now every eye dissolves with woe  
As on some lee-ward coast we go—  
Half lost, half buried in the main—  
Hope scarcely beams on life again.

Above us storms distract the sky,  
Beneath us depths unfathom'd lie,  
Too near we see, disheartening sight,  
The realms of everlasting night,  
A watery tomb of ocean-green,  
And only one frail plank between!

But winds must cease, and storms decay,  
Not always lasts the gloomy day,  
Again the skies are warm and clear,  
Again soft zephyrs fan the air,  
Again we find the long-lost shore,  
The winds oppose our wish no more.

If thou hast courage to despise  
The various changes of the skies,



To disregard the ocean's rage,  
 Unmov'd when hostile ships engage,  
*Come from thy forest, and with me*  
*Learn what it is—to go to sea,*

---

GEORGE the Third's.

S O L I L O Q U Y

**W**HAT mean these dreams, and hideous forms that rise  
 Night after night, tormenting to my eyes—  
 No real foes these horrid shapes can be,  
 But thrice as much they vex and torture me.

How curs'd is he,—how doubly curs'd am I—  
 Who lives in pain, and yet who dares not die;  
 To him no joy this world of Nature brings,  
 In vain the wild rose blooms, the daisy springs.  
 Is this a prelude to some new disgrace,  
 Some baleful omen to my name and race—!  
 It may be so—ere mighty Cesar died  
 Presaging Nature felt his doom, and sigh'd;  
 A bellowing voice through midnight groves was heard,  
 And threatening ghosts at dusk of eve appear'd—  
 Ere Brutus fell, to adverse fates a prey,  
 His evil genius met him on the way,  
 And so may mine!—but who would yield so soon  
 A prize, some luckier hour may make my own?—  
 Shame seize my crown, ere such a deed be mine—  
 No—to the last my squadrons shall combine,  
 And slay my foes, while foes remain to slay,  
 Or *heaven* shall grant me one successful day.

Is there a robber close in Newgate hemm'd,  
 Is there a cut-throat, fetter'd and condemn'd?  
 Haste, loyal slaves, to George's standard come,  
 Attend his lectures when you hear the drum;  
 Your chains I break—for better days prepare,  
 Come out, my friends, from prison and from care,  
 Far to the west I plan your desperate sway,  
 There 'tis no sin to ravage, burn, and slay  
 There, without fear, your bloody aims pursue,  
 And show mankind what English thieves can do.

That day, when first I mounted to the throne,  
 I swore to let all foreign foes alone.  
 Through love of peace to terms did I advance,  
 And made, they say, a shameful league with France.  
 But different scenes rise horrid to my view,  
 I charg'd my hosts to plunder and subdue—  
 At first, indeed, I thought short wars to wage  
 And sent some jail-birds to be led by Gage.



For 'twas but right, that those we mark'd for slaves  
 Should be reduc'd by cowards, fools, and knaves:  
 Awhile, directed by his feeble hand,  
 Those *troops* were kick'd and pelted through the land,  
 Or starv'd in Bolton, curs'd the unlucky hour  
 They left their dungeons for that fatal shore.  
 France aids them now, a desperate game I play,  
 And hostile Spain will do the same, they say;  
 My armies vanquish'd, and my heroes fled,  
 My people murmuring, and my commerce dead,  
 My shatter'd navy pelted, bruis'd, and clubb'd.  
 By Dutchmen bullied, and by Frenchmen drubb'd,  
 My name abhorr'd, my nation in disgrace,  
 How should I act in such a mournful case!  
 My hopes and joys are vanish'd with my coin,  
 My ruin'd army, and my lost Burgoyne!  
 What shall I do—confess my labours vain,  
 Or whet my tusks, and to the charge again!  
 But where's my force—my choicest troops are fled,  
 Some thousands crippled, and a myriad dead—  
 If I were own'd the boldest of mankind,  
 And hell with all her flames inspir'd my mind,  
 Could I at once with Spain and France contend,  
 And fight the *rebels*, on the world's green end?—  
 The pangs of *parting* I can ne'er endure,  
 Yet *part* we must, and part to meet no more!  
 Oh, blast this *Congress*, blast each upstart *STATE*,  
 On whose commands ten thousand captains wait;  
 From various climes that dire *Assembly* came,  
 True to their trust, as hostile to my fame;  
 'Tis these, ah these, have ruin'd half my sway,  
 Disgrac'd my arms, and led my slaves astray—  
 Curs'd be the day, when first I saw the sun,  
 Curs'd be the hour, when I these wars begun:  
 The fiends of darkness then possess'd my mind,  
 And powers unfriendly to the human kind.  
 To wasting grief, and sullen rage a prey,  
 To *Scotland's* utmost verge I'll take my way,  
 There with eternal storms due concert keep,  
 And while the billows rage, as fiercely weep—  
 Ye highland lads, my rugged fate bemoan,  
 Assist me with one sympathizing groan;  
 For late I find the nations are my foes,  
 I must submit, and that with bloody nose,  
 Or, like our James, fly basely from the state,  
 Or share, what still is worse—old *Charles's* fate.

[ 1779



## A D I A L O G U E

Between GEORGE and FOX.

[Supposed to have passed about the time of the approach of the  
combined fleets of France and Spain to the British coasts,  
*August, 1779.*]

GOOD CHARLY FOX, your counsel I implore,  
Still George the third, but potent George no more.  
By NORTH conducted to the brink of fate,  
I mourn my folly and my pride, too late:  
The promises he made, when once we met  
In Kew's gay shades, I never shall forget;  
That at my feet the western world should fall,  
And bow to me, the potent lord of all—  
Curse on his hopes, his councils, and his schemes,  
His plans of conquest, and his golden dreams.  
These have allur'd me to the jaws of hell;  
By Satan tempted thus Iscariot fell:  
Divested of majestic pomp, I come,  
My royal robes and airs I've left at home,  
Speak freely, friend, whate'er you choose to say,  
Suppose me equal with yourself to-day:  
How shall I shun the mischiefs that impend?  
How shall I make Columbia, yet, my friend?  
I dread the power of each revolted State,  
The trembling East hangs ballanc'd with their weight,  
How shall I dare the rage of France and Spain,  
And lost dominion o'er the waves regain?  
Advise me quick, for doubtful while we stand,  
Destruction gathers o'er this wretched land:  
These hostile squadrons, to my ruin led,  
These gallic thunders fill my soul with dread:  
If these should triumph—Britain thou must fall,  
And bend, a province to the conquering Gaul:  
If this must be—thou earth, expanding wide,  
Unlucky George in thy dark entrails hide——  
Ye oceans, wrap me in your dark embrace——  
Ye mountains, shroud me to your lowest base——  
Fall on my head, ye everlasting rocks——  
But why so pensive, my good Charly Fox?

Fox.

While in the arms of power and peace you lay,  
Ambition led your restless soul astray.  
Possess'd of lands, extending far and wide,  
And more than Rome could boast in all her pride,  
Yet, not contented with that mighty store,  
Like some base miser, still you sought for more;  
And, all in raptures for a tyrant's reign,  
You strove your subjects' dearest rights to chain:



Those ruffian hosts, beyond the ocean sent,  
 By your command, on blood and murder bent,  
 With cruel hand the form of man defac'd,  
 And laid the toils of art and nature waste.  
 (For crimes like these imperial Britain bends,  
 For crimes like these her ancient glory ends.)  
 Those lands, once truest to your name and race,  
 Which the wide ocean's utmost waves embrace,  
 Your just protection basely you deny'd,  
 Their towns you plunder'd, and you burnt beside.  
 Virginia's slaves, without one blush of shame,  
 Against their cause you arm'd with sword and flame;  
 At every port your ships of war you laid,  
 And strove to ruin and distress their trade,  
 Yet here, ev'n here, your mighty projects fail'd;  
 For then from creeks their hardy seamen sail'd,  
 In slender barques they cross'd a stormy main,  
 And traffick'd for the wealth of France and Spain;  
 O'er either tropic and the line they pass'd,  
 And, deeply laden, safe return'd at last:  
 Nor think they yet had bow'd to Britain's sway,  
 Though distant nations had not join'd the fray,  
 Alone they fought your armies and your fleet,  
 And made your Clintons and your Howes retreat,  
 And yet while France stood doubting if to join,  
 Your ships they captur'd, and they took Burgoyne!  
 How vain is Britain's strength, her armies now  
 Before Columbia's bolder veterans bow;  
 Her gallant veterans all our force despise,  
 Though late from ruin we beheld them rise;  
 Before their arms our strongest bulwarks fall,  
 They storm the rampart and they scale the wall;  
 With equal dread, on either service sent,  
 They seize a fortress, or they strike a tent.  
 But should we bow beneath a foreign yoke,  
 And potent France atchieve the humbling stroke,  
 Yet every power, and even ourselves, must say,  
 "Just is the vengeance of the skies to-day:"  
 For crimes like ours dire vengeance must atone;  
 Forbear your fasts, and let the Gods alone—  
 By cruel kings, in fierce Britannia bred,  
 Such seas of blood have, first and last, been shed,  
 That now, distress'd for each inhuman deed,  
 Our turn is come—our turn is come to bleed:  
 Forbear your groans; for war and death array,  
 March to the foe, and give the fates their way.  
 Can we behold without one dying groan,  
 The fleets of France superior to our own?  
 Can we behold, without one poignant pang,  
 The foreign conquests of the brave D'Estaing?



NORTH is your friend, and now destruction knocks,  
Still take his counsel, and regard not Fox.

*George.*

Ah! speak not thus—your words will burst my heart,  
Some softer counsel to my ears impart.  
How can I march to meet the insulting foe,  
Who never yet to hostile plains did go?  
When was I vers'd in battles or in blood?  
When have I fought upon the faithless flood?  
Much better could I at my palace door  
Recline, and hear the distant cannons roar.  
Generals and admirals Britain yet can boast,  
Some fight on land, and some defend the coast;  
The fame of these throughout the globe resounds,  
To these I leave the glory and the wounds;  
But since this honor for no blood atones,  
I must and will—be careful of my bones,

What pleasure to your monarch would it be,  
If Lords and Commons could at last agree;  
Could *North* with *Fox* in firm alliance stand,  
And *Burke* with *Sandwich* shake the social hand,  
Then should we bring the rebels to our feet,  
And France and Spain-ingloriously retreat,  
Her ancient glories to this isle return,  
And we no more for lost *Columbia* mourn.

*Fox.*

Alliance!—what!—my master must be mad:  
Say, what alliance can with these be had?  
Can lambs and wolves in social bands ally?—  
When these prove friendly, then will *North* and I.  
Alliance! no—I curse the abject thought;  
Ally with those their country's ruin fought!  
Who to perdition sold their native land,  
Leagu'd with the foe, a close connected band—  
Ally with these!—I speak it to your face—  
Alliance here, is ruin and disgrace.  
Angels and devils in such bonds unite,  
So hell is allied to the realms of light—  
Let *North* or *Sackville* still my prayers deride,  
Let turn-coat *Johnstone* take the courtly side,  
Even *Pitt*, if living, might with these agree;  
But no alliance shall they have with me.

But since no shame forbids your tongue to own  
A royal coward fills Britannia's throne;  
Since our best chiefs must fight your mad campaigns,  
And be disgrac'd, at last, by him who reigns,  
No wonder, heaven! such ill success attends!  
No wonder *North* and *Mansfield* are your friends!  
Take my advice, with them to battle go,  
These book-learn'd heroes may confront the foe—



Those first who lead us tow'rd's the brink of fate,  
 Should still be foremost, when at Pluto's gate;  
 Let them, grown desperate by our weight of woes,  
 Collect new fury from this host of foes,  
 And, ally'd with themselves, to ruin steer,  
 The just conclusion of their mad career.

*George.*

No comfort in these cruel words I find—  
 Ungrateful words to my tormented mind!  
 With me alone, both France and Spain contend,  
 And not one nation can be call'd my friend:  
 Unpitying now the Dutchman sees me fall,  
 The Russian leaves me to the thundering Gaul,  
 The German, grown as careless as the Dane,  
 Consigns my carcase to the jaws of Spain.  
 Where are the hosts they promis'd me of yore,  
 When rich and great they heard my thunders roar,  
 While yet confess'd the master of the sea,  
 The Germans drain'd their wide domain for me,  
 And, aiding Britain with a friendly hand,  
 Help'd to subdue the rebels and their land?  
 Ah! rebels, rebels! insolent and mad;  
 Our Scottish rebels were not half so bad—  
 They soon submitted to superior sway;  
 But these grow stronger as my hosts decay:  
 What crowds have perish'd on their hostile shore!  
 They went for conquest, but return'd no more.  
 Columbia, thou a friend in better times!  
 Lost are to me thy pleasurable climes:  
 You wish me buried in eternal night,  
 You curse the day when first I saw the light—  
 Your commerce vanish'd, hostile nations share,  
 And thus you leave me naked, poor, and bare;  
 Despis'd by those who should my cause defend,  
 And helpless left, without one pitying friend.  
 These dire afflictions shake my changeful throne,  
 And turn my brain—a very idiot grown:  
 Of all the isles, the realms with which I part,  
 Columbia fits the weightiest at my heart,  
 She, she provokes the deepest, heaviest sigh,  
 And makes me doubly wretched, ere I die.  
 Some dreary convent's unfrequented gloom  
 (Like Charles of Spain) had better be my doom:  
 There while in absence from my crown I sigh,  
 George, Prince of Wales, these ills may rectify;  
 A happier fortune may his crown await,  
 He yet, perhaps, may save this sinking state:  
 I'll to my prayers, my bishops, and my beads,  
 And beg God's pardon for my heinous deeds;



Those streams of blood, that spilt by my command,  
Call out for vengeance on this guilty land.

*For.*

In one short sentence take my whole advice,  
(It is no time to flatter and be nice)  
With all your soul for instant peace contend,  
Thus shall you be your country's truest friend—  
Peace, instant peace, may stay your tottering throne,  
But wars and death and blood can profit none,  
To *Catharine* send, in humblest style array'd,  
And beg her intercession, not her aid:  
Withdraw your armies from th' Americ' shore,  
And vex her oceans with your fleets no more;  
Vain are their conquests, past experience shews,  
For what this hour they gain, the next they lose.  
Implore the friendship of those injur'd States;  
No longer strive against the stubborn fates.  
Since heaven has doom'd *Columbia* to be free,  
What is her commerce and her wealth to thee?  
Since heav'n that land of promise has denied,  
Regain by prudence what you lost by pride:  
Immediate ruin each delay attends,  
Imperial Britain scarce her coast defends;  
Hibernia sees the threat'ning foes advance,  
And feels an ague at the thoughts of France;  
Jamaica mourns her half-protected state,  
Barbadoes soon may share Grenada's fate,  
And every isle that owns your reign to-day,  
May bow to-morrow to the Frenchman's sway,  
Yes—while I speak, your empire, great before,  
Contracts its limits, and is great no more.  
Unhappy prince! what madness has possess'd,  
What worse than madness seiz'd thy vengeful breast,  
When white-rob'd peace before your portal stood,  
To drive her hence, and stain the world with blood!  
For this destruction threatens from the skies;  
See hostile navies to our ruin rise;  
Our fleets inglorious shun the force of Spain,  
And France, triumphant, stems the subject main.

(Anno, 1779)

## TO CRISPIN O' CONNER,

A BACK-WOODSMAN.

WISE was your plan when twenty years ago  
From *Patrick's isle* you first resolv'd to stray,  
Where lords and knights, as thick as rushes grow,  
And vulgar folks are in each other's way;



Where mother-country acts the step-dame's part,  
 Cuts off, by aid of hemp, each petty sinner,  
 And twice or thrice in every score of years  
 Hatches sad wars to make her brood the thinner.  
 How few aspire to quit the ungrateful soil  
 That starves the plant it had the strength to bear:  
 How many stay, to grieve, and fret, and toil,  
 And view the plenty that they must not share.  
 This you beheld, and westward set your nose,  
 Like some bold prow, that ploughs the Atlantic foam—  
 And left less vent'rous weights, like famish'd crows,  
 To feed on hog-peas, hips, and haws, at home.  
 Safe landed here, not long the coast detain'd  
 Your wary step—but wandering on, you found  
 Far in the west, a paltry spot of land,  
 That no man envied, and that no man own'd.  
 A woody hill, beside a dismal bog—  
 This was your choice; nor were you much to blame:  
 And here, responsive to the croaking frog,  
 You grubb'd, and stubb'd, and fear'd no landlord's claim.  
 An axe, an adze, a hammer, and a saw;  
 These were the tools that built your humble shed:  
 A cock, a hen, a mastiff, and a cow;  
 These were your *subjects*, to this desert led.  
 Now times are chang'd—and labour's nervous hand  
 Bids harvests rise where briars and bushes grew;  
 The dismal bog, by lengthy sluices drain'd,  
 Supports no more hoarse captain Bull Frog's crew.—  
 Prosper your toil!—but, friend, had you remain'd  
 In lands, where starr'd and garter'd nobles shine,  
 When you had, thus, to sixty years attain'd,  
 What different fate, 'Squire Crispin, had been thine!  
 Nine pence a day, coarse fare, a bed of boards,  
 The midnight loom, high rents, and excis'd beer;  
 Slave to dull squires, kings' brats, and huffish lords,  
 (Thanks be to Heaven) not yet in fashion here!

### C R I S P I N ' S   A N S W E R :

**M**UCH pleas'd am I, that you approve  
 Freedom's blest cause that brought me here:  
 Ireland I lov'd—but there they strove  
 To make me bend to KING and PEER.  
 I could not bow to noble knaves,  
 Who EQUAL RIGHTS to men deny:  
 Scornful, I left a land of slaves,  
 And *hither* came, my axe to ply.



The axe has well repaid my toil—  
 No king, no priest I yet espy  
 To tithe my hogs, to tax my soil,  
 And suck my whiskey-bottle dry.  
 In British land what snares are laid!—  
 There, royal rights all *right* defeat:  
 They tax'd my sun, they tax'd my shade,  
 They tax'd the wretched crumbs I eat:  
 They tax'd my hat, they tax'd my shoes,  
 Fresh taxes still on taxes grew:  
 They would have tax'd my very NOSE,  
 Had I not fled,—dear friends,—to you!

---

On the CREW of a certain VESSEL,  
*Several of whom happened to be of the same name with celebrated  
 foreign CLERGYMEN.*

IN life's unsettled, odd career  
 What changes every day appear  
     To please or plague the eye;  
 A goodly brotherhood of Priests  
 Are here transform'd to swearing beasts  
     That heaven and hell defy.

Here BONNER, bruised with many a knock,  
 Has chang'd his surplice for a frock;  
     Old ERSKINE swabs the decks:  
 And WATTS, that once such pleasure took  
 In writing hymns, here turn'd a cook,  
     Sinners no longer vex.

Here BURNET, TILLOTSON, and BLAIR,  
 With JEMMY HERVEY, curse and swear;  
     Here CUDWORTH mixes grog;  
 PEARSON the crew to dinner hails,  
 A graceless SHERLOCK trims the sails,  
     And BUNYAN heaves the log.

---

CANTO'S from a PRISON-SHIP.

I. *Invocation.*

ASSIST me, CLIO! while in verse I tell  
 The dire misfortunes that a ship befell,  
 Which outward bound, to St. Eustatia's shore,  
 Death and disaster through the billows bore.



## II.

From Philadelphia's quiet port she came;  
 (And there the builder plann'd her lofty frame,)  
 With wondrous skill, and excellence of art  
 He form'd, dispos'd, and order'd every part,  
 With joy, beheld the stately fabric rise  
 To a float bulwark, of stupendous size,  
 'Till launch'd at last, capacious of the freight,  
 He left her to the pilots, and her fate.

III. *The ship described.*

First, from her depths the tapering masts ascend,  
 On whose tall bulk the transverse yards depend,  
 By shrouds and stays secur'd from side to side  
 Trees grew on trees, suspended o'er the tide:  
 Firm to the yards extended, broad and vast,  
 They hung the sails, susceptible of the blast,  
 Far o'er the prow the lengthy bowsprit lay,  
 Supporting on the extreme the taut fore-stay,  
 Twice ten six pounders, at their port holes plac'd,  
 And rang'd in rows, stood hoine in the waist:  
 Thus all prepar'd, impatient for the seas,  
 She left her station with an adverse breeze,  
 This her first-outlet from her native shore,  
 To seas a stranger, and untry'd before.

From the fine radiance, that his glories spread,  
 Ere from the east gay Phœbus lifts his head,  
 From the bright morn, a kindred name she won,  
 AURORA call'd, the daughter of the sun,  
 Whose form, projecting, the broad prow displays,  
 Far glittering o'er the wave, a mimic blaze.

IV. *The Departure.*

THE gay ship now, in all her pomp and pride,  
 With sails expanded, flew along the tide;  
 'Twas thy deep stream, O Delaware, that bore  
 This pile intended for a southern shore,  
 Bound to those isles where endless summer reigns,  
 Fair fruits, gay blossoms, and enamell'd plains;  
 Where moping lawns the roving swain invite;  
 And the cool morn succeeds the breezy night,  
 Where each glad day a heaven unclouded brings  
 And sky-tipt mountains teem with golden springs.

From Cape HENLOPEN, urg'd by favouring gales,  
 When morn emerg'd, we sea-ward spread our sails,  
 Then, east-south-east, explor'd the briny way,  
 Close to the wind, departing from the bay;  
 No longer seen the hoarse resounding strand,  
 With hearts elate we hurried from the land,  
 Escap'd the dangers of that shelving ground  
 To terrors fatal, and to wrecks renown'd—



The gale increases as we plough the main,  
 Now scarce the hills their sky-blue mist retain:  
 At last they sink beneath the rolling wave,  
 That seems their summits, as they sink, to lave.  
 Abaft the beam the freshening breezes play,  
 No mists advancing, to deform the day,  
 No tempests rising o'er the splendid scene,  
 A sea unruffled, and a heaven serene.

## V.

Now *Sol's* bright lamp, the heaven-born source of light,  
 Had pass'd the line of his meridian height,  
 And westward hung—retreating from the view  
 Shores disappear'd, and every hill withdrew,  
 When, still suspicious of some neighbouring foe,  
 Aloft the Master bade a seaman go,  
 To mark if, from the mast's aspiring height,  
 Through all the round, a vessel came in sight.  
 Too soon the seaman's glance extending wide,  
 Far distant in the east a ship esp'y'd,  
 Her lofty masts stood bending to the gale,  
 Close to the wind was brac'd each shivering sail;  
 Next from the deck we saw the approaching foe,  
 Her spangled bottom seem'd in flames to glow  
 When to the winds she bow'd in dreadful haste  
 And her lee-guns lay delug'd in the waist;  
 From her top-gallant flow'd an *English Jack*;—  
 With all her might she strove to gain our tack,  
 Nor strove in vain—with pride and power elate,  
 Wing'd on by winds, she drove us to our fate,  
 No stop, no stay her bloody crew intends,  
 (So flies a comet with its host of fiends)  
 Nor oaths, nor prayers arrest her swift career,  
 Death in her front, and ruin in her rear.

Struck at the sight, the master gave command  
 To change our course, and steer toward the land—  
 Straight to the task the ready sailors run,  
 And while the word was utter'd, half was done;  
 As, from the south, the fiercer breezes rise  
 Swift from her foe alarm'd *AURORA* flies,  
 With every sail extended to the wind  
 She fled the unequal foe that chac'd behind.—  
 Along her decks, dispos'd in close array,  
 Each at its port, the grim artillery lay,  
 Soon on the foe with brazen throat to roar;  
 But, small their size, and narrow was their *bore*;  
 Yet, faithful, they their destin'd station keep  
 To guard the barque that wafts them o'er the deep,  
 Who now must bend to steer a homeward course  
 And trust her swiftness rather than her force,



Unfit to combat with a powerful foe;  
Her decks too open, and her *waist* too low.

While o'er the wave, with foaming prow, she flies,  
Once more emerging, distant landscapes rise;  
High in the air the *starry* streamer plays,  
And every sail its various tribute pays:  
To gain the land, we bore the weighty blast;  
And now the wish'd for *cape* appear'd at last;  
But the vex'd foe, impatient of delay,  
Prepar'd for ruin, press'd upon his prey;  
Near, and more near, in awful grandeur came  
The frigate *IRIS*, not unknown to fame;  
*IRIS* her name, but *HANCOCK* once she bore,  
Fram'd and completed on *NEW ALBION*'s shore,  
By *MANLEY* lost, the swiftest of the train  
That fly with wings of canvas o'er the main.

VI. *The Bosen's PRAYER.*

Now, while for combat some with zeal prepare,  
Thus to the heavens the Boatswain sent his prayer;  
"Lift' all ye powers that rule the skies and seas!  
"Shower down perdition on such thieves as these,  
"Winds, swell their hearts with terror and dismay,  
"And sprinkle on their powder salt-sea spray!  
"May bursting cannon, while his aim he tries,  
"Distract the gunner, and be-damn his eyes—  
"The chief that awes the quarter-deck, may he  
"Tripp'd from his stand, be tumbled in the sea.  
"May they who rule the *round-top's* giddy height  
"Be canted headlong to perpetual night;  
"May fiends torment them on a leeward coast,  
"And help forsake them when they want it most—  
"From their wheel'd engines torn be every gun—  
"And now, to sum up every curse in one,  
"May latent flames, to save us, intervene,  
"And hell-ward drive them from their magazine!"—

VII.

The Frigate, now, had every sail unfurl'd,  
And rush'd tremendous o'er the watery world;  
Thus fierce *Pelides*, eager to destroy,  
Chac'd the proud Trojan to the gates of Troy—  
Swift o'er the waves white, hostile, they pursue,  
As swiftly from their fangs *AURORA* flew,  
At length *HENLOPEN*'s cape we gain'd once more,  
And vainly strove to force the ship ashore;  
Stern fate forbade the barren shore to gain,  
Denial sad, and source of future pain!  
For then the inspiring breezes ceas'd to blow,  
Lost were they all, and smooth'd the seas below;  
By the broad cape becalm'd, our life's sails  
No longer swell'd their bosoms to the gales;



The ship, unable to pursue her way,  
Tumbling about, at her own guidance lay,  
No more the helm its wonted influence lends,  
No oars assist us, and no breeze befriends;  
Mean time the foe, advancing from the sea,  
Rang'd her black cannon, pointed on our lee,  
Then up she *luff'd*, and blaz'd her entrails dire,  
Bearing destruction, terror, death, and fire.

Vext at our fate, we prim'd a piece, and then  
Return'd the shot, to shew them we were men.

Dull night at length her dusky pinions spread,  
And every hope to 'scape the foe was fled,  
Close to thy cape, Henlopen, though we press'd,  
We could not gain thy desert, dreary breast;  
Though ruin'd trees bestroud thy barren shore  
With mounds of sand half hid, or cover'd o'er,  
Though ruffian winds disturb thy summit bare.  
Yet every hope and every wish was there:

In vain we sought to reach the joyless strand,  
Fate stood between, and barr'd us from the land.

All dead becalm'd, and helpless as we lay,  
The ebbing current forc'd us back to sea,  
While vengeful IRIS, thirsting for our blood,  
Flash'd her red lightnings o'er the trembling flood;  
At every flash a storm of ruin came

'Till our shock'd vessel shook through all her frame—

Mad for revenge, our breasts with fury glow

To wreak returns of vengeance on the foe;

Full at his hull our pointed guns we rais'd,

His hull resounded as the cannon blaz'd;

Through his broad sails while some a passage tore,

His sides re-echo'd to the dreadful roar,

Alternate fires dispell'd the shades of night—

But how unequal was this daring fight!

Our stoutest guns threw but a six-pound ball,

Twelve pounders from the foe our sides did maul;

And, while no power to save him intervenes,

A bullet struck our captain of marines;

Fierce, though he bid defiance to the foe

He felt his death and ruin in the blow,

Headlong he fell, distracted with the wound,

The deck distain'd, and heart blood streaming round.

Another blast, as fatal in its aim,

Wing'd by destruction, through our rigging came,

And aim'd aloft, to cripple in the fray,

Shrouds, stays, and braces tore at once away,

Sails, blocks, and oars in scatter'd fragments fly—

Their softest language was—SUBMIT, OR DIE.

Repeated cries throughout the ship resound;

Now every bullet brought a different wound;



Twixt wind and water, one assail'd the side:  
 Through this aperture rush'd the briny tide—  
 'Twas then the Master trembled for his crew,  
 And bade thy shores, O Delaware, adieu!—  
 And must we yield to yon' destructive ball,  
 And must our colours to these ruffians fall!—  
 They fall!—his thunders forc'd our strength to bend,  
 The lofty topsails, with their yards, descend,  
 And the proud foe, such leagues of ocean pass'd,  
 His wish completed in our woe at last.

Convey'd to York, we found, at length, too late,  
 That Death was better than the prisoner's fate;  
 There doom'd to famine, shackles, and despair,  
 Condemn'd to breathe a foul, infected air  
 In sickly hulks, devoted while we lay,  
 Successive funerals gloom'd each dismal day—  
 But what on captives British rage can do,  
 Another Canto, friends, shall let you know.

VIII. *The Prison Ships.*

THE various horrors of these hulks to tell,  
 These Prison Ships where pain and penance dwell,  
 Where death in tenfold vengeance holds his reign,  
 And injur'd ghosts, yet unaveng'd, complain;  
 This be my task—ungenerous Britons, you  
 Conspire to murder whom you can't subdue.—

That Britain's rage should dye our plains with gore,  
 And desolation spread through every shore,  
 None e'er could doubt, that her ambition knew,—  
 This was to rage and disappointment due;  
 But that those legions whom our soil maintain'd,  
 Who first drew breath in this devoted land,  
 Like famish'd wolves, should on their country prey,  
 Assist its foes, and wrest our lives away,  
 This shocks belief—and bids our soil disown  
 Such knaves, subservient to a bankrupt throne.  
 By them the widow mourns her partner dead,  
 Her mangled sons to darksome prisons led,  
 By them—and hence my keenest sorrows rise;  
 My friend.—companion—my *Orestes* dies—  
 Still for that loss must wretched I complain,  
 And said *Ophelia* mourn her loss—in vain!

Ah! come the day when from this bleeding shore  
 Fate shall remove them, to return no more—  
 To scorch'd Bahama shall the traitors go  
 With grief, and rage, and unremitting woe,  
 On burning sands to walk their painful round,  
 And sigh through all the solitary ground,  
 Where no gay flower their haggard eyes shall see,  
 And find no shade—but from the cypress tree.



So much we suffer'd from the tribe I hate,  
 So near they shov'd us to the brink of fate,  
 When two long months in these dark hulks we lay  
 Barr'd down by night, and fainting all the day  
 In the fierce fervours of the solar beam,  
 Cool'd by no breeze on Hudson's mountain-stream;  
 That not unsung these threescore days shall fall  
 To black oblivion that would cover all!—

## IX.

No masts or sails these crowded ships adorn,  
 Dismal to view, neglected and forlorn;  
 Here, mighty ills oppress'd the imprison'd throng,  
 Dull were our slumbers, and our nights were long—  
 From morn to eve along the decks we lay  
 Scorch'd into fevers by the solar ray;  
 No friendly *awning* cast a welcome shade,  
 Once was it promis'd, and was never made;  
 No favours could these sons of death bestow,  
 'Twas endless vengeance, and unceasing woe:  
 Immortal hatred does their breasts engage,  
 And this lost empire swells their souls with rage.

## X.

Two hulks on Hudson's stormy bosom lie,  
 Two, on the east, alarm the pitying eye—  
 There, the black SCORPION at her mooring rides,  
 There, STROMBOLO swings, yielding to the tides;  
 Here, bulky JERSEY fills a larger space,  
 And HUNTER, to all hospitals disgrace—

Thou, SCORPION, fatal to thy crowded throng,  
 Dire theme of horror and Plutonian song,  
 Requir'st my lay—thy sultry decks I knew,  
 And all the torments that exist below!  
 The briny wave that Hudson's bosom fills  
 Drain'd through her bottom in a thousand rills:  
 Rotten and old, replete with sighs and groans,  
 Scarce on the waters she sustain'd her bones;  
 Here, doom'd to toil, or foundering in the tide,  
 At the moist pumps incessantly we ply'd,  
 Here, doom'd to starve, like famish'd dogs, we tore  
 The scant allowance, that our tyrants bore.

Remembrance shudders at this scene of fears—  
 Still in my view some tyrant chief appears,  
 Some base-born Hessian slave walks threatening by,  
 Some servile Scot, with murder in his eye,  
 Still haunts my sight, as vainly they bemoan  
*Rebellions* manag'd so unlike their own!  
 O may I never feel the poignant pain  
 To live subjected to such fiends again;  
 Stewards and Mates, that hostile Britain bore,  
 Cut from the gallows on their native shore;



Their ghastly looks and vengeance-beaming eyes  
 Still to my view in dismal visions rise——  
 O may I ne'er review these dire abodes,  
 These piles for slaughter, floating on the floods,——  
 And you, that o'er the troubled ocean go,  
 Strike not your standards to this venom'd foe,  
 Better the greedy wave should swallow all,  
 Better to meet the death-conducting ball,  
 Better to sleep on ocean's oozy bed,  
 At once destroy'd and number'd with the dead,  
 Than thus to perish in the face of day  
 Where twice ten thousand deaths one death delay.

## XI.

WHEN to the ocean sinks the western sun,  
 And the scorch'd Tories fire their evening gun,  
 "Down, rebels, down!" the angry Scotchmen cry,  
 "Base dogs, descend, or by our broad swords die!"  
 Hail dark abode! what can with thee compare——  
 Heat, sickness, famine, death, and stagnant air——  
 Pandora's box, from whence all mischiefs flew,  
 Here real found, torments mankind anew!——  
 Swift from the guarded decks we rush'd along,  
 And vainly sought repose, so vast our throng;  
 Three hundred wretches here, denied all light,  
 In crowded mansions pass the infernal night,  
 Some for a bed their tatter'd vestments join,  
 And some on chests, and some on floors recline;  
 Shut from the blessings of the evening air  
 Pensive we lay with mingled corpses there,  
 Meagre and wan, and scorch'd with heat, below,  
 We look'd like ghosts, ere death had made us so——  
 How could we else, where heat and hunger join'd  
 Thus to debase the body and the mind,——  
 Where cruel thirst the parching throat invades,  
 Dries up the man, and fits him for the shades.  
 No waters laded from the bubbling spring  
 To these dire ships these little tyrants bring——  
 By plank and ponderous beams completely wall'd  
 In vain for water and in vain we call'd——  
 No drop was granted to the midnight prayer,  
 To *rebels* in these regions of despair!——  
 The loathsome cask a deadly dose contains,  
 Its poison circling through the languid veins;  
 "Here, *generous* Briton, generous, as you say,  
 "To my parch'd tongue one cooling drop convey,  
 "Hell has no mischief like a thirsty throat,  
 "Nor one tormentor like your *David Sproat*."

## XII.

Dull flew the hours, till, from the East display'd,  
 Sweet morn dispell'd the horrors of the shade;



On every side dire objects met the sight,  
 And pallid forms, and murders of the night,—  
 The dead were past their pain, the living groan,  
 Nor dare to hope another morn their own;  
 But what to them is morn's delightful ray?  
 Sad and distressful as the close of day;  
 O'er distant streams appears the dewy green,  
 And leafy trees on mountain tops are seen,  
 But they no groves nor grassy mountains tread,  
 Mark'd for a longer journey to the dead

Black as the clouds, that shade St. Kilda's shore,  
 Wild as the winds, that round her mountains roar,  
 At every post some furly vagrant stands,  
 Cull'd from the English or the Scottish bands,—  
 Dispensing death triumphantly they stand.  
 Their musquets ready to obey command;  
 Wounds are their sport, as ruin is their aim;  
 On their dark souls compassion has no claim,  
 And discord only can their spirits please:  
 Such were our tyrants here, and such were these.

Ingratitude! no curse like thee is found  
 Throughout this jarring world's tumultuous round,  
 Their hearts with malice to our country swell  
 Because, in former days, we us'd them well—!  
 This pierces deep, too deeply wounds the breast;  
 We help'd them naked, friendless, and distress'd,  
 Receiv'd them, vagrants, with an open hand;  
 Bestow'd them buildings, privilege, and land—  
 Behold the change!—when angry Britain rose,  
 These thankless tribes became our fiercest foes,  
 By them devoted, plunder'd, and accurst,  
 Stung by the serpents, whom ourselves had nurs'd.

## XIII.

But such a train of endless woes abound,  
 So many mischiefs in these hulks are found,  
 That on them all a poem to prolong  
 Would swell too high the horrors of our song—  
 Hunger and thirst, to work our woe, combine.  
 And mouldy bread, and flesh of rotten swine;  
 The mangled carcase, and the batter'd brain,  
 The doctor's poison, and the captain's cane,  
 The soldier's musquet, and the steward's debt,  
 The evening shackle, and the noon-day threat.

That balm, destructive to the pangs of care,  
 Which Rome of old, nor Athens could prepare,  
 Which gains the day for many a modern chief  
 When cool reflection yields a faint relief,  
 That *charm*, whose virtue warms the world beside,  
 Was by these tyrants to our use denied;



While yet they deign'd that healthsome balm to lade  
 The putrid water felt its powerful aid,  
 But when refus'd—to aggravate our pains—  
 Then fevers rag'd and revel'd through our veins;  
 Throughout my frame I felt its deadly heat,  
 I felt my pulse with quicker motions beat:  
 A pallid hue o'er every face was spread,  
 Unusual pains attack'd the fainting head;  
 No physic here, no doctor to assist,  
 With oaths, they plac'd me on the sick mans' list;  
 Twelve wretches more the same dark symptoms took,  
 And these were enter'd on the doctor's book;  
 The loathsome HUNTER was our destin'd place,  
 The HUNTER to all hospitals disgrace;  
 With soldiers, sent to guard us on our road,  
 Joyful we left the SCORPION's dire abode;  
 Some tears we shed for the remaining crew,  
 Then curs'd the hulk, and from her sides withdrew.

XIV. *The Hospital Prison Ship.*

Now tow'rd the HUNTER's gloomy decks we came,  
 A slaughter-house, yet *hospital* in name;  
 For none came there, 'till ruin'd with *their* fees,  
 And half consum'd, and dying of disease;—  
 But when too near, with labouring oars we ply'd  
 The *Mate*, with curses, drove us from the side;  
 That wretch who, banish'd from the navy crew,  
 Grown old in blood, did here his trade renew,  
 His rancorous tongue, when on his *charge* let loose,  
 Utter'd reproaches, scandal, and abuse,  
 Gave all to hell, who dar'd his *king* disown,  
 And swore mankind were made for *George* alone,  
 A thousand times to irritate our woe,  
 He wish'd us founder'd in the gulph below;  
 A thousand times, he brandish'd high his stick,  
 And swore as often that we were not sick—  
 And yet so pale!—that we were thought by some  
 A freight of ghosts, from death's dominions come—  
 But calm'd at length—for who can always rage,  
 Or the fierce war of boundless passion wage,  
 He pointed to the stairs that led below  
 To damps, disease, and varied shapes of woe—  
 Down to the gloom I took my pensive way,  
 Along the decks the dying captives lay;  
 Some strack with madness, some with scurvy pain'd,  
 But still of putrid fevers most complain'd!  
 On the hard floors these wasted objects laid,  
 There tofs'd and tumbled in the dismal shade,  
 There no soft voice their bitter fate bemoan'd,  
 And death trode stately, while the victims groan'd;



Of leaky decks I heard them long complain,  
 Drown'd as they were in deluges of rain,  
 Deny'd the comforts of a dying bed,  
 And not a pillow to support the head——  
 How could they else but pine, and grieve, and sigh,  
 Detest a wretched life—and wish to die.

Scarce had I mingled with this dismal band  
 When a thin victim seiz'd me by the hand——  
 “And art thou come,” (death heavy on his eyes)  
 “And art thou come to these abodes,—(he cries;)  
 “Why didst thou leave the *Scorpion's* dark retreat,  
 “And hither haste, a surer death to meet?  
 “Why didst thou leave thy damp infected cell?—  
 “If *that* was purgatory, this is hell——  
 “We, too, grown weary of that horrid shade  
 “Petition'd early for the doctor's aid;  
 “His aid denied, more deadly symptoms came,  
 “Weak, and yet weaker, glow'd the vital flame;  
 “And when disease had worn us down so low  
 “That few could tell if we were ghosts, or no,  
 “And all asserted death would be our fate——  
 “Then to the doctor we were sent—too late.  
 “Here wastes away *Eurymedon* the brave,  
 “Here young *Palemon* finds a watery grave,  
 “Here lov'd *Alcander*, now alas! no more,  
 “Dies, far sequester'd from his native shore;  
 “He late, perhaps, too eager for the fray,  
 “Chac'd the proud Briton o'er the watery way,  
 “'Till fortune, jealous, bade her clouds appear,  
 “Turn'd hostile to his fame, and brought him *here*.  
 “Thus do our warriors, thus our heroes fall,  
 “Imprison'd here, sure ruin meets them all,  
 “Or, sent afar to Britain's barbarous shore,  
 “There pine neglected, and return no more:—  
 “Ah rest in peace, each injur'd, parted shade,  
 “By cruel hands in death's dark weeds array'd.  
 “The days to come shall to your memory raise  
 “Piles on these shores, to spread thro' earth your praise.”

XV. *The Hessian Doctor.*

FROM *Brooklyn* heights a Hessian doctor came,  
 Not great his skill, nor greater much his fame;  
 Fair Science never call'd the wretch her son,  
 And Art disdain'd the stupid man to own;——  
 Can you admire that Science was so coy,  
 Or Art refus'd his genius to employ!——  
 Do men with brutes an equal dullness share,  
 Or cuts yon' groveling mole the midway air——  
 In polar worlds can Eden's blossoms blow,  
 Do trees of God in barren deserts grow.



Are loaded vines to Etna's summit known,  
 Or swells the peach beneath the frozen zone—  
 Yet still he put his genius to the rack  
 And, as you may suppose, was own'd a quack.  
 He on his charge the healing work begun  
 With antimonial mixtures, by the tun,  
*Ten minutes* was the time he deign'd to stay,  
 The time of grace allotted once a day—  
 He drench'd us well with bitter draughts, 'tis true,  
*Nostrums* from hell, and *cortex* from Peru—  
 Some with his pills he sent to Pluto's reign,  
 And some he blister'd with his flies of Spain;  
 His Tartar doses walk'd their deadly round,  
 Till the lean patient at the potion frown'd  
 And swore that hemlock, death, or what you will,  
 Were nonsense to the drugs that stuff'd his bill.—  
 On those refusing, he bestow'd a kick,  
 Or menac'd vengeance with his walking stick;—  
 Here, uncontroul'd, he exercis'd his trade,  
 And grew experienc'd by the deaths he made,  
 By frequent blows we from his cane endur'd  
 He kill'd at least as many as he cur'd,  
 On our lost comrades built his future fame,  
 And scatter'd fate, where'er his footsteps came.  
 Some did not bend, submissive to his skill,  
 And swore he mingled poison with his pill,  
 But I acquit him by a fair confession,  
 He was no *Myrmidon*—he was a Hessian—  
 Although a dunce, he had some sense of sin  
 Or else the lord knows where we now had been;  
 No doubt, in that far country sent to range  
 Where never prisoner meets with an exchange—  
 No centries stand, to guard the midnight posts,  
 Nor seal down hatch-ways on a crowd of ghosts.  
 Knave though he was, yet candour must confess  
 Not chief Physician was this man of Hesse—  
 One master o'er the murdering tribe was plac'd,  
 By him the rest were honour'd or disgrac'd;  
 Once, and but once, by some strange fortune led  
 He came to see the dying, and the dead—  
 He came—but anger so deform'd his eye,  
 And such a faulchion glitter'd on his thigh,  
 And such a gloom his visage darken'd o'er,  
 And two such pistols in his hands he bore!  
 That, by the gods!—with such a load of steel,  
 He came, we thought, to murder, not to heal—  
 Rage in his heart, and mischief in his head,  
 He gloom'd destruction, and had smote us dead,  
 Had he so dar'd—but fear with-held his hand—  
 He came—blasphem'd—and turn'd again to land.



XVI. *The Benevolent Captain.*

FROM this poor vessel, and her sickly crew  
 A British seaman all his titles drew,  
 Captain, esquire, commander, too, in chief,  
 And hence he gain'd his bread, and hence his beef,  
 But, sir, you might have search'd creation round  
 And such another ruffian not have found—  
 Though unprovok'd, an angry face he bore,  
 All were astonish'd at the oaths he swore;  
 He swore, till every prisoner stood aghast,  
 And thought him Satan in a brimstone blast;  
 He wish'd us banish'd from the public light,  
 He wish'd us throuded in perpetual night!  
 That were he king, no mercy would he show,  
 But drive all *rebels* to the world below;  
 That if we *scoundrels* did not scrub the decks  
 His staff should break our base *rebellious* necks;—  
 He swore, besides, that should the ship take fire  
 We too must in the pitchy flames expire;  
 And meant it so—his tyrant, I engage,  
 Had lost his life, to gratify his rage.—

If were he walk'd a murdered carcase lay,  
 Still dreadful was the language of the day—  
 He call'd us dogs, and would have held us so,  
 But terror check'd the meditated blow,  
 Of vengeance, from our injur'd nation due  
 To him, and all the base unmanly crew.

## XVII.

Such food they sent, to make complete our woes,  
 It look'd like carrion torn from hungry crows:  
 Such vermin vile on every joint were seen,  
 So black, corrupted, mortified, and lean,  
 That once we try'd to move our flinty chief,  
 And thus address'd him, holding up the beef;

“ See, captain, see! what rotten bones we pick,  
 “ What kills the healthy cannot cure the sick:  
 “ Not dogs on such by *Christian* men are fed,  
 “ And see, good master, see, what lousy bread!”  
 “ Your meat or bread (this man of death replied)  
 “ 'Tis not my care to manage or provide—  
 “ But this, base rebel dogs, I'd have you know,  
 “ That better than you merit we bestow:  
 “ Out of my sight!”—nor more he deign'd to say,  
 But whik'd about, and frowning, strode away.

XVIII. *Conclusion.*

EACH day, at least six carcases we bore  
 And scratch'd them graves along the sandy shore,  
 By feeble hands the shallow graves were made,  
 No stone, memorial, o'er the corpses laid;



In barren sands, and far from home, they lie,  
 No friend to shed a tear, when passing by;  
 O'er the mean tombs insulting Britons tread,  
 Spurn at the sand, and curse the rebel dead.  
 When to your arms these fatal islands fall,  
 (For first, or last, they must be conquer'd all)  
 Americans! to rites sepulchral just,  
 With gentlest footstep press this kindred dust,  
 And o'er the tombs, if tombs can then be found,  
 Place the green turf, and plant the myrtle round.  
 Americans! a just resentment shew,  
 And glut revenge on this detested foe;  
 While the warm blood distends the glowing vein  
 Still shall resentment in your bosoms reign:  
 Can you forget the greedy Briton's ire,  
 Your fields in ruin, and your domes on fire,  
 No age, no sex, from lust and murder free,  
 And, black as night, the hell-born refugee!  
 Must *York* forever your best blood entomb,  
 And these gorg'd monsters triumph in our doom,  
 Who leave no art of cruelty untry'd;—  
 Such heavy vengeance, and such hellish pride!  
 Death has no charms—his realms dejected lie  
 In the dull climate of a clouded sky,  
 Death has no charms, except in British eyes,  
 See, arm'd for blood, the ambitious vultures rise,  
 See how they pant to stain the world with gore,  
 And millions murder'd, still would murder more;  
 That selfish race, from all the world disjoin'd,  
 Perpetual discord spread among mankind,  
 Aim to extend their empire o'er the ball,  
 Subject, destroy, absorb, and conquer all;  
 As if the power, that form'd us, did condemn  
 All other nations to be slaves to them—  
 Rouse from your sleep, and crush the invading band,  
 Defeat, destroy, and sweep them from the land,  
 Ally'd like you, what madness to despair,—  
 Attack the ruffians while they linger there;  
 There *Tryon* sits, a tyrant all complete,  
 See *Vaughan*, there, with rude *Knyphausen* meet,  
 And every wretch, whom honour should detest  
 There finds a home—and *Arnold* with the rest.  
 Ah! traitors, lost to every sense of shame,  
 Unjust supporters of a tyrant's claim;  
 Foes to the rights of freedom and of men,  
 Flush'd with the blood of thousands you have slain,  
 To the just doom the righteous heavens decree  
 We leave you toiling still in cruelty,  
 Or on dark plans in future herds to meet,  
 Plans form'd in hell, and projects half complete:



The years approach that shall to ruin bring  
 Your lords, your chiefs, your *Nero* of a king.  
 Whose murderous acts shall stamp his name accurs'd,  
 And his last efforts more than damn the first.  
 [1780.]

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ON THE  
 MEMORABLE VICTORY,

OBTAINED

By the gallant captain JOHN PAUL JONES, of the *Bon Homme Richard*,  
 over the *Seraphis*, under the command of captain PEARSON.

O'ER the rough main, with flowing sheet,  
 The guardian of a numerous fleet,  
*Seraphis* from the Baltic came;  
 A ship of less tremendous force  
 Sail'd by her side the self-same course,  
*Countess of Scarb'ro'* was her name.

And now their native coasts appear,  
 Britannia's hills their summits rear  
 Above the German main;  
 Fond to suppose their dangers o'er,  
 They southward coast along the shore,  
 Thy waters, gentle Thames, to gain.

Full forty guns *Seraphis* bore,  
 And *Scarb'ro's* *Countess* twenty-four,  
 Mann'd with Old England's boldest tars—  
 What flag that rides the Gallic seas  
 Shall dare attack such piles as these,  
 Design'd for tumults and for wars!

Now from the top-mast's giddy height  
 A seaman cry'd—"Four sail in sight  
 "Approach with favouring gales,"  
 Pearson, resolv'd to save the fleet,  
 Stood off to sea, these ships to meet,  
 And closely brac'd his shivering sails.

With him advanc'd the *Countess* bold,  
 Like a black tar in wars grown old:  
 And now these floating piles drew nigh;  
 But, muse, unfold, what chief of fame  
 In the other warlike squadron came,  
 Whose standards at his mast head fly.



'Twas JONES, brave JONES, to battle led  
 As bold a crew as ever bled  
     Upon the sky-surrounded main;  
 The standards of the western world  
 Were to the willing winds unfurl'd,  
     Denying Britain's tyrant reign.

The *Good-Man-Richard* led the line;  
 The *Alliance* next: with these combine  
     The Gallic ship they *Pallas* call,  
 The *Vengeance*, arm'd with sword and flame;  
 These to attack the Britons came—  
     But *two* accomplish'd all.

Now Phœbus fought his pearly bed:  
 But who can tell the scenes or dread,  
     The horrors of that fatal night!  
 Close up these floating castles came:  
 The Good-Man-Richard bursts in flame;  
     Seraphis trembled at the sight.

She felt the fury of *her* ball:  
 Down, prostrate, down the Britons fall;  
     The decks were strew'd with slain:  
 JONES to the foe his vessel lash'd;  
 And, while the black artillery flash'd,  
     Loud thunders shook the main.

Alas! that mortals should employ  
 Such murdering engines, to destroy  
     That frame by heaven so nicely join'd;  
 Alas! that e'er the god decreed  
 That brother should by brother bleed,  
     And pour'd such madness in the mind.

But thou, brave JONES, no blame shalt bear;  
 The rights of men demand your care:  
     For *these* you dare the greedy waves—  
 No tyrant, on destruction bent,  
 Has plann'd thy conquests—thou art sent  
     To humble tyrants and their slaves.

See!—dread Seraphis flames again—  
 And art thou, JONES, among the slain,  
     And sunk to Neptune's caves below—  
 He lives—though crowds around him fall,  
 Still he, unhurt, survives them all;  
     Almost alone he fights the foe.

And can your ship these strokes sustain?  
 Behold your brave companions slain,



All clasp'd in ocean's cold embrace,  
 STRIKE, OR BE SUNK—the Briton cries—  
 SINK IF YOU CAN—the chief replies,  
 Fierce lightnings blazing in his face.

Then to the side three guns he drew,  
 (Almost deserted by his crew)  
 And charg'd them deep with woe;  
 By *Pearson's* flash he aim'd hot balls;  
 His main-mast totters—down it falls—  
 O'erwhelming half below,

Pearson had yet disdain'd to yield,  
 But scarce his secret fears conceal'd,  
 And thus was heard to cry—  
 “With hell, not mortals, I contend;  
 “What art thou—human, or a fiend,  
 “That dost my force defy?”

“Return, my lads, the fight renew!”——  
 So call'd bold Pearson to his crew;  
 But call'd, alas! in vain;  
 Some on the decks lay maim'd and dead;  
 Some to their deep recesses fled,  
 And hosts were shrouded in the main.

Distress'd, forsaken, and alone,  
 He haul'd his tatter'd standard down,  
 And yielded to his gallant foe;  
 Bold *Pallas* soon the *Countess* took,——  
 Thus both their haughty colours struck,  
 Confessing what the brave can do.

But, JONES, too dearly didst thou buy  
 These ships possesst so gloriously,  
 Too many deaths disgrac'd the fray:  
 Thy barque that bore the conquering flame,  
 That the proud Briton overcame,  
 Even she forsook thee on thy way;

For when the morn began to shine,  
 Fatal to her, the ocean brine  
 Pour'd through each spacious wound;  
 Quick in the deep she disappear'd:  
 But JONES to friendly *Belgia* steer'd,  
 With conquest and with glory crown'd.

Go on, great man, to scourge the foe,  
 And bid these haughty Britons know  
 They to our *Thirteen Stars* shall bend;



The *Stars* that, veil'd in dark attire,  
Long glimmer'd with a feeble fire,  
But radiant now ascend.

Bend to the Stars that flaming rise  
On western worlds, more brilliant skies,  
Fair Freedom's reign restor'd——  
So when the Magi, come from far,  
Beheld the God-attending Star,  
They trembled and ador'd,

## A P R O P H E C Y,

W HEN a certain great King, whose initial is G,  
Forces STAMPS upon paper, and folks to drink TEA;  
When these folks burn his tea and stamp'd paper, like stubble,—  
You may guess that this king is then coming to trouble.

But when a PETITION he treads under feet,  
And sends over the ocean an army and fleet,  
When that army, half famish'd, and frantic with rage  
Is coop'd up with a leader, whose name rhymes to *cage*;  
When that leader goes home, dejected and sad;  
You may then be assur'd the king's prospects are bad.

But when B. and C. with their armies are taken  
This king will do well, if he saves his own bacon:  
In the year Seventeen hundred and eighty and two  
A stroke he shall get, that will make him look blue:  
And soon, very soon, shall the season arrive,  
When *Nebuchadnezzar* to pasture shall drive.

In the year eighty-three, the affair will be over  
And he shall eat turnips that grow in *Hanover*:  
The face of the Lion will then become pale,  
He shall yield fifteen teeth, and be sheer'd of his tail——  
O king, my dear king, you shall be very sore,  
From the *Stars* and the *Stripes* you will mercy implore,  
And your Lion shall growl, but never bite more——

## The B E R M U D A's,

T HESE islands fair with many a grove are crown'd,  
With cedars tall, gay hills, and lovely vales;  
But fatal rocks on every side are found,  
Fatal to him, that, unsuspecting, sails.



In every grove fair woodland nymphs are seen  
In bloom of youth, to mourn some absent love,  
Who, wandering far on Neptune's blue domain,  
Heaves the fond sigh at every new remove.

From hill to hill I see AMANDA stray,  
Searching with anxious view, the circling main,  
To find the sail, so long, so far away,  
Rise from the waves, and bless her sight again,

Now on some rock, with loose dishevell'd hair,  
By dashing waves, the weeping beauty stands,  
Hoping that each approaching barque may bear  
Homeward, her wandering hope from foreign lands.

Ah! may no gales such faithful loves destroy,  
No hidden rock to Hymen fatal prove:  
And thou, fond swain, thy nicest art employ  
Once more, on these sweet isles, to greet your love,

When verging to the height of *Thirty-two*,  
And east or west you guide the dashing prow;  
Then fear by night the dangers of this shore,  
Nature's wild garden, plac'd in *Sixty-four*.  
Here, many a pilot his lost freight bemoans,  
And many a gallant ship has laid her bones.

\* Lat. 32 deg. 15 m. N. Long. 64 deg. W.

## AMANDA'S COMPLAINT.

**I**N shades we live, in shades we die;  
Cool zephyrs breathe to our repose,  
In shallow streams we love to play—  
But, cruel, you that praise deny  
Which you might give, and nothing lose,  
And then pursue your destin'd way.

Ungrateful man! when anchoring here,  
On shore you came, to beg relief,  
I show'd you where the fig-trees grow;  
And wandering with you, void of fear,  
To hear the story of your grief,  
I pointed where sweet waters flow.

The men that spurn'd your ragged crew,  
So long expos'd to Neptune's rage,—  
I told them what your sufferings were;  
Told them, that landsmen never knew  
The trade, that hastens frozen age,  
The life, that brings the brow of care.



A lamb the loveliest of the flock,  
 To your dishearten'd crew I gave,  
 Life to sustain on yonder deep—  
 Sighing, I cast one sorrowing look,  
 When on the margin of the wave  
 You slew the favorite of my sheep.

Along your native northern shores,  
 From isle to isle, where'er you stray,  
 Of all the nymphs that catch the eye,  
 They scarce can be excell'd by ours;  
 Altho' in cooler shades they play,  
 And summer suns come not so nigh.

Confess your fault, mistaken swain,  
 And own, at least, our equal charms—  
 Have you no flowers of ruddy hue  
 That please your fancy, on the plain:  
 Would you not guard those flowers from harms  
 If NATURE'S SELF each picture drew?

Vain are your sighs—in vain your tears!  
 Your barque must still at anchor lay,  
 And you remain a slave to care,  
 A thousand doubts, a thousand fears,  
 'Till what you said you shall unsay,  
 Bermudian beauties are not fair.

### On A M A N D A's Singing Bird:

*A Native of the CANARY ISLANDS.*

**H**APPY in my native grove  
 I from spray to spray did rove,  
 Full of music, full of love.

Drest as fine as bird could be;  
 Every thing that I did see,  
 Every thing, was mirth to me.

There had I been happy still,  
 With my mate, to coo and bill  
 In the vale, or on the hill.

But the cruel tyrant, MAN,  
 Tyrant since the world began,  
 Soon abridg'd my little span.

How shall I the wrong forget!  
 Over me he threw a net,  
 And I am his captive yet.



To this rough Bermudian shore  
Ocean, I was wafted o'er,  
Ne'er to see my country more!

To a narrow cage confin'd,  
I, who once so gaily shin'd,  
Sing, to please the human kind.

I, so fond, so full of play,  
I, so innocently gay,  
Pine my little life away.

Thus to grieve and flutter here,  
Thus, to pine from year to year—  
This is usage too severe.

Gentle shepherds of the plain,  
Who, so fondly, hear my strain;  
Help me to be free again.

'Tis a blessing to be free—  
Fair AMANDA, pity me :  
Pity him that sings for thee.

But if, cruel, you deny  
That your captive bird should fly,  
Here detain'd so wrongfully ;

Full of anguish, full of woe,  
I must, with my music, go  
To the cypress groves below.

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## PHILANDER to AMANDA.

LAMP of the pilot's hope! the wanderer's dream,  
Far glimmering o'er the wave, we saw thy beam:  
Forc'd from your aid by cold December's gale  
As near your coasts we reef'd the wearied sail,  
From bar to bar, from cape to cape I roam,  
From you still absent, still too far from home.—  
What shall repay me for these nights of pain,  
And weeks of absence on this restless main,  
Where every dream recalls that charming shade,  
Where once, AMANDA, once with you I stray'd,  
And fondly talk'd, and counted every tree,  
And minutes, ages, when remov'd, from thee.

What sad mistake this wandering fancy drew  
To quit my native shores, the woods, and you,  
When safely anchor'd on that winding stream,  
Where you were all my care, and all my theme:



There, pensive, loitering still from day to day,  
 The pilot wonder'd at such strange delay,  
 Musing, beheld the northern winds prevail,  
 Nor once surmis'd that LOVE detain'd the sail.

BLEST be the man, who, fear beneath him cast,  
 From his firm decks first rear'd the tapering mast;  
 And catching life and motion from the breeze,  
 Stretch'd his broad canvas o'er a waste of seas,  
 And taught some swain, whom absence doom'd to mourn  
 His distant fair one—taught a quick return:  
 He, homeward borne by favouring gales, might find  
 Remembrance welcome to his anxious mind,  
 And grateful vows, and generous thanks might pay  
 To HIM, that fill'd the sail, and smooth'd the way.

To me, alas! the heavens less favouring prove:  
 Each day, returning, finds a new remove—  
 Sorrowing, I spread the sail, while slowly creeps  
 The dull *Columbia* o'er a length of deeps;  
 Her northern course no favouring breeze befriends,  
 Hail, storm, and lightning on her path attends:  
 Here, wintry funs their shrouded light restrain,  
 Stars dimly glow, and boding birds complain;  
 Here, boisterous gales the rapid GULPH controul,  
 Tremendous breakers near my *Argo* roll;  
 Here, cloudy, sullen HATTERAS, restless, raves  
 Scorns all repose, and swells his weight of waves:  
 Here, drown'd so late, sad cause of many a tear,  
 AMYNTOR floats upon his watery bier;  
 By bursting seas to horrid distance tofs'd,  
 Thou, PALINURUS, in these depths wert lost,  
 When, torn by waves, and conquer'd by the blast,  
 Art strove in vain, and ruin seiz'd each mast.

Now—while the winds their wonted aid deny,  
 For other ports, from day to day, we try;  
 Strive, all I can, to gain the unwilling shore,  
 Dream still of you—the faithful chart explore;  
 See other groves, in happier climates plac'd  
 Untouch'd their bloom, and not one flower defac'd.

DID Nature, there, a heaven of pleasures shew,  
 Could they be welcome, if not shar'd with you?—  
 Lost are my toils—my longing hopes are vain:  
 Yet, 'midst these ills, permit me to complain,  
 And half regret, that, finding fortune fail,  
 I left the muses—to direct the sail:  
 Unmov'd, amidst this elemental fray,  
 Let me, once more, the muses' art essay,  
 Once more—amidst these scenes of Nature's strife,  
 Catch at her forms, and mould them into life;  
 By Fancy's aid, to unseen coasts repair,  
 And fondly dwell on absent beauty there.



A N  
A D D R E S S

*To the COMMANDER in Chief, Officers, and Soldiers  
of the American ARMY.—*

ACCEPT, great men, that share of honest praise  
A grateful nation to your merit pays:  
Verse is too mean that merit to display,  
And words too weak our praises to convey.

When first proud Britain rais'd her heavy hand  
With claims unjust to bind our native land,  
Transported armies, and her millions spent  
To enforce the mandates that a tyrant sent;  
"Resist! resist!" was heard through every state,  
You heard the call, and fear'd your country's fate;  
Then rising fierce in arms, for war array'd,  
You taught to vanquish those who dar'd invade.

Those *British chiefs* whom former wars had crown'd  
With conquest—and in every clime renown'd;  
*Who* forc'd new realms to own their monarch's law,  
And *whom* even George beheld with secret awe—  
Those mighty chiefs, compell'd to fly or yield,  
Scarce dar'd to meet you on the embattled field;  
To Boston's port you chas'd the trembling crew,  
Quick, even from thence the British veterans flew—  
Through wint'ry waves they fled, and thought each wave  
Their last, best safety from a foe so brave.

What men, like you, our warfare could command,  
And bring us safely to the promis'd land?  
Not swoln with pride, with victory elate—  
'Tis in misfortune you are doubly great:  
When *Howe* victorious our weak armies chas'd,  
And, sure of conquest, laid *Cesarea* waste,  
When prostrate, bleeding, at his feet she lay,  
And the proud victor tore her wreathes away,  
Each gallant chief put forth his warlike hand,  
And rais'd the drooping genius of the land,  
Repell'd the foe, their choicest warriors slain,  
And drove them howling to their ships again.

While *others* kindle into martial rage  
*Whom* fierce ambition urges to engage,  
An iron race, by angry heav'n design'd  
To conquer first, and then enslave mankind;  
Here, chiefs and heroes more humane we see,  
They venture life, that others may be free.

O! MAY you live to hail that glorious day  
When Britain homeward shall pursue her way—



That race subdu'd, who fill'd the world with slain  
And rode tyrannic o'er the subject main!—  
What few presum'd, you boldly have achiev'd,  
A tyrant humbled, and a world reliev'd.

O WASHINGTON, who leadst this glorious train,  
Still may the fates thy valued life maintain—  
Rome's boasted chiefs, who, to their own disgrace,  
Prov'd the worst scourges of the human race,  
Pierc'd by whose darts a thousand nations bled,  
Who captive princes at their chariots led;  
Born to enslave, to ravage, and subdue—  
Return to *nothing*, when compar'd to you;  
Throughout the world your growing fame has spread,  
In every country are your virtues read;  
Remotest *India* hears your deeds of fame,  
The hardy Scythian stammers at your name;  
The haughty Turk, now longing to be free,  
Neglects his *Sultan* to enquire of thee;  
The barbarous Briton hails you to his shores,  
And calls him *Rebel*—whom his heart adores.

Still may the heavens prolong your vital date,  
And still may conquest on your banners wait:  
Whether afar to ravag'd lands you go,  
Where wild *Potowmac's* rapid waters flow,  
Or where *Saluda* laves the fertile plain  
And, swoln by torrents, rushes to the main;  
Or if again to *Hudson* you repair  
To smite the cruel foe that lingers there—  
Revenge *their* cause, whose virtue was their crime,  
The exil'd hosts from Carolina's clime.

Late from the world, in quiet may'st thou rise  
And, mourn'd by millions, reach your native skies—  
With patriot kings and generous chiefs to shine,  
Whose virtues rais'd them to be deem'd divine:  
May VASA \* only equal honours claim,  
Alike in merits, and alike in fame!

[*Auno*, 1781]

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A New-York TORY,  
To his friend in Philadelphia.

DEAR Sir, I'm so anxious to hear of your health,  
I beg you would send me a letter by stealth:  
I hope a few months will quite alter the case,  
When the wars are concluded, we'll meet and embrace.

\* GUSTAVUS VASA, of Sweden, the deliverer of his country.



For I'm led to believe from our brilliant success,  
And, what is as clear, your amazing distress,  
That the cause of rebellion has met with a check  
That will bring all its patrons to hang by the neck.

Cornwallis has manag'd so well in the South,  
Those rebels want victuals to put in their mouth;  
And Arnold has stript them, we hear, to the buff—  
Has burnt their tobacco, and left them—the snuff.

Dear Thomas, I wish you would move from that town  
Where meet all the rebels of fame and renown;  
When our armies, victorious, shall clear that vile nest  
You may chance, though a Tory, to swing with the rest.

But again—on reflection—I beg you would stay—  
You may serve us yet better than if mov'd away—  
Give advice to Sir HARRY of all that is passing.  
What vessels are building, what cargoes amassing;

Inform, to a day, when those vessels will sail,  
That our cruisers may capture them all, without fail—  
By proceedings, like these, your peace shall be made,  
The rebellious shall swing, but be you ne'er afraid.

I cannot conceive how you do to subsist—  
The rebels are starving, except those who 'list;  
And as you reside in the land of Gomorrah,  
You must fare as the rest do, I think, to your sorrow.

Poor souls! if ye knew what a doom is decreed,  
(I mean not for you, but for rebels indeed)  
You would tremble to think of the vengeance in store,  
The halters and gibbets—I mention no more.

The rebels must surely conclude they're undone,  
Their navy is ruin'd, their armies have run;  
It is time they should now from delusion awaken—  
*The rebellion is done*—for the TRUMBULL is taken!

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## TO LORD CORNWALLIS,

At YORK—VIRGINIA.

**H**AIL, great destroyer (equall'd yet by none)  
Of countries not your master's, nor your own;  
Hatch'd by some demon on a stormy day,  
Satan's best substitute to burn and slay;



Confin'd at last ; hem'd in by land and sea,  
Burgoyne himself was but a type of thee!

Like his, to freedom was your deadly hate,  
Like his your baseness, and be his your fate:  
To you, like him, no prospect Nature yields  
But ruin'd wastes and desolated fields—  
In vain you raise the interposing wall,  
And hoist those standards that, like you, must fall,  
In you conclude the glories of your race,  
Complete your monarch's, and your own disgrace.

What has your lordship's pilfering arms attain'd?—  
Vast stores of *plunder*, but no STATE regain'd—  
That may return, though you perhaps may groan.  
Restore it, CHARLEY, for 'tis not your own—  
Then, lord and soldier, headlong to the brine  
Rush down at once—the devil and the swine.

Would'st thou at last with *Washington* engage,  
Sad object of his pity, not his rage?  
See, round thy posts how terribly advance  
The chiefs, the armies, and the fleets of France;  
Fight while you can, for warlike *Rocbambeau*  
Aims at your head his last decisive blow;  
Unnumber'd ghosts from earth untimely sped,  
Can take no rest till you, like them, are dead—  
Then die, my Lord; that only chance remains  
To wipe away dishonourable stains,  
For small advantage would your capture bring,  
The *plundering servant of a bankrupt king*.

[October 8. 1781.]

A L O N D O N

## D I A L O G U E,

BETWEEN My Lords, DUNMORE and GERMAINE.

*Dunmore.*

EVER since I return'd to my dear native shore,  
No poet in *Grubstreet* was ever dunn'd more—  
I'm dunn'd by my barber, my taylor, my groom;  
How can I do else than to fret and to fume?  
They join to attack me with one good accord,  
From morning 'till night 'tis "my lord, and my lord."  
And there comes the cobbler, so often deny'd—  
If I had him in private, I'd thresh his tough hide.

*Germaine.*

Would you worry the man that has found you in shoes?  
Come, courage, my lord, I can tell you good news—



Virginia is conquered, the rebels are bang'd,  
 You are now to go over and see them safe hang'd;  
 I hope it is not to your nature abhorrent  
 To sign for these wretches a handsome death warrant—  
 Were I but in your place, I'm sure it would suit  
 To sign their death warrants, and hang them to boot.

*Dunmore.*

My lord!—I'm amaz'd— have we routed the foe?—  
 I shall govern again then, if matters be so—  
 And as to the hanging, in short, to be plain,  
 I'll hang them so well, they'll ne'er want it again.  
 With regard to the wretches who thump at my gates,  
 I'll discharge all their dues with the rebel estates;  
 In less than three months I shall send a polacca  
 As deep as she'll swim, fir, with corn and tobacco.

*Germaine.*

And send us some rebels—a dozen or so—  
 They'll serve here in *London* by way of a show;  
 And as to the Tories, believe me dear cousin,  
 We can spare you some hundreds to pay for the dozen.

## Lord CORNWALLIS

T O

## Sir HENRY CLINTON.

[From YORK—VIRGINIA.]

**F**ROM clouds of smoke, and flames that round me glow,  
 To you, dear Clinton, I disclose my woe.  
 Here cannons flash, bombs glance, and bullets fly;  
 Not ARNOLD's self endures such misery.  
 Was I foredoom'd in tortures to expire,  
 Hurl'd to perdition in a blaze of fire?  
 With these blue flames can mortal man contend—  
 What arms can aid me, or what walls defend?  
 Even to these gates last night a phantom strode  
 And hail'd me trembling to his dark abode:  
 Aghast I stood, struck motionless and dumb,  
 Seiz'd with the horrors of the world to come.  
 Were but my power as mighty as my rage,  
 Far different battles would Cornwallis wage,  
 Beneath his sword yon' threat'ning hosts should groan,  
 The earth should quake with thunders all his own.  
 O crocodile! had I thy flinty hide,  
 Swords to defy, and glance the balls aside,



By my own prowess would I rout the foe,  
 With my own javelin would I work their woe—  
 But fates averse, by heaven's supreme decree,  
 Nile's serpent form'd more excellent than me.  
 Has heaven, in secret, for some crime decreed  
 That I should suffer, and my soldiers bleed?  
 Or is it by the jealous skies conceal'd,  
 That I must bend, and they ignobly yield?  
 Ah! no—the thought o'erwhelms my soul with grief,  
 Come, bold sir Harry, come to my relief;  
 Come, thou brave man, whom rebels *Tombstone* call,  
 But Britons, *Graves*—come Digby, devil, and all;  
 Come, princely WILLIAM, with thy potent aid,  
 Can George's blood by Frenchmen be dismay'd?  
 From a king's *uncle* once Scotch rebels run,  
 And shall not these be routed by a *son*?  
 Come with your ships to this disastrous shore,  
 Come—or I sink—and sink to rise no more.  
 By every motive that can sway the brave  
 Haste, and my feeble, fainting army save;  
 Come, and lost empire o'er the deep regain,  
 Chastise these upstarts that usurp the main:  
 I see their first rates to the charge advance,  
 I see lost *Iris* wear the flags of France;  
 There a strict rule the wakeful Frenchman keeps,  
 There, on no bed of down, lord *Rawdon* sleeps!  
 Tir'd with long acting on this bloody stage,  
 Sick of the follies of a wrangling age,  
 Come with your fleet, and help me to retire  
 To Britain's coast, the land of my desire—  
 For, me the foe their certain captive deem,  
 And every school-boy takes me for his theme—  
 Long, much too long, in this hard service try'd,  
 Bespatter'd still, bedevil'd, and bely'd;  
 With the first chance that favouring fortune sends  
 I'll fly, converted, from this land of fiends,  
 Convinc'd, for me, she has no gems in store,  
 Nor leaves one triumph, even to hope for, more,  
 [ 1781. ]



ON THE FALL OF  
General EARL CORNWALLIS,

*Who, with about seven thousand Men, surrendered themselves prisoners  
of war, to the Allied Armies of AMERICA and FRANCE,  
on the memorable 19th of October, 1781.—*

**A** Chieftain, form'd on Howe, Burgoyne, and Gage,  
Once more, nor this the last, provokes my rage—  
Who saw these *Nimrods* first for conquest burn!  
Who has not seen them to the dust return?  
This conqueror next, who ravag'd all our fields,  
Foe to the Rights of Man, Cornwallis yields!—  
None e'er before essay'd such desperate crimes,  
Alone he stood, arch-butcher of the times,  
Rov'd, uncontroul'd, this wasted country o'er,  
Strew'd plains with dead, and bath'd his jaws with gore.  
'Twas thus the wolf, who fought by night his prey,  
And plunder'd all he met with on his way,  
Stole what he could, and murder'd as he pass'd,  
Chanc'd on a trap, and lost his head at last.

What pen can write, what human tongue declare  
The endless murders of this LORD OF WAR!  
Nature in him disgrac'd the form divine;  
Nature mistook, she meant him for a—swine:  
That eye his forehead, to her shame, adorns;  
Blush! Nature, blush—bestow him tail and horns!—  
By him the orphan mourns—the widow'd dame  
Saw ruin spreading in the wasteful flame;  
Gash'd o'er with wounds, beheld with streaming eye  
A son, a brother, or a consort, die!—  
Through ruin'd realms bones lie without a tomb,  
And souls he sped to their eternal doom,  
Who else had liv'd, and seen their toils again  
Bless'd by the genius of the rural reign.

Convinc'd we are, no foreign spot of earth  
But Britain only, gave this warrior birth:  
That white-cliff'd isle, the vengeful tyrants' den,  
Has sent us monsters, where we look'd for men.  
When memory paints their horrid deeds anew,  
And brings these murdering miscreants to our view,  
We ask the leaders of these bloody bands,  
Can they expect compassion at our hands?—

But may this year, the glorious EIGHTY-ONE,  
Conclude successful, and all wars be done;  
This brilliant year their total downfall see,  
And what Cornwallis is, Sir HENRY be.



O come the time, nor distant be the day,  
 When our swift navy shall its wings display;  
 Mann'd by brave souls, to seek the British shore,  
 The wrongs revenging that their fathers bore:  
 As earthquakes shook the huge Colossus down,  
 So shake the wearer of the British crown;  
 Unpitying next his hated offspring slay,  
 Or into foreign lands by force convey:  
 Give them their turn to pine and die in chains,  
 'Till not one tyrant of the race remains.

Thou, who resid'st on those thrice happy shores,  
 Where white-rob'd peace her envied blessings pours,  
 Stay, and enjoy the pleasures that she yields;  
 But come not, stranger, to our wasted fields,  
 For warlike hosts on every plain appear,  
 War damps the beauties of the rising year:  
 In vain the groves their bloomy sweets display;  
 War's clouded winter chills the charms of May:  
 Here human blood the trampled harvest stains;  
 Here bones of men yet whiten all the plains;  
 Seas teem with dead; and our unhappy shore  
 Forever blushes with its children's gore.

But turn your eyes—behold the tyrant fall,  
 Nor say—Cornwallis has achiev'd it all.—

All mean revenge AMERICANS disdain,  
 Oft have they prov'd it, and now prove again;  
 With nobler fires their generous bosoms glow;  
 Still in the captive they forget the foe:—  
 But when a *nation* takes a wrongful cause,  
 And hostile turns to heaven's and nature's laws;  
 When, sacrificing at ambition's shrine,  
 Kings slight the mandates of the power divine,  
 And devastation spread on every side,  
 To gratify their malice or their pride,  
 And send their slaves their projects to fulfil,  
 To wrest our freedom, or our blood to spill:—  
 Such to forgive, is virtue too sublime;  
 For, even compassion has been found a crime.

A prophet once, for miracles renown'd,  
 Bade *Joash* smite the arrows on the ground—  
 Taking the mystic shafts, the prince obey'd,  
 Thrice smote them on the earth—and then he stay'd—

Griev'd when he saw full victory deny'd,  
 "Six times you should have smote," the prophet cry'd,  
 "Then had proud *Syria* sunk beneath your power;—  
 "Now thrice you smite her—but shall smite no more."

Cornwallis! thou art rank'd among the great;  
 Such was the will of all-controlling fate.  
 As mighty men, who liv'd in days of yore,  
 Were figur'd out some centuries before;



So you with them in equal honour join,  
 Your great precursor's name was *Jack Burgoyne*!  
 Like you was he, a man in arms renown'd,  
 Who, hot for conquest, sail'd the ocean round;  
 This, this was he, who scour'd the woods for praise,  
 And burnt down cities to describe the blaze!

So, while on fire, his harp Rome's tyrant strung,  
 And as the buildings flam'd, old Nero sung.

Who could have guess'd the purpose of the fates,  
 When that *vain boaster* bow'd to conquering GATES!  
 Then sung the fifters as the wheel went round,  
 (Could we have heard the invigorating sound)  
 Thus surely did the fatal fifters sing—

“ When just four years do this same season bring,

“ And in his annual journey, when the sun

“ Four times completely shall his circuit run,

“ An *Angel* then shall rid you of your fears,

“ By binding Pluto for a thousand years,

“ Shall lash his godship to the infernal shore,

“ To waste the nations, and deceive no more;

“ Make wars, and blood, and tyranny to cease,

“ And hush the rage of Europe into peace.”

Joy to your lordship, and your high descent,

You are the Pluto that the *sifters* meant.

Too soon you found your race of ruin run,

Your conquests ended, and your battles done!

But that to live is better than to die,

And life you chose, though life with infamy,

You should have climb'd your loftiest vessel's mast

Took one sad survey of your wanton waste,

Then plung'd forever to the wat'ry bed,

Lost all your honours—even your memory dead.

Asham'd to live, and yet afraid to die,

Your courage slacken'd as your foe drew nigh—

Ungrateful chief, to yield your *favorite band*

To chains and prisons, in a hostile land:

To the wide world your *Negro friends* to cast,

And leave your *Tories* to be hang'd at last!—

You should have fought with horror and amaze,

'Till scorch'd to cinders in the cannon blaze,

'Till all your host of Gog-magogs was slain,

Doom'd to disgrace no human shape again—

From depths of woods this hornet host he drew—

Swift from the south the envenom'd ruffians flew;—

Destruction follow'd at their *clowen* feet,

'Till you, *Fayette*, constrain'd them to retreat,

And held them close, 'till thy fam'd squadron came,

DE GRASSE, completing their eternal shame.

When the loud cannon's unremitting glare,

And red hot balls compell'd you to despair,



How could you stand to meet your generous foe?  
 Did not the fight confound with rage and woe?—  
 In thy great soul what god-like virtues shine,  
 What inborn greatness, WASHINGTON, is thine!—  
 Else had no prisoner trod these lands to-day,  
 All, with his lordship, had been swept away,  
 All doom'd alike death's vermin to regale,  
 Nor one been left to tell the dreadful tale!  
 But his own terms the mean invader nam'd—  
 He nobly gave the *prisoner* all he claim'd,  
 And bade Cornwallis, conquer'd and distress'd,  
 Bear all his torments in one tortur'd breast.

Now curst with life, a *foe* to man and God.  
 Like *Cain*, we drive you to the land of *Nod*:  
 He with a brother's blood his hands did stain,  
 One brother he—you have a thousand slain.

On eagles wings explore your homeward flight,  
 Plan future conquests, and new battles fight:  
 Such horrid deeds your murdering host defame  
 We grieve to think their form, and ours, the same:  
 Remorse be theirs!—even you, tho' far too late,  
 Shall curse the day you languish'd to be great:  
 And, may destruction rush, with speedy wing,  
 Low as yourself, to drag each tyrant king;  
 Swept from this stage, the race that vex our ball,  
 Deep in the dust may every monarch fall,  
 To wasted nations bid a long adieu,  
 Shrink from an injur'd world—and fare like YOU.

---

TO THE  
 M E M O R Y

Of the brave AMERICANS, under General GREENE, in *South Carolina*, who fell in the action of September 8, 1781.

AT EUTAW Springs the valiant died:  
 Their limbs with dust are cover'd o'er—  
 Weep on, ye springs, your tearful tide;  
 How many heroes are no more!

If in this wreck of ruin, they  
 Can yet be thought to claim a tear,  
 O smite thy gentle breast, and say  
 The friends of freedom slumber here!

Thou, who shalt trace this bloody plain,  
 If goodness rules thy generous breast,



Sigh for the wasted rural reign;  
Sigh for the shepherds, sunk to rest!

Stranger, their humble graves adorn;  
You too may fall, and ask a tear:  
'Tis not the beauty of the morn  
That proves the evening shall be clear—

They saw their injur'd country's woe;  
The flaming town, the wasted field;  
Then rush'd to meet the insulting foe;  
They took the spear—but left the shield,

Led by thy conquering genius, GREENE,  
The Britons they compell'd to fly:  
None distant view'd the fatal plain,  
None griev'd, in such a cause, to die—

But, like the Parthian, fam'd of old,  
Who, flying, still their arrows threw;  
These routed Britons, full as bold,  
Retreated, and retreating flew.

Now rest in peace, our patriot band;  
Though far from Nature's limits thrown,  
We trust, they find a happier land,  
A brighter sun-shine of their own.

### To an OLD MAN.

WHY, dotard, wouldst thou longer groan  
Beneath a weight of years and woe—  
Thy youth is lost, thy pleasures flown,  
And age proclaims, "'Tis time to go."

To willows sad and weeping yews  
With me a while, old man, repair,  
Nor to the vault thy steps refuse,  
Thy constant home shall soon be there.

To summer suns and winter moons  
Prepare to bid a long adieu,  
Autumnal seasons shall return  
And spring shall bloom, but not for you.

Why so perplext with cares and toil  
To rest upon this darksome road;  
'Tis but a thin, a thirsty soil,  
A barren and a bleak abode.



Constrain'd to dwell with pain and care,  
These dregs of life are bought too dear,  
'Tis better far to die, than bear  
The torments of life's closing year.

Subjected to perpetual ills,  
A thousand deaths around us grow:  
The frost the tender blossom kills,  
And roses wither as they blow.

Cold, nipping winds your fruits assail,  
The blasted apple seeks the ground,  
The peaches fall, the cherries fail,  
The grape receives a mortal wound.

The breeze, that gently ought to blow,  
Swells to a storm, and rends the main;  
The sun, that charm'd the grass to grow  
Turns hostile, and consumes the plain;

The mountains waste, the shores decay,  
Once purling streams are dead and dry—  
'Twas Nature's work—'tis Nature's play,  
And Nature says, that all must die.

Yon' flaming lamp, the source of light,  
In chaos dark shall shroud his beam  
And leave the world to mother Night,  
A farce, a phantom, or a dream.

What now is young, must soon be old,  
Whate'er we love, we soon must leave:  
'Tis now too hot, 'tis now too cold—  
To live, is nothing but to grieve.

How bright the morn her course begun,  
No mists bedimm'd the solar sphere—  
The clouds arise—they shade the sun,  
For nothing can be constant here.

Now hope the longing soul employs,  
In expectation we are blest;  
But soon the airy phantom flies,  
For, lo! the treasure is possess.

Those monarchs proud that havoc spread,  
(While pensive REASON dropt a tear)  
Those monarchs have to darkness fled,  
And Ruin bounds their mad career.

The grandeur of this earthly round,  
Where folly would forever stay,



Is but a name, is but a sound—  
Mere emptiness and vanity.

Give me the stars, give me the skies,  
Give me the heaven's remotest sphere,  
Above these gloomy scenes to rise  
Of desolation and despair.

Those native fires, that warm'd the mind,  
Now languid grown, too dimly glow,  
Joy has to grief the heart resign'd,  
And love, itself, is chang'd to woe.

The joys of wine are all you boast,—  
These, for a moment, damp your pain;  
The gleam is o'er, the charm is lost—  
And darkness clouds the soul again.

Then seek no more for bliss below,  
Where real bliss can ne'er be found;  
Aspire where sweeter blossoms blow  
And fairer flowers bedeck the ground;

Where plants of life the plains invest;  
And green eternal crowns the year,  
The little god, that swells the breast,  
Is weary of his mansion here.

Like Phosphor, sent before the day,  
His height meridian to regain,  
The dawn arrives—he must not stay  
To shiver on a frozen plain.

Life's journey past, for fate prepare,—  
'Tis but the freedom of the mind,  
Jove made us mortal—his we are,  
To Jove, be all our cares resign'd.

---

## P R O L O G U E

To a Theatrical Entertainment in PHILADELPHIA,

**W**ARS, cruel wars, and hostile Britain's rage  
Have banish'd long the pleasures of the stage;  
From the gay painted scene compell'd to part,  
(Forgot the melting language of the heart)  
Constrain'd to shun the bold theatric show,  
To act long tragedies of real woe,



Heroes, once more attend the comic muse;  
Forget our failings, and our faults excuse.

In that fine language is our fable drest  
Which still unrivall'd, reigns o'er all the rest;  
Of foreign courts the study and the pride,  
Who to know *this*, abandon all beside;  
Bold, though polite, and ever sure to please;  
Correct with grace, and elegant with ease;  
Soft from the lips its easy accents roll,  
Form'd to delight and captivate the soul:  
In this *Eugenia* tells her easy lay,  
The brilliant work of courtly Beaumarchais:  
In this *Racine*, *Voltaire*, and *Boileau* sung,  
The noblest poets, in the noblest tongue.

If the soft story in our play express'd  
Can give a moment's pleasure to your breast,  
To you, GREAT MEN,\* we must be proud to say  
That moment's pleasure shall our pains repay:  
Return'd from conquest and from glorious toils,  
From armies captur'd and unnumber'd spoils;  
Ere yet again with generous France ally'd,  
You rush to battle, humbling British pride;  
While arts of peace your kind protection share,  
O let the muses claim an equal care,  
You bade us first our future greatness see,  
Inspir'd by you, we languish'd to be free;  
Even here, where Freedom lately sat distress'd,  
See, a new ATHENS rising in the west!  
Fair Science blooms, where tyrants reign'd before,  
Red war, reluctant, leaves our ravag'd shore—  
Illustrious heroes, may you live to see  
These new Republics powerful, great, and free;  
Peace, heaven born peace, o'er spacious regions spread,  
While discord, sinking, veils her ghastly head. [1782]

\* Addressed to the Commander in Chief, and several of the Officers of the American Army, then present.

## S T A N Z A S

*Occasioned by the Ruins of a Country INN, unroofed and  
blown down in a storm.*

WHERE now these mingled ruins lie  
A Temple once to Bacchus rose,  
Beneath whose roof, aspiring high,  
Full many a guest forgot his woes;



No more this dome, by tempests torn,  
Affords a social safe retreat ;  
But ravens here, with eye forlorn,  
And clustering bats henceforth shall meet.

The Priestess of this ruin'd shrine,  
Unable to survive the stroke,  
Presents no more the ruddy wine,  
Her glasses gone, her china broke.

The friendly Host, whose social hand  
Accosted strangers at the door,  
Has left at length his wonted stand,  
And greets the weary guest no more.

Old creeping time, that brings decay,  
Might yet have spar'd these mouldering walls,  
Alike beneath whose potent sway  
A temple or a tavern falls.

Is this the place where mirth and joy,  
Coy nymphs and sprightly lads were found ?  
Alas ! no more the nymphs are coy,  
No more the flowing bowls go round.

Is this the place where festive song  
Deceiv'd the wintry hours away ?  
No more the swains the tune prolong,  
No more the maidens join the lay :

Is this the place where Chloe slept  
In downy beds of blue and green ?  
Dame Nature here no vigils kept,  
No cold, unfeeling guards were seen.

'Tis gone !—and Chloe tempts no more,  
Deep, unrelenting silence reigns ;  
Of all that pleas'd, that charm'd before,  
The tottering chimney scarce remains !

Ye tyrant winds, whose ruffian blast  
From locks and hinges rent the door.  
And all the roof to ruin cast,  
The roof that shelter'd us before,

Your wrath appeas'd, I pray be kind  
If Mopsus should the dome renew ;  
That we again may quaff his wine,  
Again collect our jovial crew.



T H E

## R O Y A L A D V E N T U R E R.

**P**RINCE WILLIAM, of the Brunswick race,  
 To witness George's sad disgrace  
 The royal lad came over,  
*Rebels* to kill, by *Right Divine*—  
 Deriv'd from that illustrious line,  
 The beggars of Hanover.

So many chiefs got broken pates  
 In vanquishing the rebel States,  
 So many nobles fell,  
 That George the third in passion cry'd,  
 "Our royal blood must now be try'd;  
 "'Tis that must break the spell:

"To you (the fat pot-valiant SWINE  
 "To DIGBY said) dear friend of mine,  
 "To you I trust my boy;  
 "The rebel tribes shall quake with fears,  
 "Rebellion die when he appears,  
 "My Tories leap with joy."

So said, so done—the lad was sent,  
 But never reach'd the continent,  
 An island held him fast—  
 Yet there his friends danc'd rigadoons,  
 The Hessians sung, in High Dutch tunes,  
 "Prince William's come at last."

"Prince William comes!"—The Briton cry'd—  
 "The glory of our empire wide  
 "Shall now be soon restor'd—  
 "Our monarch is in William seen,  
 "He is the image of our queen,  
 "Let William be ador'd!"

The Tories came with long address,  
 With poems groan'd the *Royal Press*,  
 And all in William's praise—  
 The youth astonish'd look'd about  
 To find their *vast dominions* out,  
 Then answer'd, in amaze:

"Where all your *huge domain* can be,  
 "Friends, for my soul I cannot see:  
 "'Tis but an empty name;



“ Three wasted islands, and a town  
 “ In rubbish buried—half burnt down,  
 “ Is all that we can claim:

“ I am of royal birth, 'tis true,  
 “ But what, alas! can princes do,  
 “ No armies to command?  
 “ Cornwallis conquer'd and distressed—  
 “ Sir Henry Clinton grown a jest—  
 “ I curse—and leave the land.”

[1782.]

L O R D

## DUNMORE'S PETITION

*To the* LEGISLATURE of VIRGINIA:*Humbly Sheweth,*

**T**HAT a filly old fellow, much noted of yore,  
 And known by the name of John, earl of Dunmore,  
 Has again ventur'd over to visit your shore.

The reason of this he begs leave to explain—  
 In England they said you were conquer'd and slain,  
 (But the devil take him that believes them again)—

So, hearing that most of you Rebels were dead,  
 That some had submitted, and others had fled,  
 I muster'd my Tories, myself at their head,

And over we scudded, our hearts full of glee,  
 As merry as ever poor devils could be,  
 Our *ancient dominion*, Virginia, to see;

Our shoe-boys, and tars, and the very cook's mate  
 Already conceiv'd he possess'd an estate,  
 And the Tories no longer were cursing their fate.

Myself, (the don Quixote) and each of the crew,  
 Like Sancho, had islands and empires in view—  
 They were captains, and kings, and the devil knows who:

But now, to our sorrow, disgrace, and surprise,  
 No longer deceiv'd by the *Father of Lies*,  
 We hear with our ears, and we see with our eyes:—

I have therefore to make you a modest request,  
 (And I'm sure, in my mind, it will be for the best)  
 Admit me again to your mansions of rest.



There are Eden, and Martin, and Franklin, and Tryon,  
All waiting to see you submit to the Lion,  
And may wait 'till the devil is king of Mount Sion:—

Though a brute and a dunce, like the rest of the clan,  
I can govern as well as most Englishmen can;  
And if I'm a drunkard, I still am a man:

I mis'd it some how in comparing my notes,  
Or six years ago I had join'd with your votes;  
Not aided the negroes in cutting your throats.

Altho' with so many hard names I was branded,  
I hope you'll believe, (as you will, if your candid)  
That I only perform'd what my master commanded.

Give me lands, whores and dice, and you still may be free;  
Let who will be master, we sha'nt disagree;  
If king or if Congress—no matter to me;—

I hope you will send me an answer straightway,  
For 'tis plain that at Charleston we cannot long stay—  
And your humble petitioner ever shall pray.

Jan. 1782.

## E P I G R A M

Occasioned by the *Title* of Mr. RIVINGTON's New-York  
*ROYAL GAZETTE* being scarcely legible.

SAYS Satan to Jemmy, "I hold you a bet  
" That you mean to abandon our Royal Gazette,  
" Or, between you and me, you wou'd manage things better  
" Than the *Title* to print on so sneaking a letter.

" Now being connected so long in the art,  
" It would not be prudent at present to part;  
" And people, perhaps, would be frighten'd, and fret  
" If the devil alone carry'd on the Gazette."

Says Jemmy to Satan (by way of a wibe)  
" Who gives me the matter should furnish the type;  
" And why you find fault, I can scarcely divine,  
" for the types, like the printer, are certainly thine.

" 'Tis yours to deceive with the semblance of truth,  
" Thou friend of my age, and thou guide of my youth!  
" But, to prosper, pray send me some further supplies,  
" A sett of new types, and a sett of new lies." [1782]



## L I N E S

O C C A S I O N E D

By Mr. Rivington's new Titular types to his ROYAL GAZETTE.

WELL—now (said the devil) it looks something better!  
 Your title is struck on a *charming* new Letter:  
 Last night in the dark, as I gave it a squint,  
 I saw my dear partner had taken the hint.  
 I ever surmis'd (though 'twas doubted by some)  
 That the old types were shadows of substance to come:  
 But if the NEW LETTER is pregnant with charms  
 It grieves me to think of those cursed King's Arms.  
 The *Dieu et mon droit* (his God and his right)  
 Is so dim, that I hardly know what is meant by't;  
 The paws of the Lion can scarcely be seen,  
 And the Unicorn's guts are most shamefully lean!  
 The *Crown* is so worn of your master the despot,  
 That I hardly know which 'tis (a crown or a pisspot)—  
 When I rub up my day-lights, and look very sharp  
 I just can distinguish the Irishman's harp,  
 Another device appears rather silly,  
 Alas! it is only the shade of the LILLY!  
 For the honour of George, and the fame of our nation,  
 Pray, give his escutcheons a rectification—  
 Or I know what I know (and I'm a queer shaver)  
 Of HIM and his Arms I'll be the engraver.

[1782]

ON MR. RIVINGTON'S

## New Engraved KING's ARMS

To his ROYAL GAZETTE.

FROM the regions of night, with his head in a sack,  
 Ascended a person accoutred in black,  
 And upward directing his circular eye whites;  
 (Like the Jure-divino political Levites)  
 And leaning his elbow on Rivington's shelf,  
 While the printer was busy, thus mus'd with himself:  
 "My mandates are fully complied with at last,  
 "New ARMS are engrav'd, and new letters are cast;  
 "I therefore determine and freely accord,  
 "This servant of mine shall receive his reward."  
 Then turning about, to the printer he said,  
 "Who late was my *servant* shall now be my *Aid*;



“ Since under my banners so bravely you fight,  
 “ Kneel down!—for your merits I dubb you a KNIGHT,  
 “ From a passive *subaltern* I bid you to rise  
 “ The INVENTOR, as well as the PRINTER of LIES.”

[ 1782. ]

A

S P E E C H

That should have been spoken by the King of the island  
 of *Britain* to his Parliament.—

MY lords, I can hardly from weeping refrain,  
 When I think of this year, and its cursed campaign;  
 But still it is folly to whine and to grieve,  
 For things will yet alter, I hope and believe.

Of the four southern States we again are bereav'd,  
 They were just in our grasp (or I'm sadly deceiv'd):  
 There are wizzards and witches that dwell in those *lands*  
 For the moment we gain *them*, *they* slip from our hands.

Our prospects, at present, most gloomy appear;  
 Cornwallis returns, with a flea in his ear,  
 Sir Henry is sick of his station, we know—  
 And Amherst, though press'd, is unwilling to go.

The HERO\* that steer'd for the cape of Good Hope  
 With Monsieur Suffrein was unable to cope—  
 Many months are elaps'd, yet his task is to do—  
 'To conquer the Cape, and to conquer Peru:

When his squadron at Portsmouth he went to equip,  
 He promis'd great things from his FIFTY-GUN SHIP;  
 But, let him alone—while he knows which is which,  
 He'll not be so ready to “ *die in a ditch.*”

This session, I thought to have told you thus much,  
 “ A treaty concluded, and peace with the Dutch”—  
 But, as stubborn as ever, they vapour and brag,  
 And sail by my nose with the Prussian flag.

The empress refuses to join on our side,  
 As yet with the Indians we're only ally'd:  
 (Though such an alliance is rather improper,  
 We English are white, but their colour is copper.)

\* Johnstone.



The Irish, I fear, have some mischief in view;  
They ever have been a most troublesome crew—  
If a truce or a treaty hereafter be made,  
They shall pay very dear for their present free trade.

Dame Fortune, I think, has our standard forsaken,  
For Tobago, they say, by Frenchmen is taken:  
Minorca's besieg'd—and as for Gibraltar,  
By Jove, if it's taken I'll take to the halter.

It makes me so wroth, I could scold like Xantippe  
When I think of our losses along Mississippi—  
And see in the Indies that horrible Hyder  
His conquests extending still wider, and wider.

'Twixt Washington, Hyder, Don Galvez, De Grasse,  
By my soul, we are brought to a very fine pass—  
When we've reason to hope new battles are won  
A packet arrives—and an army's undone!—

In the midst of this scene of dismay and distress  
What is best to be done, is not easy to guess,  
For things may go wrong though we plan them aright,  
And blows they must look for, whose trade is to fight.

In regard to the Rebels, it is my decree  
That dependent on Britain they ever shall be;  
Or I've captains and hosts, that will fly at my nod  
And slaughter them all—by the blessing of God.

But if they succeed, as they're likely to do,  
Our neighbours must part with their colonies too;  
Let them laugh and be merry, and make us their jest,  
When La Plata revolts, we will laugh with the rest—

'Tis true that the journey to castle St. Juan  
Was a project that brought the projectors to ruin;  
But still, my dear lords, I would have you reflect  
Who nothing do venture can nothing expect.

If the Commons agree to afford me new treasures,  
My sentence once more is for vigorous measures:  
Accustom'd so long to head winds and bad weather,  
Let us conquer—or go to the devil together.

[1782]



RIVINGTON'S

## LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

SINCE life is uncertain, and no one can say,  
How soon we may go, or how long we shall stay,  
Methinks he is wisest who soonest prepares,  
And settles, in season, his worldly affairs:

Some folks are so weak they can scarce avoid crying,  
And think when they're making their wills they are dying;  
'Tis surely a serious employment—but still,  
Who e'er died the sooner for making his will?

Let others be sad, when their lives they review,  
But I know *whom* I've serv'd—and *him* faithfully too;  
And though it may seem a fanatical story  
He often has show'd me a glimpse of his glory.

IMPRIMIS, my carcase I give and devise  
To be made into cakes of a moderate size,  
To nourish those Tories whose spirits may droop,  
And serve the king's army with portable soup.

Unless I mistake, in the scriptures we read  
That "worms on the dead shall deliciously feed,"  
The scripture stands true—and that I am firm in,  
For what are our Tories and soldiers but vermin?—

This soup of all soups can't be call'd that of beef,  
(And this may to some be a matter of grief:)  
But I am certain the BULL would occasion a laugh,  
That beef-portable-soup should be made of a CALF.

To the king, my dear master, I give a full sett  
(In volumes bound up) of the ROYAL GAZETTE,  
In which he will find the vast records contain'd.  
Of provinces conquer'd, and victories gain'd.

As to ARNOLD, the traitor, and Satan, his brother,  
I beg they will also accept of another;  
And this shall be bound in Morocco red leather,  
Provided they'll read it, like brothers, together.

But if Arnold should die, 'tis another affair,  
Then Satan, surviving, shall be the sole heir;  
He often has told me he thought it quite clever,  
So to him and his heirs I bequeath it forever.

I know there are some (that would fain be thought wise)  
Who say my Gazette is a record of lies;



In answer to this, I shall only reply—  
All the choice that I had was, to starve or to lie.

My fiddles, my flutes, French horns and guittars  
I leave to our HEROES, now weary of wars—  
To the wars of the stage they more boldly advance,  
The captains shall play, and the soldiers shall dance.

To Sir *Henry Clinton*, his use and behoof,  
I leave my French brandy, of very good proof;  
It will give him fresh spirits for battle and slaughter  
And make him *feel bolder* by land and by water:

Yet I caution the knight, for fear he do wrong  
'Tis *avant la viande, et apres le poisson*\*—  
It will strengthen his stomach, prevent it from turning,  
And digest the affront of his effigy—burning.

To Baron KNYPHAUSEN, his heirs and assigns,  
I bequeath my *old Hock*, and my Burgundy wines,  
To a true Hessian drunkard, no liquors are sweeter,  
And I know the old man is no foe to the creature.

To a GENERAL, my namesake,† I give and dispose  
Of a purse full of clipp'd, *light, sweated* half joes;  
I hereby desire him to take back his trash,  
And return me my HANNAY's infallible WASH.

My chessmen and tables, and other such chattels  
I give to CORNWALLIS, renowned in battles:  
By moving of these (not tracing the map)  
He'll explain to the king how he got in a TRAP.

To good DAVID MATTHEWS (among other slops)  
I give my whole cargo of Maredants drops,  
If they cannot do all, they may cure him in part,  
And scatter the poison that cankers his heart:

Provided, however, and nevertheless,  
That what other estate I enjoy and possess  
At the time of my death (if it be not then sold)  
Shall remain to the Tories, TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.

As I thus have bequeath'd them both carcase and fleece,  
The least they can do is to wait my decease;  
But to give them what substance I have, ere I die,  
And be eat up with vermin, while living—not I—

In WITNESS whereof (though no ailment I feel)  
Hereunto I set both my hand and my seal;  
(As the law says) in presence of witnesses twain.

'Squire *John Coghill Knap*, and brother *Hugh Gaine*.

\* Before flesh and after fish—*St R. Gatz.* † Gen. James Robertson.

[1782]



THE  
POLITICAL BALANCE;

Or, the Fates of BRITAIN and AMERICA Compared,

A T A L E.

Deciding Fates, in Homer's stile, I shew,  
And bring contending Gods once more to view.

AS Jove the Olympian (who both I and you know,  
Was brother to Neptune, and husband to Juno)  
Was lately reviewing his papers of state,  
He happen'd to light on the records of Fate:

In Alphabet order this volume was written—  
So he open'd at B, for the article Britain—  
She struggles so well, said the god, I will see  
What the sisters in Pluto's dominions decree.

And, first, on the top of a column, he read  
“Of a king, with a mighty soft place in his head,  
“Who should join in his temper the ass and the mule,  
“The third of his name, and by far the worst fool:

“His reign shall be famous for multiplication,  
“The fire and the king of a *whelp* generation:  
“But such is the will and the purpose of fate,  
“For each child he begets, he shall forfeit a *State*:

“In the course of events, he shall find to his cost  
“That he cannot regain what he foolishly lost;  
“Of the nations around he shall be the derision,  
“And know, by experience, the Rule of Division.”

So Jupiter read—a god of first rank—  
And still had read on—but he came to a blank:  
For the Fates had neglected the rest to reveal—  
They either forgot it, or chose to conceal:

When a leaf is torn out, or a blot on a page  
That pleases our fancy, we fly in a rage—  
So, curious to know what the Fates would say next,  
No wonder if Jove, disappointed, was vext.

But still, as true genius not frequently fails,  
He glanc'd at the *Virgin*, and thought of the *Scales*;  
And said, “To determine the will of the Fates,  
“One scale shall weigh *Britain*, the other the *States*.”



Then turning to Vulcan, his maker of thunder,  
Said he, "My dear Vulcan, I pray you look yonder,  
" Those *creatures* are tearing each other to pieces,  
" And instead of abating, the carnage increases,

" Now, as you are a blacksmith, and lusty stout ham-eater,  
" You must make me a globe of a shorter diameter;  
" The world in abridgment, and just as it stands  
" With all its proportions of waters and lands;

" But its various divisions must so be design'd,  
" That I can unhinge it whene'er I've a mind—  
" How else should I know what the portions will weigh,  
" Or which of the combatants carry the day?"

Old Vulcan comply'd, (we've no reason to doubt it)  
So he put on his apron and straight went about it—  
Made center, and circles as round as a pancake,  
And here the Pacific, and there the Atlantic.

An axis he hammer'd, whose ends were the poles,  
(On which the whole body perpetually rolls)  
A brazen meridian he added to these,  
Where four times repeated were ninety degrees.

I am sure you had laugh'd to have seen his droll attitude,  
When he bent round the surface the circles of latitude,  
The zones, and the tropics, meridians, equator,  
And other fine things that are drawn on salt water.

Away to the southward (instructed by Pallas)  
He plac'd in the ocean the Terra Australis,  
New Holland, New Guinea, and so of the rest—  
AMERICA lay by herself in the west:

From the regions where winter eternally reigns,  
To the climes of Peru he extended her plains;  
Dark groves, and the zones did her bosom adorn,  
And the *Crofters*,\* new burnish'd, he hung at Cape Horn.

The weight of two oceans she bore on her sides,  
With all their convulsions of tempests and tides;  
Vast lakes on her surface did fearfully roll,  
And the ice from her rivers surrounded the pole.

Then Europe and Asia he northward extended,  
Where under the Arctic with Zembla they ended;  
(The length of these regions he took with his garters,  
Including Siberia, the land of the Tartars).

In the African clime (where the cocoa-nut tree grows)  
He laid down the deserts, and even the Negroes,

\* Stars, in the form a cross, which mark the South Pole in southern latitudes.



The shores by the waves of four oceans embrac'd,  
And elephants strolling about in the waste.

In forming East India, he had a wide scope,  
Beginning his work at the cape of Good Hope;  
Then eastward of that he continued his plan,  
'Till he came to the empire and isles of Japan.

Adjacent to Europe he struck up an island,  
(One part of it low, but the other was high land)  
With many a comical creature upon it,  
And one wore a hat, and another a bonnet.

Lik emmits or ants in a fine summer's day,  
They ever were marching in battle array,  
Or skipping about on the face of the brine,  
Like witches in egg-shells (their ships of the line).

These poor little creatures were all in a flame,  
To the lands of America urging their claim,  
Still biting, or stinging, or spreading their sails;  
(For Vulcan had form'd them with stings in their tails).

So poor and so lean, you might count all their ribs,\*  
Yet were so enraptur'd with crackers and squibs,  
That Vulcan with laughter almost split asunder,  
"Because they imagin'd their crackers were thunder."

Due westward from these, with a channel between,  
A servant to slaves, HIBERNIA was seen,  
Once crowded with monarchs, and high in renown,  
But all she retain'd was the Harp and the Crown!

Her genius, a female, reclin'd in the shade,  
And, merely for music, so mournfully play'd,  
That Jove was uneasy to hear her complain,  
And order'd his blacksmith to loosen her chain:

Then tipt her a wink, saying, "Now is your time,  
" (To *rebel* is the sin, to *revolt* is no crime)  
"When your fetters are off, if you dare not be free  
"Be a slave if you will, but complain not to me."

But finding her timid, he cry'd in a rage—  
"Tho' the doors are flung open, she stays in the cage!  
"Subservient to Britain then let her remain,  
"And her freedom shall be, *but the length of her chain.*"

At length, to discourage all stupid pretensions,  
Jove look'd at the globe, and approv'd its dimensions,  
And cry'd in a transport—"Why! what have we here!  
"Friend Vulcan, it is a most beautiful sphere!

\* Their national debt being now above £.200,000,000 sterling.



“ Now while I am busy in taking apart  
 “ This globe that is form’d with such exquisite art,  
 “ Go, Hermes, to Libra, (you’re one of her gallants)  
 “ And ask, in my name, for the loan of her balance.”

Away posted Hermes, as swift as the gales,  
 And as swiftly return’d with the ponderous Scales,  
 And hung them aloft to a beam in the air,  
 So equally pois’d, they had turn’d with a hair.

Now Jove to COLUMBIA his shoulders apply’d,  
 But aiming to lift her, his strength she defy’d—  
 Then, turning about to their godships, he says—  
 “ A BODY SO VAST is not easy to raise;

“ But if you assist me, I still have a *notion*  
 “ Our *forces, united*, can put her in motion,  
 “ And swing her aloft, (tho’ alone I might fail)  
 “ And place her, in spite of her bulk, in our scale;

“ If six years together the Congress have strove,  
 “ And more than *divided the empire with Jove*;  
 “ With a JOVE like myself, who am *nine* times as great,  
 “ You can join, like their soldiers, to heave up this weight.”

So to it they went, with handspikes and levers,  
 And upward she sprung, with her mountains and rivers!  
 Rocks, cities, and islands, deep waters and shallows,  
 Ships, armies, and forests, high heads, and fine fellows:

“ Stick to it!” cries Jove—“ Now heave one and all!  
 “ At least we are lifting “ *one eighth of the ball!*”  
 “ If backward she tumbles—then trouble begins,  
 “ And then have a care, my dear boys, of your shins!”

When gods are determin’d what project can fail?  
 So they gave a hard shove, and she mounted the scale;  
 Suspended aloft, Jove view’d her with awe—  
 And the *gods\** for their *pay*, had a hearty—huzza!

But Neptune bawl’d out—“ Why Jove you’re a noddy,  
 “ Is Britain sufficient to poise that vast body?  
 “ ’Tis nonsense such castles to build in the air—  
 “ As well might an oyster with Britain compare.”

“ Away to your waters, you blustering bully,”  
 Said Jove “ or I’ll make you repent of your folly,  
 “ Is Jupiter, sir, to be tutor’d by you?—  
 “ Get out of my sight, for I know what to do!”

Then searching about with his fingers for Britain,  
 Thought he, “ this same island I cannot well hit on;  
 \* American Soldiers.



“ The devil take him that first call’d her the GREAT;  
 “ If she was—she is *vastly* diminish’d of late!”

Like a man that is searching his thigh for a flea,  
 He peep’d and he fumbled, but nothing could see;  
 At last he exclaim’d—I am surely upon it—  
 “ I think I have hold of a highlander’s bonnet.”

But finding his error, he said with a sigh,  
 “ This bonnet is only the island of Skie!”\*  
 So away to his *namesake* the PLANET he goes,  
 And borrow’d *two moons* to hang on his nose.

Thro’ these, as through glasses, he saw her quite clear,  
 And in raptures cry’d out—“ I have found her—she’s here!  
 “ If this be not Britain, then call me an ass,  
 “ She looks *like a gem in an ocean of glass*.

“ But, faith, she’s so small I must mind how I shake her:  
 “ In a box I’ll inclose her, for fear I should break her:  
 “ Though a god, I might suffer for being aggressor,  
 “ Since scorpions, and vipers, and hornets possess her;

“ The white cliffs of Albion are full in my view—  
 “ And the hills of Plinlimmon I think I could shew—  
 “ But, Vulcan, inform me what creatures are these,  
 “ That smell so of onions, and garlick, and cheese?

Old Vulcan reply’d—“ Odds splutter a nails!  
 “ Why, these are the Welch, and the country is Wales!  
 “ When Tassie is vext, no devil is ruder—  
 “ Take care how you trouble the offspring of TUDOR!

“ On the crags of the mountains *hur* living *hur* seeks,  
 “ *Hur* country is planted with garlick and leeks;  
 “ So great is *hur* choler, beware how you teize *hur*,  
 “ For these are the Britons—unconquer’d by Cæsar.”

“ But now, my dear Juno, pray give me my mittens,  
 “ (These insects I am going to handle are Britons)  
 “ I’ll draw up their isle with a finger and thumb,  
 “ As the doctor extracts an old tooth from the gum.”

Then he rais’d her aloft—but to shorten our tale,  
 She look’d like a CLOD in the opposite scale—  
 Britannia so small, and COLUMBIA so large—  
 A ship of first rate, and a ferryman’s barge!

Cry’d Pallas to Vulcan, “ Why, Jove’s in a dream—  
 “ Observe how he watches the turn of the beam!  
 “ Was ever a mountain outweigh’d by a grain?  
 “ Or what is a drop when compar’d to the main?

\* An Island on the north-west of Scotland.



But Momus a lledg'd—"In my humble opinion,  
 "You should add to Great Britain her foreign dominion,  
 "When this is appended, perhaps she will rise,  
 "And equal her rival in weight and in size."

"Alas! (said the monarch) your project is vain,  
 "But little is left of her foreign domain;  
 "And, scatter'd about in the liquid expanse,  
 "That little is left to the mercy of France;

"However, we'll lift them, and give her fair play—"  
 And soon in the scale with their mistress they lay;  
 But the gods were confounded and struck with surprise,  
 And Vulcan could hardly believe his own eyes!

For (such was the purpose and guidance of fate)  
 Her foreign dominions diminish'd her weight—  
 By which it appear'd, to Britain's disaster,  
 Her foreign possessions were changing their master.

Then, as he replac'd them, said Jove with a smile—  
 "COLUMBIA shall never be rul'd by an isle—  
 "But vapours and darkness around her shall rise,  
 "And tempests conceal her a-while from our eyes;

"So locusts in Egypt their squadrons display,  
 "And rising, disfigure the face of the day;  
 "So the moon, at her full, has a frequent eclipse,  
 "And the sun in the ocean diurnally dips.

"Then cease your endeavours, ye vermin of Britain—  
 (And here, in derision, their island he spit on)  
 "'Tis madness to seek what you never can find,  
 "Or to think of uniting what Nature disjoin'd:

"But still you may flutter awhile with your wings,  
 "And spit out your venom and brandish your stings:  
 "Your hearts are as black, and as bitter as gall,  
 "A curse to mankind—and a blot on the BALL.

T H E

M I S N O M E R.

**R**EBELS you are—the British champion cries;  
 Truth, stand thou forth, and tell the wretch he lies—  
 Rebels!—and see, this mock imperial Lord  
 Already threatens those rebels with the cord—



The hour draws nigh, the glass is almost run,  
When Truth must shine, and murderers be undone,  
When this base miscreant shall forbear to sneer,  
And curse his taunts and bitter insults here.

If to controul the cunning of a knave,  
Freedom adore, and scorn the name of slave;  
If to protest against a tyrant's laws,  
And arm for vengeance in a righteous cause,  
Be deem'd REBELLION—'tis a harmless thing,  
This bug-bear name, like death, has lost its sting.

AMERICANS, at freedom's fane adore,  
But trust to Britain and her flag no more;  
The generous genius of the isle has fled,  
And left a mere impostor in his stead——  
If conquer'd, *rebels*, (their past records show,)  
Receive no mercy from this *parent* foe——  
And even the grave, that sacred haunt of peace,  
Where Nature gives the woes of man to cease,  
Vengeance will search—and mangled corpses there  
Be rais'd to feast the armies of the air.——  
If Britain conquers, help us, heaven, to fly,  
Lend us your wings, ye ravens of the sky—  
If Britain conquers—we exist no more:  
These lands shall redden with their childrens' gore,  
Who, turn'd to slaves, their fruitless toils shall moan,  
Toils in those fields, that once they call'd their own!

To arms! to arms!—and let the trusty sword  
Decide who best deserves the hangman's cord,  
Nor think the hills of Canada too bleak,  
When desperate Freedom is the prize you seek;  
For *that* the voice of honour bids you go  
O'er frozen lakes and mountains wrapt in snow:  
No toils can daunt the warlike and the bold,  
They scorn all heat, or wave-congealing cold;  
Haste, to your tents in iron fetters bring  
These slaves that serve a tyrant and a king,  
So just, so virtuous is your cause, I say  
Hell must prevail, if Britain wins the day.

[1775.]

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### Sir HARRY'S INVITATION.

COME, gentlemen Tories, firm, loyal, and true,  
Here are axes and shovels, and something to do!  
For the sake of our king,  
Come, labour and sing;



You left all you had for his honour and glory,  
And he will remember the suffering Tory:

We have, it is true,  
Some small work to do;  
But here's for your pay  
Twelve coppers a day,  
And never regard what the rebels may say,  
But throw off your jerkins and labour away.

To raise up the rampart, and pile up the wall,  
To pull down old houses and dig the canal,  
To build and destroy—  
Be this your employ,  
In the day time to work at our fortifications,  
And steal in the night from the rebels your rations:  
The king wants your aid  
Not empty parade;  
Advance to your places  
Ye men of *long faces*,  
Nor ponder too much on your former disgraces,  
This year, I presume, will quite alter your cases.

Attend at the call of the fifer and drummer,  
The French and the Rebels are coming next summer,  
And forts we must build  
Though Tories are kill'd—  
Then courage, my jockies, and work for your king,  
For if you are taken no doubt you will swing—  
If *York* we can hold  
I'll have you enroll'd;  
And after you're dead  
Your names shall be read  
As who for their monarch both labour'd and bled,  
And ventur'd their necks for their *beef* and their *bread*.

'Tis an honour to serve the bravest of nations,  
And be left to be hang'd in their capitulations—  
Then scour up your mortars  
And stand to your quarters,  
Tis nonsense for Tories in battle to run,  
They never need fear sword, halberd, or gun;  
Their hearts should not fail 'em,  
No balls will assail em,  
Forget your disgraces  
And *shorten* your *faces*,  
For 'tis true as the gospel, believe it or not,  
*Who are born to be hang'd, will never be shot.*



## D I A L O G U E,

At HYDE-PARK Corner, (*London.*)*Burgoyne.*

LET those, who will, be proud and sneer,  
 And call you an unwelcome peer,  
 But I am glad to see you here:  
 The prince that fills the British throne,  
 Unless successful, honours none;  
 Poor Jack Burgoyne!—you're not alone.

*Cornwallis.*

Thy ships, De Grasse, have caus'd my grief—  
 To rebel shores and their relief  
 There never came a luckier chief:  
 In fame's *black* page it shall be read,  
 By Gallic arms my soldiers bled—  
 The rebels *thine* in triumph led.

*Burgoyne.*

Our fortunes different forms assume:—  
 I call'd and call'd for *elbow-room*,  
 'Till GATES *discharg'd* me to my doom;  
 But you, that conquer'd far and wide,  
 In little York thought fit to hide,  
 The *subject* ocean at your side.

*Cornwallis.*

And yet no force had gain'd that post—  
 Not Washington, his country's boast,  
 Nor Rochambeau, with all his host,  
 Nor all the Gallic fleet's parade—  
 Had Clinton hurried to my aid,  
 And Sammy Graves been not afraid.

*Burgoyne.*

For head knock'd off, or broken bones,  
 Or mangled corpse, no price atones;  
 Nor all that prattling rumour says,  
 Nor all the piles that art can raise,  
 The poet's or the parson's praise.

*Cornwallis.*

Though I am brave, as well as you,  
 Yet still I think your notion true;  
 Dear brother Jack, our toils are o'er—  
 With foreign conquests plagu'd no more,  
 We'll stay and guard our native shore.



ON THE LATE

## Royal Sloop of War, Gen. MONK,

[Formerly the WASHINGTON]

Mounting Six quarter deck Wooden Guns.

WHEN the Washington ship by the English was beat,  
 They sent her to England to shew their great feat,  
 And Sandwich straightway, as a proof of his spunk,  
 Dash'd out her old name, and call'd her the Monk.

"This Monk hated Rebels (said Sandy)—'od rot 'em,  
 "So heave her down quickly, and copper her bottom;  
 "With the sloops of our navy we'll have her enroll'd,  
 "And mann'd with pick'd sailors, to make her *feel bold*.  
 "To shew that our king is both *valiant* and *good*,  
 "Some guns shall be *iron*, and others be *wood*;  
 "And, in truth, (tho' I wish not the secret to spread)  
 "All her guns should be wooden—to suit with his head."

THE

## HESSIAN DEBARKATION.

REJOICE, O Death! Britannia's tyrant sends  
 From German plains his myriads to our shore;  
 The fierce Hibernian with the Hessian join'd—  
 Bring them, ye winds, but waft them back no more!

To these far climes with stately step they come,  
 Resolv'd all prayers, all prowess to defy:  
 Smit with the love of countries not their own  
 They come—alas! to conquer, not to die,

In the flow breeze I hear their funeral song  
 The dance of ghosts the infernal tribes prepare;  
 To hell's dark mansions haste the abandon'd throng,  
 Tasting from German skulls great ODIN's beer.

From dire Cesarea—forc'd these slaves of kings—  
 Quick let them take their way on eagles' wings;  
 To thy strong posts, MANHATTAN's isle, repair,  
 To meet the vengeance that awaits them there.



T H E

## N O R T H E R N S O L D I E R.

**I**N vain you talk of fruits and flowers  
 When rude December chills the plain,  
 And nights are cold, and long the hours,  
 To damp the ardour of the swain;  
 Who, parting from his social fire,  
 All comfort must forego,  
 And here, and there,  
 And every where  
 Pursue the invading foe.

But we must sleep in frosts and snows;  
 No season breaks up our campaign:  
 Hard as the oaks, we dare oppose  
 The autumnal, or the wintry reign.  
 Alike to us, the winds that blow  
 In Summer's season gay,  
 Or those that rave  
 On Hudson's wave,  
 And drift his ice away.

Traitors and death may cloud our scene,  
 The ball may pierce, the cold may kill,  
 And dire misfortunes intervene;  
 But Freedom shall be potent, still,  
 To drive these Britons from our shore,  
 Who, cruel and unkind,  
 With slavish chain  
 Attempt, in vain,  
 Our free-born limbs to bind.

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 T R U T H A N T I C I P A T E D.

**W**HAT brilliant events have of late come to pass,  
 No less than the capture of Monsieur DE GRASSE!  
 His majesty's Printer has told it for true,  
 As we had it from him, so we give it to you.

Many folks of discernment the story believ'd,  
 And the devil himself it at first had deceiv'd,  
 Had it not been that Satan imported the stuff,  
 And sign'd it *George Rodney*, by way of high proof.

Said Satan to *Jemmy*, "Let's give them the whappers—  
 "Some news I have got that will bring in the coppers,



" And *truth* it shall be, though I pass it for *lies*,  
 " And making a page of your Newspaper size.

" A wide field is open to favour my plan,  
 " And the rebels may prove that I lie—if they can;  
 " Since they jested and laugh'd at our lying before,  
 " Let it pass for a lie, to torment them the more.—

" My wings are yet wet with the *West-India* dew,  
 " And *Rodney* I left, to come hither to you,  
 " I left *him* bedevil'd with brimstone and smoke,  
 " The *French* in distress, and their armament broke.

" For news so delightful, with heart and with voice  
 " The Tories of every degree shall rejoice;  
 " With charcoal and sulphur shall utter their joy.  
 " 'Till they all get as black as they paint the *old Boy*,"

Thus, pleas'd with the motion, each cutting a caper,  
 Down they sat at the table, with pen, ink, and paper;  
 In less than five minutes the matter was stated,  
 And Jemmy turn'd scribe, while Satan dictated.

" Begin (said the devil) in the form of a *Letter*,  
 " (If you call it *true copy*, 'tis so much the better)  
 " Make *Rodney* assert that he met the French fleet,  
 " Engag'd it, and gave 'em a *total defeat*.

" But the better to vamp up a show of reality,  
 " The tale must be told with circumstantiality,  
 " What vessels were conquer'd by Britain's bold sons,  
 " Their quotas of men, and their numbers of guns.

" There's the *Villa de Paris*—one hundred and ten—  
 " Write down, that *George Rodney* has kill'd half her men—  
 " That her hull and her rigging are shatter'd and shaken,  
 " Her flag humbled down, and her admiral taken:

" *Le Cesar*, 'tis true, is a seventy-four,  
 " But the *Villa de Paris* was thirty-six more;  
 " With a grey goose's quill if that ship we did seize on,  
 " *Le Cesar* must fall, or I'll know what's the reason.

" The next that I fix on to take, is the *HeFor*,  
 " (Her name may be *Trojan*, but shall not protect her)  
 " Don't falter, dear comrade, and look like a goose,  
 " If we've taken these three, we can take *Glorieuse*.

" The last mentioned ship runs their loss up to four,  
 " *Le Diadem* sunk, shall make it one more;  
 " And now, for the sake of round numbers, dear cousin,  
 " Write *Ardent*, and then we have just half-a-dozen!"



Jemmy smil'd at the notion, and whisper'd, "O fy!  
 "Indeed 'tis a shame to persuade one to lie"—  
 But Satan replied—"Consider, my son,  
 "I am prince of the winds, and have seen what is done:  
 "With a conquest, like this, how bright we shall shine!  
 "That Rodney has taken *six ships of the Line*,  
 "Will be in your paper a brilliant affair;  
 "How the *tories* will laugh, and the *rebels* will swear!  
 "But farther, dear Jemmy, make Rodney to say,  
 "If the sun two hours longer had held out the day,  
 "The rest were so beaten, so basted, so tore,  
 "He had taken them ALL, and he knew not but MORE."

So the *partners* broke up as good friends as they met,  
 And soon it was all in the *Royal Gazette*;  
 The Tories rejoic'd at the very good news,  
 And said, *There's no fear we shall die in our shoes.*

Now let us give credit to Jemmy, forsooth,  
 Since once in a way he has hit on the truth:  
 If again he returns to his practice of lies,  
 He hardly reflects where he'll go when he dies.

But still, when he dies, let it never be said  
 That he rests in his grave with no verse at his head;  
 But furnish, ye poets, some short epitaph,  
 And something like this, that readers may laugh:

Here *lies* a King's Printer, we needn't say who:  
 There is reason to think that he tells what is true:  
 But if he *lies* here, 'tis not over-strange,  
 His present position is but a small change,  
 So, reader, pass on—'tis a folly to sigh,  
 For all his life long he did little but LIE.  
 [1782.]

O N

## Sir HENRY CLINTON'S RECALL,

THE *dog that is beat has a right to complain*—  
 Sir Harry returns, a disconsolate man,  
 To the face of his master, the Lord's oil-anointed,  
 To the country provided for thieves disappointed.

Our FREEDOM, he thought, to a tyrant must fall,  
 He concluded the weakest must go to the wall;



The more he was flatter'd, the bolder he grew—  
He quitted the old world to conquer the new.

But in spite of the deeds he has done in his garrison,  
(And they have been curious beyond all comparifon)  
He now muft go home, at the call of his king,  
To anfwer the charges that Arnold may bring.

But what are the acts that this chief has atchiev'd?—  
If good, it is hard he fhould now be aggriev'd,  
And the more, as he fought for his national glory,  
Nor valued, a farthing, the RIGHT of the ftory.

This famous great man, and two birds\* of his feather,  
In the Cerberus frigate came over together;  
But of all the bold chiefs that re-meafure the trip,  
Nor two have been known to return in one fhip.

Like children that wrestle and fcuffle in fport,  
They are very well pleas'd as long as unhurt,  
But a thump on the nofe, or a blow in the eye,  
Ends the fray—and they go to their *daddy* and cry.

Sir Clinton, thy deeds have been mighty and many  
You faid all our *paper* was not worth a penny,  
(’Tis nothing but rags\*, quoth honeft Will Tryon,  
Are rags to difcourage the *Sons of the Lion*?)

But Clinton thought thus—“ It is folly to fight,  
“ When things may by eafier methods come right,  
“ There is fuch an art as counterfeit-ation—  
“ And I’ll do my utmoft to honour our nation ;

“ I’ll fhew this damn’d country that I can enslave her,  
“ And that by the help of a fkilful engraver,  
“ And then let the rebels take care of their bacon,—  
“ We’ll play them a trick, or I’m vafly miftaken.”

But the project fucceeded not quite to your liking,  
So you paid off your *artift*, and gave up BILL STRIKING;  
But ’tis an affair I am glad you are quit on,  
Yut had furely been hang’d had you try’d it in Britain.

At the taking of Charlefton you cut a great figure,  
The terms you propounded were terms full of rigour,  
Yet could not forefee poor CHARLEY’S† difgrace,  
Nor how foon your own COLOURS would go to the CASE.

When the town had furrender’d, the more to difgrace ye,  
(Like another *true Briton* that did it at ’Statia)

\* Generals Howe and Burgoyne. † See his Letter to Gen. Parsons. ‡ Cornwallis.



You broke all the terms yourself had extended,  
Because you suppos'd the rebellion was ended;

Whoever the tories mark'd out as a whig,  
If gentle, or simple, or little, or big,  
No matter to you—to kill 'em and spite 'em,  
You soon had 'em up where the dogs could n't bite 'em.

Then thinking these rebels were snug and secure,  
You left them to Rawdon and Nesbit Balfour;  
(The face of the latter no mask need be draw'd on,  
And to fish for the Devil my bait should be *Rawdon*.)

Returning to York with your ships and your plunder,  
And boasting that rebels must shortly knock under,  
The first thing that struck you as soon as you landed  
Was the fortress at West-Point, where Arnold commanded.

Thought you, "If friend Arnold this fort will deliver,  
"We then shall be masters of all Hudson's river,  
"The *east* and the *south* losing communication,  
"The Yankees will die by the Act of *Starvation*."

So off you sent André (not guided by Pallas)  
Who soon purchas'd Arnold, and with him the gallows;  
Your *loss* I conceive than your *gain* was far greater,  
You lost a good fellow, and got a vile traitor.

Now Carleton comes over to give you relief,  
A knight like yourself, and commander in *chief*.  
But the *chief* he will get, you may tell the *dear honey*,  
Will be a black eye, hard knocks, and *no money*.

Now with—"Britons, strike home!" your sorrows dispel,  
Away to your master, and honestly tell  
That his *arms* and his *artists* can nothing avail,  
His men are too few, and his tricks are too stale:

Advise him at length to be just and sincere;  
Of which not a symptom as yet doth appear,  
As we plainly perceive from his sending Sir Guy  
The TREATY to break with our gallic ally.



SIR GUY CARLETON'S

## ADDRESS to the AMERICANS.

FROM Britain's fam'd island once more I come over,  
 (No island on earth is in prowess above her)  
 With powers and commissions your hearts to recover!

Our king, I must tell you, is plagu'd with a phantom  
 (Independence they call it) that hourly doth haunt him,  
 And relief, my dear rebels, you only can grant him.

Tom Gage and Sir Harry, Sir William, (our boast)  
 Lord Howe, and the rest that have scouted the coast,  
 All fail'd in their projects of laying this ghost:

So unless the damn'd spectre myself can expel  
 It will yet kill our monarch, I know very well,  
 And gallop him off on his Lion to hell,

But I heartily wish, that, instead of Sir Guy,  
 They had sent out a seer from the island of Skie,  
 Who rebels, and devils, and ghosts could defy:

So great is our prospect of failing at last,  
 When I look at the present, and think of the past,  
 I wish with our heroes I had not been class'd;

For though, to a man, we are bullies and bruisers,  
 And cover'd with laurels, we still are the losers,  
 'Till each is recall'd with his tory accusers:

But the war now is alter'd, and on a new plan;  
 By negotiation we'll do what we can—  
 And I am an honest, well-meaning old man;

Too proud to retreat, and too weak to advance,  
 We must stay where we are, at the mercy of chance,  
 'Till Fortune shall help us to lead you a dance.

Then lay down your arms, dear rebels—O hone!  
 Our king is the best man that ever was known,  
 And the greatest that ever was stuck on a throne:

His love and affection by all ranks are sought;  
 Here take him, my honies, and each pay a groat—  
 Was ever a monarch more easily bought?

In pretty good case, and very well found,  
 By night and by day we carry him round;  
 He must go for a groat, if we can't get a pound.



Break the treaties you made with LOUIS BOURBON!  
 Abandon the Congress, no matter how soon,  
 And then, all together, we'll play a new tune.

'Tis strange that they always would manage the roast,  
 And force you their healths and the Dauphin's to toast;  
 Repent, my dear fellows, and each get a *post*:

Or, if you object that *one post* is too few,  
 We generous Britons will help you to *two*  
 With a beam laid across—that will certainly do.

The folks that rebell'd in the year forty-five,  
 We us'd them so well, that we left few alive,  
 But sent them to heaven in swarms from their hive.

Your noble resistance we cannot forget,  
 'Tis nothing but right we should honour you yet;  
 If you are not rewarded, we die in your debt.

So, quickly submit, and our mercy implore,  
 Be as loyal to George as you once were before,  
 Or I'll slaughter you all—and probably more.

What puzzled fir Harry, fir Will, and his brother,  
 Perhaps may be done by the son of my mother,  
 With the *Sword* in one hand and a *Branch* in the other.

My bold predecessors (as fitting their station)  
 At their first coming out, all spoke PROCLAMATION;  
 'Tis the custom with us, and the way of our nation.

Then Kil-al-la-loo!—Shelaly, I say;—  
 If we cannot all fight, we can all run away—  
 And further at present I choose not to say.

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## MODERN IDOLATRY,

OR

## ENGLISH QUIXOTISM.

**M**Y native shades delight no more,  
 I haste to meet the ocean's roar,  
 I seek a wild rebellious shore  
 Beyond the Atlantic main:

'Tis honour calls!—I must away!—  
 Nor ease nor pleasure tempts my stay,  
 Nor all that Love himself can say,  
 A moment shall detain.



To meet those hosts that dare disown  
Allegiance to Britannia's throne  
I draw the sword that pities none,  
I draw their rebel blood ;

Amazement shall their troops confound  
When gasping, prostrate on the ground,  
My sword shall drink from every wound  
A life destroying flood !

The swarthy Indian, yet unbroke,  
Shall bend his neck to Britain's yoke,  
Or flee from her avenging stroke  
To desarts all unknown ;

The Atlantic isles shall own her sway,  
Peru and Mexico obey,  
And those who yet to Satan pray  
Beyond the southern zone.

For George the third I dare to go  
Through Etna's fire and Greenland's snow,  
Where'er our kindred waters flow,  
The vast unbounded main.

In him true glory shines complete,  
In him a thousand virtues meet—  
'Twere heaven to die at George's feet.  
Could I that blessing gain !

For George the third I dare to fall,  
Since he to me is all in all—  
May he subdue this earthly ball,  
And nations tribute bring ;—

Yon' rebel States shall wear his chain  
Where traitors now with tyrants reign—  
And subject shall be all the main  
To George our potent king.

When honour calls to guard his throne,  
My life I dare not call my own—  
My life I yield, without a groan,  
For him whom I adore :

In endless glory he shall reign—  
'Tis he shall conquer France and Spain—  
Though I perhaps may ne'er again  
Behold my native shore !



## E P I L O G U E.

'TIS so well known 'tis hardly worth relating  
That men have worshipp'd gods, tho' of their own creating;  
Art's handy work they thought they might adore,  
And bow'd to gods that were but logs before.

Idols, of old, were made of clay or wood,  
And, in themselves, did neither harm nor good,  
Acted as though they knew the good old rule,  
"Friend, hold thy peace, and you'll be thought no fool."

Britons! their case is yours—and link'd in fate  
You, like your Indian allies—good and great—  
Bow to some frowning block yourselves did rear,  
And worship *wooden monarchs*—out of fear—

## T H E

## P R O J E C T O R S.

**B**EFORE the brazen age began,  
And things were yet on Saturn's plan,  
None knew what sovereign bliss there lay  
In ruling, were it but a day.

Each with spontaneous food content,  
His life in Nature's affluence spent;  
The sun was mild, serene and clear,  
And walk'd in Libra all the year;  
No tempests did the heaven deform,  
'Twas not too cold nor yet too warm;  
People were then at small expence,  
They dug no ditch, and made no fence,  
No patentees by sleight or chance  
For Indian lands got double grants,  
Not for their wants, but just to say,  
"If you come here, expect to pay."

BASE grasping souls, your pride repress;  
Beyond your wants must you possess?  
If ten poor acres will supply  
A rustic and his family,  
Why, grumblers, would you have ten score,  
Ten thousand, and ten thousand more?

It is a truth well understood.  
"All would be tyrants if they cou'd."  
The love of sway has been confess'd  
The ruling passion of the breast:  
Those who aspire to govern states,  
If baulk'd by disapproving fates,



Resolve their purpose to fulfil,  
 And scheme for *tenants at their will*.  
 Ten thousand acres, fit for toil,  
 In Indiana's fertile soil—  
 Ten thousand acres! come agree—  
*Timon* is nam'd the patentee:  
 And while the longing stomach craves,  
 He'll honour fools and flatter knaves.  
 If Rome, of old, to greatness rose,  
 Triumphant over all her foes,  
 None need believe that people then  
 Were more in strength than modern men;  
 If o'er the world her eagles wav'd,  
 'Twas Liberty the world enslav'd;  
 From lands, *not shar'd amongst the few*,  
 An independent spirit grew:  
 Each on a small and scanty spot,  
 With much ado his living got,  
 Inur'd to labour, from his birth,  
 Each Roman soldier till'd the earth,  
 Great as a monarch on the throne  
 BY HAVING SOMETHING OF HIS OWN.

O N

## Gen. ROBERTSON'S PROCLAMATION.

**O**LD Judas the traitor (nor need we much wonder)  
 Falling down from the gallows, his paunch split asunder,  
 Affording, 'tis likely, a horrible scent  
 Rather worse than the sulphur of hell, where he went.

So now this bra' chieftain, who long has suspended  
 And kept out of view, what his master intended,  
 Bursts out all at once, and an inside discloses,  
 Disgusting the tories, who stop up their noses.

The short of the matter is this, as I take it—  
 New-York of true Britons is plainly left naked,  
 And their conduct amounts to an honest confession,  
 They cannot depend on the run-a-away Hessian.

In such a dilemma, pray what should they do?  
 Hearts loyal, to whom should they look but to You?—  
 You know pretty well how to handle the spade,  
 To dig their canals, and to make a parade;

The city is left to your valiant defence,  
 And, of course, it will be but of little expence,



Since there is an old fellow that looks somewhat footy  
Who, *gratis*, will help you in doing your duty—

“ In doing our duty!—’tis duty indeed  
“ (Says a Tory) if this be the way that we speed;  
“ We never lov’d fighting, the matter is clear—  
“ If we had, I am sure, we had never come here.

“ George we own’d for our king as his true loyal sons,  
“ But why will he force us to manage his guns?—  
“ Who list in the army or cruise on the wave,  
“ Let them do as they will—’tis their trade to be brave.

“ Guns, mortars, and bullets we easily face,  
“ But when they’re in motion—it alters the case;  
“ To skirmish with HUDDIES is all our desire—  
“ For though we can murder, we cannot stand fire.

“ To the standards of Britain we fled for protection,  
“ And here we are gather’d, a goodly collection;  
“ And most of us think it is rather too hard  
“ For refusing to arm, to be put under guard;

“ Who knows *under guard* what ills we may feel!—  
“ It is an expression that means a great deal—  
“ ’Mongst the rebels they *fine* ’em who will not turn out,  
“ But here we are left in a sorrowful doubt—

“ These Britons were always so sharp and so snifty—  
“ The rebels excuse you from serving, when fifty,  
“ But here we are counted such wonderful men  
“ We are kept in the ranks, ’till we’re four score and ten.

“ Kick’d, cuff’d, and ill-treated from morning ’till night—  
“ We have room to conjecture, *that all is not right*;  
“ For FREEDOM, we fled from our country’s defence,  
“ And freedom we’ll get—when death sends us hence.

“ If matters go thus, it is easy to see  
“ That as idiots we’ve been, so slaves we shall be;  
“ And what will become of that peaceable train  
“ Whose tenets enjoin them from war to abstain?

“ Our city commandant must be an odd shaver,  
“ Not a single exception to make in their favour!—  
“ Come, let us turn round and *rebellionly* sing,  
“ Huzza for the CONGRESS!—the de’il take the king.”

[ 1782. ]



## ARNOLD'S DEPARTURE.\*

WITH evil omens from the harbour fails  
 The ill-fated ship that worthless ARNOLD bears,  
 God of the southern winds, call up thy gales,  
 And whistle in rude fury round his ears.

With horrid waves insult his vessel's sides,  
 And may the east wind on a leeward shore  
 Her cables snap, while she in tumult rides,  
 And shatter into shivers every oar,

And let the north wind to her ruin haste,  
 With such a rage, as when from mountains high  
 He rends the tall oak with his weighty blast,  
 And ruin spreads, where'er his forces fly.

May not one friendly star that night be seen;  
 No Moon, attendant, dart one glimmering ray  
 Nor may she ride on oceans more serene  
 Than Greece, triumphant, found that stormy day,

When angry Pallas spent her rage no more  
 On vanquish'd Ilium, then in ashes laid,  
 But turn'd it on the barque that Ajax bore,†  
 Avenging thus her temple, and the maid.

When toss'd upon the vast Atlantic main  
 Your groaning ship the southern gales shall tear,  
 How will your sailors sweat, and you complain  
 And meanly howl to Jove, that will not hear!

But if, at last, upon some winding shore  
 A prey to hungry cormorants you lie,  
 A wanton goat to every stormy power,‡  
 And a fat lamb, in sacrifice, shall die.

Dec. 1782.

\* *Imitated from* HORACE.

† Ajax the younger, son of Oileus, king of the Locrians. He debauched Cassandra in the temple of Pallas, which was the cause of his misfortune, on his return from the siege of Troy.

‡ The *Tempests* were Goddesses amongst the Romans.



A

# PICTURE of the TIMES; WITH OCCASIONAL REFLECTIONS.

STILL round the world triumphant Discord flies,  
Still angry kings to bloody contest rise;  
Hosts bright with steel, in dreadful order plac'd,  
And ships contending on the watery waste;  
Distracting demons every breast engage,  
Unwearied nations glow with mutual rage;  
Still to the charge the routed Briton turns,  
The war still rages and the battle burns;  
See, man with man in deadly combat join,  
See, the black navy form the flaming line;  
Death smiles alike at battles lost or won—  
Art does for him what Nature would have done.

Can scenes like these delight the human breast?—  
Who sees with joy humanity distressed?  
Such tragic scenes fierce passion might prolong,  
But slighted Reason says, they must be wrong.

Curs'd be the day, how bright foe'er it shin'd,  
That first made kings the masters of mankind;  
And curs'd the wretch who first with regal pride  
Their equal rights to equal men deny'd;  
But curs'd, o'er all, who first to slavery broke,  
Submissive bow'd, and own'd a monarch's yoke:  
Their servile souls his arrogance ador'd  
And basely own'd a brother for a lord;  
Hence wrath, and blood, and feuds, and wars began,  
And man turn'd monster to his fellow man.

Not so that age of innocence and ease  
When men, yet social, knew no ills like these;  
Then dormant yet, Ambition (half unknown)  
No rival murder'd to possess a throne;  
No seas to guard, no empires to defend—  
Of some small tribe the father and the friend,  
The hoary sage beneath his sylvan shade  
Impos'd no laws but those which reason made;  
On peace, not war; on good, not ill, intent,  
He judg'd his brethren by their own consent;  
Untaught to spurn those brethren to the dust;  
In virtue firm, and obstinately just,  
For him no navies rov'd from shore to shore,  
No slaves were doom'd to dig the glitt'ring ore;  
Remote from all the vain parade of state,  
No slaves in scarlet saunter'd at his gate,  
Nor did his breast the angry passions tear,  
He knew no murder, and he felt no fear.



Was this the patriarch sage?—Then turn thine eyes  
 And view the contrast that our age supplies;  
 Touch'd from the life, I trace no ages fled,  
 I draw no curtain that conceals the dead;  
 To distant Britain let thy view be cast,  
 And say, the present far exceeds the past;  
 Of all the plagues that e'er the world have curs'd,  
 Name George, the tyrant, and you name the worst!

What demon, hostile to the human kind,  
 Planted these fierce disorders in the mind?  
 All, urg'd alike, one phantom we pursue,  
 But what has war with human kind to do?  
 In death's black shroud our bliss can ne'er be found;  
 'Tis madness aims the life-destroying wound,  
 Sends fleets and armies to these ravag'd shores  
 Plots constant ruin, and no peace restores.

O dire Ambition!—thee these horrors suit:  
 Lost to the human, she assumes the brute;  
 She, proudly vain, or insolently bold,  
 Her heart revenge, her eye intent on gold,  
 Sway'd by the madness of the present hour  
 Lays worlds in ruin for *extent of power*;  
 That shining bait, which dropt in folly's way  
 Tempts the weak mind, and leads the heart astray.

Thou Happiness! still sought but never found,  
 We, in a circle, chace thy shadow round;  
 Meant all mankind in different forms to bless,  
 Which, yet possessing, we no more possess:  
 Thus far remov'd and painted on the eye  
 Smooth verdant fields seem blended with the sky,  
 But where they both in fancied contact join  
 In vain we trace the visionary line;  
 Still, as we chace, the empty circle flies,  
 Emerge new mountains, or new oceans rise.

PRINCE WILLIAM HENRY'S

## S O L I L O Q U Y.

[Occasioned by the Public Rejoicings in Philadelphia for the  
 birth of the Dauphin of France, son to Louis XVI.]

PEOPLE are mad, thus to adore the Dauphin—  
 Heaven grant the brat may soon be in his coffin—  
 The honours here to this young Frenchman shown,  
 Of right, should be prince George's, or my own;  
 And all those wreathes, that bloom on Louis now,  
 Should hang, unfading, on my father's brow.



To these far shores with longing hopes I came,  
 (By birth a Briton, not unknown to fame)  
 Pleasures to share that loyalty imparts,  
 Subdue the *rebels*, and regain their hearts.

Weak, stupid expectation—all is done!  
 Few are the prayers that rise for George's son!  
 Nought through the waste of these wide realms I trace,  
 But rage, contempt, and curses on our race,  
 Hosts, with their chiefs, by bold usurpers won,  
 And not a blessing left for George's son!

Here on these isles (my terrors not a few)  
 I walk attended by an exil'd crew:  
 These from the first have done their best to please,  
 But who would herd with sycophants like these?  
 This vagrant race, who their lost shores bemoan,  
 Would bow to Satan, if he held our throne—  
 Rul'd by their fears—and what is meaner far,  
 Have worshipp'd William only for his *STAR*!  
 To touch my hand their thronging thousands strove,  
 And tir'd my patience with unceasing love—  
 In fame's fair annals told me I should live,  
 And, a *FOURTH WILLIAM*, to late times arrive:  
 Must Digby's royal pupil walk the streets,  
 And smile on every ruffian that he meets;  
 Or teach them, as he has done—he knows when—  
 That kings and princes are no more than men!

Must I, alas! disclose, to our disgrace,  
 That Britain is too small for George's race?  
 Here in the west, where all did once obey,  
*Three islands* only, now, confess our sway;  
 And in the *east* we have not much to boast,  
 For *HYDER ALI* drives us from that coast:—  
 Yield, rebels, yield—or I must go once more  
 Back to the white cliffs of my native shore;  
 (Where, in process of time, shall go sir *GUY*,  
 And where Sir *HARRY* has return'd to fight,  
 Whose hands grew weak when things began to cross,  
 Nor made one effort to retrieve our loss)  
 Oatmeal and Scottish kale-pots round me rise,  
 And Hanoverian turnips greet mine eyes;—  
 Welch goats and naked rocks my bosom swell,  
 And Teague! dear Teague!—to thee I bid farewell—  
 Curse on the Dauphin and his friends, I say,  
 He steals our honours and our rights away.  
*DIGBY*!—our anchors!—weigh them to the bow,  
 And eastward through the wild waves let us plough:  
 Such dire resentments in my bosom burn,  
 That to these shores I never will return,  
 Till fruits and flowers on *Zembla's* coasts are known,  
 And seas congeal beneath the torrid zone!



## BEELZEBUB'S REMONSTRANCE:

(On a late *Apology* for LYING)

**Y**OUR golden dreams, your flattering schemes,  
 Alas! where are they fled, Sir?  
 Your plans derang'd, your prospects chang'd  
 You now may go to bed, Sir.—

How could you thus, impell'd by fear,  
 Give up the hopes of many a year?—  
 Your fame retriev'd, and soaring high  
 In TRUTH'S resemblance seem'd to fly;  
 But now you grow so wondrous wise,  
 You turn, and own that all is—lies.

A fabric that from hell was rais'd,  
 On which astonish'd rebels gaz'd,  
 And which the world shall ne'er forget,  
 No less than RIVINGTON'S GAZETTE,  
 Demolish'd at a single stroke—  
 The angel Gabriel might provoke.

“That all was lies,” might well be true,  
 But why must this be to d by you?  
 Great master of the scheming head,  
 Where is thy wonted cunning fled?  
 It was a folly to engage  
*That truth henceforth should fill your page;*  
 When you must know, as well as I,  
 Your first great object is—to LIE,

Your fortune was as good as made,  
 Great artist in the printing trade!  
 But now, I see, with grief and pain,  
 Your credit cannot rise again:  
 No more the favorite of my heart,  
 No more will I my gifts impart.

Yet something shall you gain at last  
 For lies contriv'd in seasons past—  
 When pressing to the *narrow gate*  
 I'll show the portal mark'd by fate,  
 Where all mankind, as preachers say  
 Are apt to take the wider way,  
 And though the ROYAL Printer swear,  
 Will bolt him in, and keep him there!



T H E  
R E F U G E E S' P E T I T I O N  
TO SIR GUY CARLETON.

HUMBLY SHEWETH,

**T**HAT your Honour's petitioners, Tories by trade,  
From the first of the war have lent Britain their aid,  
And done all they could, both in country and town,  
In support of the king and the rights of his crown;  
But, now to their grief and confusion, they find  
"The de'il may take them who are farthest behind."

In the rear of all rascals they still have been plac'd  
And rebels and Frenchmen full often have fac'd,  
Have been in the midst of distresses and doubt  
Whene'er they came in or whene'er they went out;  
Have supported the king and defended *his church*,  
And now, in the end, must be left in the lurch.

Though often, too often, his arms were disgrac'd,  
We still were in hopes he would conquer at last,  
And restore us again to our sweethearts and wives  
The pride of our hearts and the joy of our lives—  
But he promis'd *too far*, and we trusted *too much*,  
And who could have look'd for a war with the Dutch?

Our *board* broken up, and discharg'd from our stations,  
Sir Guy! it is cruel to cut off our *rations*;  
Of a project, like that, whoe'er was the mover,  
It is, we must tell you, a sneaking manœuvre;  
A plan to destroy us—the basest of tricks  
By means of starvation, a stigma to fix.

If a peace be intended, as people surmise,  
(Though we hope from our souls these are nothing but lies)  
Inform us at once what we have to expect,  
Nor treat us, as usual, with surly neglect;  
Or, else, while you Britons are shipping your freights,  
*We'll go to the Rebels, and get our estates.—*

Sir G U Y's A N S W E R.

**W**E have reason to think there will soon be a peace,  
And that war with the Rebels will certainly cease;  
But, be that as it will, I would have you to know  
That as matters are changing, we soon may change too;  
In short, I would say, (since I have it at heart)  
Though the war should continue, yet *we* may depart.



Four offers in season I therefore propose,  
 (As much as I can do in reason, God knows)  
 In which, though there be not too plentiful carving,  
 There still is sufficient to keep you from starving.

And, first, of the first, it would mightily charm me  
 To see you, my children, *enlist in the army*,  
 Or *enter the navy*, and get for your pay  
 A *farthing* an hour, which is *sixpence* per day—  
 There's Hector Clackmannan, and Arthur O'Gregor  
 And Donald M'Donald shall rule you with vigour:

If these do not suit you, then take your new plan,  
*Make your peace with the rebels* (march off, to a man:).  
 There rank and distinction perhaps you may find  
 And rise into offices fit to your mind—  
 But if still you object—I advise you to take a  
 Farewell of New-York—and away to *Jamaica*.

T H E  
 PROPHECY of King TAMMANY.

**T**HE Indian chief who, fam'd of yore,  
 Saw Europe's sons adventuring here,  
 Look'd sorrowing to the crowded shore,  
 And sighing dropt a tear!  
 He saw them half his world explore,  
 He saw them draw the shining blade,  
 He saw their hostile ranks display'd,  
 And cannons blazing through that shade  
 Where only peace was known before.

“ Ah, what unequal arms !” he cry'd,  
 “ How art thou fallen, my country's pride,  
 “ The rural, sylvan reign !  
 “ Far from our pleasing shores to go  
 “ To western rivers, winding slow,  
 “ Is this the boon the gods bestow !  
 “ What have we done, great patrons, say,  
 “ That strangers seize our woods away,  
 “ And drive us, naked, from our native plain.

“ Rage and revenge inspire my soul,  
 “ And passion burns without controul;  
 “ Hence, strangers, to your native shore !  
 “ Far from our Indian shades retire,  
 “ Remove these *gods*, that vomit fire,  
 “ And stain with blood these ravag'd glades no more.



" Invain I weep, invain I sigh,  
 " These strangers all our arms defy,  
 " As they advance our chieftains die!—  
 " What can their hosts oppose!  
 " The bow has lost its wonted spring,  
 " The arrow falters on the wing,  
 " Nor carries ruin from the string  
 " To end their being and our woes.  
 " Yes, yes,—I see our nation bends;  
 " The gods no longer are our friends,  
 " But why these weak complaints and sighs?  
 " Are there not gardens in the west,  
 " Where all our far fam'd Sachems rest?—  
 " I'll go, an unexpected guest,  
 " And the dark horrors of the way despise.  
 " Even now the thundering peals draw nigh,——  
 " 'Tis theirs to triumph, ours to die!  
 " But mark me, Christian, ere I go—  
 " Thou, too, shalt have thy share of woe,  
 " The time rolls on, not moving slow,  
 " When hostile squadrons for your blood shall come,  
 " And ravage all your shore!  
 " Your warriors and your children slay,  
 " And some in dismal dungeons lay,  
 " Or lead them captive, far away,  
 " To climes unknown, thro' seas untry'd before.  
 " When struggling long, at last with pain  
 " You break a cruel tyrant's chain,  
 " That never shall be join'd again,——  
 " When half your foes are homeward fled,  
 " And hosts on hosts in triumph led,  
 " And hundreds maim'd and thousands dead,  
 " A timid race shall then succeed,  
 " Shall slight the virtues of the firmer race,  
 " That brought your tyrant to disgrace,  
 " Shall give your honours to an odious train,  
 " Who shun'd all conflicts on the main  
 " And dar'd no battles on the bloody plain;  
 " Whose little souls funk in the gloomy day  
 " When VIRTUE ONLY could support the fray;  
 " And sunshine friends kept off—or ran away."

So spoke the chief, and rais'd his funeral pyre—  
 Around him soon the crackling flames ascend;  
 He smil'd amid the fervours of the fire  
 To think his troubles were so near their end,  
 'Till the freed soul, her debt to Nature paid,  
 Rose from the ashes that her prison made,  
 And sought the world unknown, and dark oblivion's shade.



## RIVINGTON'S REFLECTIONS.

## I.

**T**HE more I reflect, the more plain it appears,  
 If I stay; I must stay at the risque of my ears,  
 I have so be-pepper'd the foes of *our* throne,  
 Be-rebel'd, be-devil'd; and told them their own,  
 That if we give up to these rebels at last,  
 'Tis a chance if my ears will atone for the past.  
 'Tis always the best to provide for the worst—  
 So evacuation I'll mention the first:  
 If Carleton should sail for our dear native shore  
 (As Clinton, Cornwallis, and Howe did before)  
 And take off the soldiers that serve for our guard,  
 (A step that the Tories would think rather hard)  
 Yet still I surmise, for aught I can see,  
 No Congress or *Senates* would meddle with me.  
 For, what have I done, when we come to consider,  
 But sold my commodities to the best bidder?  
 If I offer'd to lie for the sake of a post,  
 Was I to be blam'd if the king offer'd most?  
 The King's Royal Printer!—Five hundred a year!—  
 Between you and me, 'twas a handsome affair:  
 Who would not for that give matters a stretch  
 And lie back and forward, and carry and fetch,  
 May have some pretensions to *honour* and *fame*:—  
 But what are they both but the sound of a name,  
 Mere words to deceive us, as I have found long since,  
 Live on them a week, and you'll find them but nonsense.  
 The late news from Charleston my mind has perplext,  
 If that is abandon'd,—I know what goes next:  
 This city of YORK is a place of great note,  
 And that we should hold it I now give my vote;  
 But what are our votes against Shelburne's decrees?  
 These people at helm steer us just where they please,  
 So often they've had us all hands on the brink,  
 They'll steer us at last to the devil, I think:  
 And though in the danger themselves have a share,  
 It will do us small good that they also go there.  
 It is true that the Tories, their children, and wives  
 Have offer'd to stay, at the risque of their lives,  
 And gain to themselves an immortal renown  
 By ALL turning soldiers, and keeping the town:  
 Whoe'er was the Tory that struck out the plan,  
 In my humble conceit, was a very good man;  
 But our words on this subject need be very few—  
 Already I see that it never will do:  
 For, suppose a few ships should be left us by Britain,  
 With Tories to man them, and other things fitting;



In truth we should be in a very fine box,  
 As well they might guard us with ships on the stocks,  
 And when I beheld them aboard and afloat,  
 I am sure I should think of *the bear in the boat*.

On the faith of a Printer, things look very black—  
 And what shall we do, alas! and alack!  
 Shall we quit our young princes and full blooded peers,  
 And bow down to viscounts and French chevaliers?  
 Perhaps you may say, "As the very last shift  
 "We'll go to New Scotland, and take the king's gift:"

Good folks, do your will—but I vow and I swear,  
 I'll be boil'd into soup before I'll live there:  
 Is it thus that our monarch his subjects degrades?—  
 Let him go and be damn'd with his axes and spades:—  
 Of all the vile countries that ever were known  
 In the frigid, or torrid, or temperate zone,  
 (From accounts that I've had) there is not such another;  
 It neither belongs to this world or the other:  
 A favour they think it to send us there *gratis*,  
 To sing like the Jews at the river Euphrates,  
 And, after surmounting the rage of the billows,  
 Hang ourselves up at last with our harps on the willows:  
 Ere I sail for that shore, may I take my last nap—  
 Why, it gives me the palsy to look on its map!  
 And he that goes there (though I mean to be civil)  
 May fairly be said to have gone to the Devil.

Shall I push for Old England, and whine at the throne?  
 Alas! they have JEMMIES enough of their own!  
 Besides, such a name I have got from my trade,  
 They would think I was lying, whatever I said;  
 Thus scheme as I will, or contrive as I may,  
 Continual difficulties rise in the way:  
 In short, if they let me remain in this realm,  
 What is it to Jemmy who stands at the helm?  
 I'll petition the rebels (if York is forsaken)  
 For a place in their Zion which ne'er shall be shaken;  
 I am sure they'll be clever: it seems their whole study:  
 They hung not young ASGILL for old captain HUPP,;  
 And it must be a truth that admits no denying,  
 If they spare us for MURDER they'll spare us for LYING.

## II.

FOLKS may think as they please, but to me it would seem,  
 That our great men at home have done nothing but dream:  
 Such trimming and twisting and shifting about,  
 And some getting in, and others turn'd out;  
 And yet, with their bragging and looking so big,  
 All they did was to dance a theatrical jig.

Seven years now, and more, we have try'd every plan,  
 And are just as near conquering as when we began,



Great things were expected from Clinton and Howe,  
 But what have they done, or where are they now?  
 Sir Guy was sent over to kick up a dust,  
 Who already prepares to return in *disgust*—  
 The object delusive we wish to attain  
 Has been in our reach, and may be so again—  
 But so oddly does heaven its bounties dispense,  
 And has granted our king such a small share of sense  
 That, let Fortune favour or smile as she will,  
 We are doom'd to drive on, like a horse in a mill,  
 And though we may seem to advance on our rout,  
 'Tis but to return to where we fat out.

From hence I infer (by way of improvement)  
 That nothing is got by this circular movement;  
 And I plainly perceive, from this fatal delay,  
 We are going to ruin the round-about way!  
 Some nations, like ships, give up to the gale,  
 And are hurry'd ashore with a full flowing sail;  
 So Sweden submitted to absolute power,  
 And freemen were chang'd to be slaves in an hour;  
 Thus THEODORE soon from his grandeur came down,  
 Forfaking his subjects and Corsican crown;  
 But we—'tis our fate, without ally or friend,  
 To go to perdition, *close haul'd* to the wind.

The case is too plain, that if I stay here  
 I have something to hope and somewhat to fear:  
 In regard to my carcase, I should n't mind that—  
 I can say "I have liv'd," and have grown very fat;  
 Have been in my day remarkably shifty,  
 And soon, very soon, will be verging on fifty.  
 'Tis time for the state of the dead to prepare,  
 'Tis time to consider how things will go there;  
 Some few are admitted to Jupiter's hall,  
 But the kitchen of Pluto is open to all—  
 The day is approaching as fast as it can  
 When Jemmy shall be a mere moderate man,  
 Shall sleep under ground both summer and winter,  
 The husk of a man, and the shell of a printer,  
 And care not a farthing for George, or his line,  
 What empires start up, or what kingdoms decline.

Our parson last Sunday brought tears from my eyes,  
 When he told us of heaven, I thought of my lies—  
 To his flock he describ'd it, and laid it before 'em,  
 (As if he had been in its *Sanctum Sanctorum*)  
 Recounted its beauties that never shall fade,  
 And quoted John Bunyan to prove what he said;  
 Debarr'd from the gate who the Truth should deny,  
 Or "whoso'er loveth or maketh a lie."

Thro' the course of my life it has still been my lot  
 In spite of myself, to say "things that are not."



And therefore suspect that upon my decease  
 Not a poet will leave me to slumber in peace,  
 But at least once a week be-scribble the stone  
 Where Jemmy, poor Jemmy, lies sleeping alone!  
 Howe'er in the long run these matters may be,  
 If the scripture is true, it has bad news for me—  
 And yet, when I come to examine the text,  
 And the learn'd annotations that POOLE has annex'd,  
 Throughout the black list of the people that sin  
 I cannot once find that I'm mention'd therein;  
 Whoremongers, idolaters, all are left out,  
 And wizzards, and dogs (which is proper, no doubt)  
 But he who says I'm there, mistakes or forgets—  
 It mentions no PRINTERS of ROYAL GAZETTES!  
 In truth, I have need of a mansion of rest,  
 And *here* to remain might suit me the best—  
 PHILADELPHIA in some things would answer as well,  
 (Some Tories are there, and my papers might sell)  
 But then I should live amongst wrangling and strife,  
 And be forc'd to say *credo* the rest of my life:  
 For their sudden conversion I'm much at a loss—  
 I am told that they bow to the wood of the cross,  
 And worship the reliques transported from Rome,  
 St. Peter's toe-nails and St. Anthony's comb.—  
 If thus the true faith they no longer defend  
 I scarcely can think where the madness will end—  
 If the greatest among them submit to the Pope,  
 What reason have I for indulgence to hope?  
 If the Congress themselves to the CHAPEL did pass,\*  
 Ye may swear that poor JEMMY would have to sing mass.  
 Dec. 1782.

\* "On the 4th of November last, the clergy and select men of Boston paraded  
 "through the streets after a crucifix, and joined in a procession in praying for a  
 "departed soul out of Purgatory; and for this they gave the example of Con-  
 "gress, and other American leaders, on a former occasion at Philadelphia, some  
 "of whom, in the height of their zeal, even went so far as to sprinkle themselves  
 "with what they call *Holy water*."——*Royal Gazette*, of December 11. inst.



## POLITICAL BIOGRAPHY.

## G A I N E's L I F E.

CITY of NEW-YORK, Jan. 1, 1783.\*

TO the Senate† of York, with all due submission,  
 Of honest HUGH GAINÉ the humble *Petition*;  
 An *Account of his Life* he will also prefix,  
 And some trifles that happened in SEVENTY-SIX;  
 He hopes that your honours will take no offence,  
 If he sends you some groans of contrition from hence,  
 And, further, to prove that he's truly sincere,  
 He wishes you all a *happy New Year*.

## I.

AND, first, he informs, in his representation,  
 That he once was a printer of good reputation,  
 And dwelt in the street call'd Hanover Square,  
 (You'll know where it is, if you ever was there)  
 Next door to the dwelling of doctor Brownjohn,  
 (Who now to the drug-shop of Pluto is gone)  
 But what do I say—who e'er came to town.  
 And knew not HUGH GAINÉ at the *Bible and Crown*.

Now, if I was ever so given to lie,  
 My dear native country I wouldn't deny;  
 (I know you love Teagues) and I shall not conceal  
 That I came from the kingdom where Phelim O'Neale  
 And other brave worthies ate butter and cheese,  
 And walk'd in the clover-fields up to their knees:  
 Full early in youth, without basket or burden,  
 With a staff in my hand, I pass'd over Jordan,  
 (I remember my comrade was doctor Magraw,  
 And many strange things on the waters we saw,  
 Sharks, dolphins, and sea-dogs, bonettas, and whales,  
 And birds at the tropic, with quills in their tails)  
 And came to your city and government seat,  
 And found it was true you had something to eat;  
 When thus I wrote home—"The country is good,  
 "They have plenty of victuals and plenty of wood:  
 "The people are kind, and, whate'er they may think,  
 "I shall make it appear I can swim were they'll sink;  
 "And yet they're so brisk, and so full of good cheer,  
 "By my soul, I suspect they have always new year,  
 "And there ore conceive *it is good to be here*."

So said, and so acted—I put up a press,  
 And printed away with amazing success;

\* The British army evacuated New York the November following,

† The Legislature of the State were at this time in session at FISHKILL.



Neglected my person, and look'd like a fright,  
 Was bother'd all day, and was busy all night,  
 Saw money come in, as the papers went out,  
 While Parker and Weyman\* were driving about,  
 And cursing, and swearing, and chewing their cud,  
 And wishing Hugh Gaine and his press in the fuds:  
 Ned Weyman was printer, you know, to the king,  
 And thought he had got all the world in a string,  
 (Though riches not always attend on a throne)  
 So he swore I had found the philosopher's stone,  
 And call'd me a rogue, and a son of a bitch,  
 Because I knew better than him to get rich.

To malice like that 'twas in vain to reply—  
 You had known by his looks he was telling a lie.

Thus life ran away, so smooth and serene—  
 Ah! these were the happiest days I had seen!  
 But the saying of Jacob I've found to be true,  
 "The days of thy servant are evil and few!"  
 The days that to me were joyous and glad,  
 Are nothing to those which are dreary and sad!

The feuds of the *Stamp-Act* foreboded foul weather,  
 And war and vexation all coming together:  
 Those days were the days of riots and mobs,  
 Tar, feathers, and tories, and troublesome jobbs—  
 Priests preaching up war for the *good of our souls*,  
 And libels, and lying, and Liberty-Poies,  
 From which, when some whimsical *colours* you wav'd,  
 We had nothing to do, but look up and be fav'd—  
 (You thought, by *resolving*, to terrify Britain—  
 Indeed, if you did, you were damnably *bitten*)  
 I knew it would bring an eternal reproach,  
 When I saw you a-burning Cadwallader's† coach;  
 I knew you would suffer for what you had done,  
 When I saw you lampooning poor *Sawney* his son,  
 And bringing him down to so wretched a level,  
 As to ride him about in a cart with the devil.—

## II.

WELL, as I predicted that matters would be—  
 To the stamp-act succeeded a tax upon *Tea*:  
 What chest-fulls were scatter'd, and trampled, and drown'd,  
 And yet the whole tax was but three pence *per pound*!  
 May the hammer of Death on my noddle descend,  
 And Satan torment me to time without end,  
 If this was a reason to fly into quarrels,  
 And feuds that have ruin'd *our* manners and morals;  
 A parson himself might have sworn round the compass,  
 That folks for a trifle should make such a *rumpus*,

\* New-York Printers, before the Revolution.

† Lieutenant-Governor Cadwallader Colden.



Such a rout as to set half the world in a rage,  
 Make France, Spain, and Holland with Britain engage,  
 While the Emperor, the Swede, the Russ, and the Dane  
 All pity JOHN BULL—and run off with his gain.

But this was the season that I must lament—  
 I first was a whig with an honest intent;  
 Not a Rebel among them talk'd louder or bolder,  
 With his sword by his side, or his gun on his shoulder;  
 Yes, I was a whig, and a whig from my heart,  
 But still was unwilling with Britain to part—  
 I thought to oppose her was foolish and vain,  
 I thought she would turn and embrace us again,  
 And make us happy as happy could be,  
 By renewing the æra of mild SIXTY-THREE:  
 And yet, like a cruel undutiful son,  
 Who evil returns for the good *to be done*,  
 Unmerited odium on Britain to throw,  
 I printed some treason for PHILIP FRENEAU,  
 Some damnable poems reflecting on GAGE,  
 The KING and his COUNCIL, and writ with such rage,  
 So full of invective, and loaded with spleen,  
 So sneeringly smart, and so hellishly keen,  
 That, at least in the judgment of half our wise men,  
 ALECTO herself put the nib to his pen.

### III.

AT this time arose a certain king SEARS,  
 Who made it his study to banish our fears:  
 He was, without doubt, a person of merit,  
 Great knowledge, some wit, and abundance of spirit;  
 Could talk like a lawyer, and that without fee,  
 And threaten'd perdition to all that drank TEA.  
 Long sermons did he against Scotchmen prepare,  
 And drank like a German, and drove away care.  
 Ah! don't you remember what a vigorous hand he put  
 To drag off the great guns, and plague captain *Vandepnt*.  
 That *night*† when the HERO (his patience worn out)  
 Put fire to his cannons and folks to the rout,  
 And drew up his ship with a *spring on her cable*,  
 And gave us a second confusion of Babel,  
 And (what was more *solid* than *scurrilous language*)  
 Pour'd on us a tempest of round *shot* and *langrage*:  
 Scarce a broadside was ended 'till another began again—  
 By Jove! it was nothing but *Fire away Flannagan!*‡  
 Some thought him SALUTING his Sally's and Nancy's  
 'Till he drove a round *shot* thro' the roof of Sam Francis §  
 The town by his flashes was fairly enlighten'd,  
 The women mi. carry'd, the beaus were all frighten'd;

\* Captain of the *Asia* man of war.—† August, 1775.

‡ A cant phrase among privateers men.—§ A noted Inn-holder in New-York.



For my part, I hid in a cellar (as sages  
 And Christians were wont in the *primitive ages*;  
 Thus the *Prophet of old* that was rapt to the sky,  
 Lay snug in a cave till the tempest went by,  
 But, as soon as the comforting spirit had spoke,  
 He rose and came out with his mystical cloak):  
 Yet I hardly could boast of a moment of rest,  
 The dogs were a-howling, the town was distressed!—  
 But our terrors soon vanish'd, for suddenly SEARS  
 Renew'd our lost courage and dry'd up our tears.

Our memories, indeed, must have strangely decay'd  
 If we cannot remember what SPEECHES he made,  
 What handsome *harangues* upon every occasion,  
 How he laugh'd at the whim of a *British Invasion*!

“P—x take 'em, (said he) do ye think they will come?  
 “If they shou'd—we have only to beat on our *drum*,  
 “And *run up the flag of American freedom*,  
 “And people will *muster* by millions to *bleed 'em*!  
 “What *freeman* need value such blackguards as these!  
 “Let us sink in our channel some *Chevaux de frise*—  
 “And then let 'em come—and we'll show 'em fair play—  
 “But they are not madmen—I tell you—not they!”

## IV.

From this very day 'till the *British* came in,  
 We liv'd, I may say, in the *Desert of Sin*;—  
 Such beating, and bruising, and *scratching*, and *tearing*;  
 Such kicking, and cuffing, and *curfing* and *swearing*!—  
 But when *they* advanc'd with *their* numerous fleet,  
 And WASHINGTON made his *nocturnal retreat*,\*  
 (And which *they* permitted, I say, to *their* shame,  
 Or else your NEW EMPIRE had been but a name)  
 We townsmen, like women, of *Britons* in dread,  
 Mistrusted *their* meaning, and foolishly fled;  
 Like the *rest* of the dunces I mounted my steed,  
 And gallop'd away with *incredible* speed,  
 To NEWARK I hastened—but trouble and care  
 Got up on the crupper and follow'd me there!  
 There I scarcely got fuel to keep myself warm,  
 And scarcely found spirits to *weather the storm*;  
 And was quickly convinc'd I had little to do,  
 (The *Whigs* were in arms, and my readers were few)  
 So, after remaining one cold winter season,  
 And stuffing my papers with *something like treason*,  
 And meeting misfortunes and endless disasters,  
 And forc'd to submit to a hundred new masters,  
 I thought it more prudent to hold to the one—  
 And (after repenting of what I had done,  
 And cursing my folly and idle pursuits)  
 Return'd to the city, and hung up my boots.

\* From Long-Island.



## V.

As matters have gone, it was plainly a blunder,  
 But *then* I expected the Whigs must knock under,  
 And I always adhere to the sword that is longest,  
 And stick to the party that's like to be strongest:  
 That you have succeeded is merely a chance,  
 I never once dreamt of the conduct of France!—  
 If alliance with her you were promis'd—at least  
 You ought to have show'd me your *STAR in the east*,  
 Not let me go off uninform'd as a beast.  
 When your army I saw without stockings or shoes,  
 Or victuals—or *money*, to pay them their dues,  
 (Excepting your wretched Congressional *paper*,  
 That stunk in my nose like the snuff of a taper,  
 A cart load of which for a dram might be spent all,  
 That damnable bubble, the *old Continental*  
 That *took* people *in* at this wonderful crisis,  
 With its *mottoes* and *emblems*, and cunning *devices*;  
 Which, bad as it was, you were forc'd to admire,  
 And which was, in fact, the *pillar of fire*,  
 To which you directed your wandering noses,  
 Like the Jews in the desert conducted by *MOSES*)  
 When I saw them attended with *famine* and *fear*,  
 Distress in their front, and *Howe* in their rear;  
 When I saw them for debt incessantly dunn'd,  
 Nor a shilling to pay them laid up in your fund;  
 Your ploughs at a stand, and your ships run ashore—  
 When this was apparent (and need I say more?)  
 I *handled* my cane, and I *look'd* at my hat,  
 And cry'd—"God have mercy on armies like that!"  
 I took up my bottle, disdaining to stay,  
 And said—"Here's a health to the *Vicar of Bray*,"  
 And cock'd up my beaver, and—strutted away.

## VI.

ASHAM'd of my conduct, I sneak'd into town,  
 (Six hours and a quarter the sun had been down)  
 It was, I remember, a cold frosty night,  
 And the stars in the firmament glitter'd as bright  
 As if (to assume a poetical stile)  
 Old Vulcan had give them a rub with his file.  
 'Till this cursed night, I can honestly say,  
 I ne'er before dreaded the dawn of the day;  
 Not a wolf or a fox that is caught in a trap  
 E'er was so asham'd of his nightly mishap—  
 I couldn't help thinking what ills might befall me,  
 What rebels and rascals the British would call me,  
 And how I might suffer in credit and purse,  
 If not in my person, which still had been worse.



At length I resolv'd (as was surely my duty)  
 To go for advice to parson AUCHMUTY:  
 (The parson, who now I hope is in glory,  
 Was then upon earth, and a terrible tory,  
 Not COOPER himself, of ideas perplex'd,  
 So nicely could handle and torture a text,  
 When bloated with lies, thro' his trumpet he sounded  
 The damnable sin of opposing a crown'd head)  
 Like a penitent sinner, and dreading my fate,  
 In the grey of the morning I knock'd at his gate;  
 (No doubt he was vex'd that I rous'd him so soon,  
 For his worship was mostly in blankets 'till noon)

At length he approach'd in his *vestments of black*—  
 (Alas, my poor heart! it was then on the rack,  
 Like a man in an ague or one to be try'd;  
 I shook—and recanted, and slobber'd, and sigh'd)  
 His gown, of it self, was amazingly big,  
 Besides, he had on his canonical wig,  
 And frown'd at a distance; but when he came near  
 Look'd pleasant and said—“*What, Hugh, are you here?*”

“*Your heart, I am certain, is horribly harden'd,*  
 “*But if you confess—your sin will be pardon'd;*  
 “*In spite of my preachments, and all I could say,*  
 “*Like the prodigal son, you wander'd away,*  
 “*Now tell me, dear penitent, which is the best,*  
 “*To be with the rebels, pursu'd and distress'd,*  
 “*Devoid of all comfort, all hopes of relief,*  
 “*Or else to be here, and partake the king's beef?*  
 “*More people resemble the snake than the dove,*  
 “*And more are converted by terror than love:*  
 “*Like a sheep on the mountains, or rather a swine,*  
 “*You wander'd away from the ninety and nine;*  
 “*Awhile at the offers of mercy you spurn'd,*  
 “*But your error you saw, and at length have return'd:*  
 “*Our master will therefore consider your case,*  
 “*And restore you again to favour and grace,*  
 “*Great light shall arise from utter confusion,*  
 “*And rebels shall live to lament their delusion.”*

“*Ah, rebels! (said I) they are rebels indeed—*  
 “*Chastisement, I hope, by the king is decreed:*  
 “*They have hung up his subjects with bed-cords and halters,*  
 “*And banish'd his Prophets, and thrown down his altars.*  
 “*And I—even I—while I ventur'd to stay,*  
 “*They fought for my life—to take it away!*  
 “*I therefore propose to come under your wing,*  
 “*A foe to REBELLION—a slave to the KING.”*

## VII.

SUCH solemn confession, in scriptural style,  
 Work'd out my salvation, at least for a while;



The parson pronounc'd me deserving of grace,  
And so *they* restor'd me to *Printing and Place*.

## VIII.

BUT days, such as these, were too happy to last:  
The sand of felicity settled too fast!

When I swore and protested I honour'd the throne

The least they could do was to let me alone:

Though *George* I compar'd to an angel above,

They wanted some solider proofs of my love;

And so they oblig'd me each morning to come

And turn in the ranks at the beat of the drum,

While often, too often (I tell it with pain)

They menac'd *my* head with a hickory cane,

While others, my betters, as much were oppress'd—

But shame and confusion shall cover the rest.

You, doubtless, will think I am dealing in fable

When I tell you I *guard an officer's stable*—

With usage like this my feelings are stung;

The next thing will be, I must heave out the dung!

*Six hours* in the day is duty too hard,

And *RIVINGTON* sneers whene'er I mount guard,

And laughs till his sides are ready to split

With his jests, and his satires, and sayings of wit:

Because he's excus'd, on account of his post,

He cannot go by without making his boast,

As if I was all that is servile and mean—

But fortune, perhaps, may alter the scene,

And give him his turn to stand in the street,

*Burnt Brandy* supporting his *radical* beat—

But what for the king or the cause has he done

That we must be toiling while he can look on?

Great conquests he gave them *on paper*—'tis true,

When *Howe* was retreating, he made him pursue:

Alack! its too plain that Britons must fall—

When, *loaded with laurels*—they go to the wall.

From hence you may guess I do nothing but grieve,

And where we are going I cannot conceive—

The wisest among us a *CHANGE* are expecting,

It is not for nothing, these ships are collecting;

It is not for nothing, that *MATHEWS*, the mayor,

And legions of *Tories*, for sailing prepare;

It is not for nothing, that *JOHN COGHILL KNAP*

Is filing his papers, and plugging his tap;

See *SKINNER* himself, the fighting attorney,

Is boiling potatoes to serve a long journey;

But where they are going, or meaning to travel

Would puzzle *John Faustus*, himself, to unravel;—

Perhaps to *Penobscot*, to starve in the barrens,

Perhaps to *St. John's*, in the gulph of *St. Lawrence*;



Perhaps to New Scotland, to perish with cold,  
 Perhaps to Jamaica, like slaves to be sold;  
 Where, scorch'd by the summer, all nature repines,  
 Where Phœbus, great Phœbus, too glaringly shines,  
 And fierce from the zenith diverging his ray  
 Distresses the isle with a torrent of day.

Since matters are thus, with proper submission  
 Permit me to offer my humble PETITION;  
 (Though the *form* is uncommon, and lawyers may sneer,  
 With truth I can tell you, the scribe is sincere):

## IX.

That, since it is plain we are going away,  
 You will suffer *Hugh Gaine* unmolested to stay,  
 His sand is near run (life itself is a span)  
 So leave him to manage the best that he can:  
 Whoe'er are his masters, or monarchs, or regents,  
 For the future he's ready to swear them allegiance;  
 The CROWN he will promise to hold in disgrace:  
 The BIBLE—allow him to stick in its place,  
 'Till THAT, in due season, you wish to put down,  
 And bid him keep shop at the sign of the CROWN.  
 If the Turk with his turban should set up at last here  
 While he gives him protection, he'll own him his master,  
 And yield due obedience (when Britain is gone)  
 Though rul'd by the sceptre of PRESBYTER JOHN.

My press, that has call'd you (as tyranny drove her)  
 Rogues, rebels, and rascals, a thousand times over,  
 Shall be at your service by day and by night,  
 To publish whate'er you think proper to write;  
 Those *types* which have rais'd George the third to a level  
 With angels—shall prove him as black as the devil,  
 To HIM that contriv'd him, a shame and disgrace,  
 Nor blest with one virtue to honour his race!

Who knows but, in time, I may rise to be great,  
 And have the good fortune to *manage* a STATE?  
 Great noise among people great changes denotes,  
 And I shall have money to purchase their votes—  
 The time is approaching, I'll venture to say,  
 When folks worse than me will come into play,  
 When your double fac'd people shall give themselves airs,  
 And AIM to take hold of the helm of affairs,  
 While the honest bold SOLDIER, that fought your renown,  
 Like a dog in the dirt, shall be crush'd and held down.

Of honours and profits allow me a share!  
 I frequently dream of a president's chair!  
 And visions full often intrude on my brain,  
 That for me to interpret, would rather be vain.

Blest seasons advance, when Britons shall find  
 That they can be happy, and you can be kind.



When *Rebels* no longer at Traitors shall spurn,  
When ARNOLD himself shall in triumph return!

## X.

But my *paper* informs me it's time to conclude;  
I fear my Address has been rather too rude—  
If it has—for my boldness your pardon I pray,  
And further, at present, presume not to say,  
Except that (for form's sake) in *haste* I remain,  
Your humble Petitioner—honest—HUGH GAINÉ.

ON THE  
DEPARTURE of the BRITISH

FROM CHARLESTON: (December 14, 1782.)

**H**IS triumphs of a moment done,  
His race of desolation run,  
The Briton, yielding to his fears,  
To other shores with sorrow steers:

To other shores—and coarser climes  
He goes, reflecting on his crimes,  
His broken oaths, a murder'd HAYNE,  
And blood of thousands, spilt in vain.

To *Cooper's* stream, advancing slow,  
*Ashley* no longer tells his woe,  
No longer mourns his impia flood  
Discolour'd deep with human blood.

Lo! where those social streams combine  
Again the friends of Freedom join;  
And, while they stray where once they bled,  
Rejoice to find their tyrants fled.

Since memory paints that dismal day  
When British squadrons held the sway,  
And circling close on every side,  
By sea and land retreat deny'd—

Shall she recall that mournful scene,  
And not the virtues of a GREENE,  
Who great in war—in danger try'd,  
Has won the day, and crush'd their pride.

Through barren wastes and ravag'd lands  
He led his bold undaunted bands,



Through sickly climes his standard bore  
Where never army march'd before:

By fortitude, with patience join'd,  
(The virtues of a noble mind)  
He spread, where'er our wars are known,  
His country's honour and his own.

Like Hercules, his generous plan  
Was to redress the wrongs of men;  
Like him, accustom'd to subdue,  
He freed a world from monsters too.

Through every want and every ill  
We saw him persevering still,  
Through Autumn's damps and Summer's heat,  
'Till his great purpose was complete.

Like the bold eagle, from the skies  
That stoops, to seize his trembling prize,  
He darted on the slaves of kings  
At Camden heights and Eutaw Springs.

Ah! had our friends that led the fray  
Surviv'd the ruins of that day,  
We should not damp our joy with pain,  
Nor, sympathizing, now complain.

Strange! that of those who nobly dare  
Death always claims so large a share,  
That those of virtue most refin'd  
Are soonest to the grave consign'd!—

But fame is theirs—and future days  
On pillar'd brass shall tell their praise;  
Shall tell—when cold neglect is dead—  
“*These* for their country fought and bled.”

## HERMIT'S VALLEY.

WITH western winds and flowing sail  
To these sequester'd haunts we came  
Where blooming trees, and chrysal streams  
Adorn the sweetly winding vale,  
Where from the breezy grove we claim  
The tribute of poetic dream.



These simple scenes delight me more  
 Than all the busy town can show:  
 More pleasure here *Philanthus* took,  
 And more he priz'd this broken shore,  
 His pen, his pencil, and his book  
 Than all the groves Madeira bore.

Here still is seen a hermit's cell,  
 Who, pleas'd the haunts of men to fly,  
 Enjoy'd his heaven beneath this shade!  
 In mouldering caves thrice blest to dwell,  
 He sought not from the flowers that die  
 A verdure, that would never fade.

To crowded courts and would-be kings,  
 (Where fawning knaves are most care's'd)  
 Who would, tho' oft invited, go;  
 While, here, so many charming things  
 By Nature to perfection dress'd,  
 To please the man of science, grow!

The native of this happy spot  
 No cares of vain ambition haunt:  
 Pleas'd with the partner of his nest,  
 Life flows—and when the dream is out  
 The earth, that once supplied each want,  
 Receives him—fainting—to her breast.

## NEWS-MAN'S ADDRESS.

ACCORDING to custom, once more I appear  
 With the verse you expect at the dawn of the year:  
 For at length we have got into EIGHTY AND THREE;  
 And, in spite of proud Britain, are happy and free.

If the times have been hard, and our commerce gone wrong,  
 We still have been able to struggle along.  
 If some, through misfortunes, are slack in the purse,  
 It is not so bad but it might have been worse.—

Great things, the year past, were reveal'd to our eyes:  
 The Dutch have confess'd us their friends and allies,  
 And humbled the pride of our haughty invaders,  
 By fighting their fleets and destroying their traders:

If the English succeeded in taking the Count,  
 To what, in the end, did their conquest amount?



With their boasts, and their brags, and their shouts of applause,  
It but sav'd them from ruin—not ruin'd our cause.

But leaving the weight of political cares  
To those, who are plac'd at the helm of affairs,  
To the humours of fortune in all things resign'd,  
I mean by my visit to put you in mind,

That, as true as a clock, both early and late,  
With the news of the day I have knock'd at your gate,  
And gave you to know what the world was a doing;  
What Louis intended, or GEORGE was a brewing.

If sometimes the papers were trifling and flat,  
And the news went against us—I cou'dn't help that;  
If parties were angry, and vented their spite,  
I bro't you their wranglings—not help'd them to write.

I therefore presume (and not without reason)  
You'll remember your NEWSMAN, and think of the season;  
The markets are high, and the weather is cold;  
No party I serve, and no pension I hold.

We Hawkers are men, and have children and wives,  
To comfort our hearts, and to solace our lives;  
But if I say more, you'll think it is stuff;  
And, a word to the wife is, in reason, enough.

# ON THE BRITISH KING'S

## S P E E C H,

*Recommending Peace with the American States.*

GROWN sick of war, and war's alarms,  
Good GEORGE has chang'd his note at last—  
Conquest and Death have lost their charms;  
He and his nation stand aghast  
To see what horrid lengths they've gone,  
And what a brink they stand upon.

Old BUZZ and NORTH! twin sons of hell,  
If you advis'd him to retreat  
Before our humbled thousands fell  
And lay submissive at his feet;  
Awake once more his latent flame  
And bid us yield to Britain's CLAIM.



The Macedonian wept and sigh'd  
 Because no other world was found  
 Where he might glut his rage and pride,  
 And by its ruin be renown'd;  
 The *world* that *Savemy* wish'd to view  
 George fairly had—and lost it too!

Let jarring powers make war or peace,  
 Monster!—no peace shall greet thy breast:  
 Our murder'd friends shall never cease  
 To hover round and break your rest!  
 The Furies shall your bosom tear,  
 Remorse, distraction, and despair,  
 And hell, with all its fiends, be there!

Curs'd be the ship that e'er sets sail  
 Hence, freighted for thy odious shore;  
 May tempests o'er her strength prevail,  
 Destruction round her roar!  
 May Nature all her *aids* deny,  
 The sun refuse his light,  
 The needle from its object fly,  
 No star appear by night;  
 'Till the base pilot, conscious of his crime,  
 Directs the prow to some more CHRISTIAN clime.

Genius! that first our race design'd,  
 To other kings impart  
 The finer feelings of the mind,  
 The virtues of the heart;  
 Whene'er the honours of a throne  
 Fall to the bloody and the base,  
 Like Britain's monster, pull them down,  
 Like his, be their disgrace!

Hibernia, seize each native right!  
 Neptune, exclude him from the main;  
 Like *her* that sunk with all her freight,  
 The *Royal George*, take all his fleet,  
 And never let them rise again:  
 Confine him to his gloomy isle,  
 Let Scotland rule her half,  
 Spare him to curse his fate awhile,  
 And WHITEHEAD, \* thou, to write his Epitaph.—

[1783.]

\* At that time Poet Laureat to the king of G. Britain.



## MANHATTAN CITY:

## A PICTURE.

**F**AIR mistress of a warlike STATE,  
 What crime of thine deserves this fate?  
 While other ports to FREEDOM rise,  
 In thee that flame of honour dies.  
 With wars and horrors overspread,  
 Seven years, and more, we fought and bled:  
 Seiz'd British hosts and Hessian bands,  
 And all—to leave thee in their hands.  
 While British tribes forsake our plains,  
 In you, a ghastly herd remains:  
 Must vipers to your halls repair;  
 Must poison taint that purest air?  
 Ah! what a scene torments the eye:  
 In thee, what putrid monsters lie!  
 What dirt, and mud, and mouldering walls,  
 Burnt domes, dead dogs, and funerals!  
 Those grassy banks, where oft I flood,  
 And fondly view'd the passing flood;  
 There owls obscene, that day-light shun,  
 Pollute the waters, as they run.  
 Thus in the east—once Asia's queen—  
 PALMYRA's tottering towers are seen;  
 While through her streets the serpent feeds,  
 Thus she puts on her mourning weeds!  
 Lo! SKINNER there for Scotia hails  
 The sweepings of Cæsarean jails:  
 While, to receive the odious freight,  
 A thousand sable transports wait.  
 Had he been born in days of old  
 When men with gods their 'squires enroll'd,  
 Hermes had claim'd his aid above,  
 Arch-quibbler in the courts of Jove.  
 O chief, that wrangled at the bar—  
 Grown old in *less successful war*;  
 What crowds of miscreants round you stand,  
 What vagrants bow to thy command!  
 Long, much too long in YORK reside  
 A race, that mortifies our pride—  
 A race, that all mankind defames,  
 And NOVA-SCOTIA only claims.



A  
R E N E G A D O E P I S T L E.

**D**ARK glooms the day that sees me leave this shore,  
 To which fate whispers I must come no more:  
 From civil broils what dire disasters flow—  
 Those broils condemn me to a land of woe  
 Where barren pine trees shade the dreary steep,  
 Frown o'er the soil or murmur to the deep,  
 Where fullen fogs their heavy wings expand,  
 And nine months winter chills the dismal land!  
 Could no kind stars have mark'd a different way,  
 Stars, that presided on my natal day?—  
 Why is not man endued with power to know  
 The ends and meanings of events below!  
 Why did not heaven (all other sense deny'd)  
 Teach me to take the true-born BUCKSKIN side,  
 Show me the balance of the wavering fates  
 And fortune smiling on these new-born STATES!  
 Friend of my heart!—my refuge and relief,  
 Who help'd me on through seven long years of grief,  
 Whose better genius taught you to remain  
 In the soft quiet of your rural reign,  
 Who still despis'd the *Rebels* and their cause,  
 And, while you paid the taxes, damn'd their laws;  
 And wisely stood spectator of the fray  
 Nor trusted GEORGE, what'er he chose to say;  
 Thrice happy thou, who wore a double face,  
 And as the balance turn'd, could *each* embrace;  
 Too happy JANUS! had I shar'd thy art,  
 To speak a language foreign to my heart,  
 And stoop'd from pomp and dreams of regal state  
 To court the friendship of the *men* I hate,  
 These strains of woe had not been penn'd to-day,  
 Nor I to foreign climes been forc'd away:

Ah! GEORGE—that name provokes my keenest rage:  
 Did he not swear, and promise, and engage  
 His loyal sons to nurture and defend,  
 To be their god, their father, and their friend—  
 Yet basely quits us on a hostile coast  
 And leaves us wretched, where we need him most.  
 His was the part to promise and deceive,  
 By him we wander and by him we grieve;  
 Since the first day, that these dissensions grew  
 When Gage to Boston brought his blackguard crew,  
 Amus'd with conquests, honours, riches, fame,  
 Posts, titles, earldoms—and a deathless name,  
 From place to place we urge our vagrant flight  
 To follow still these vapours of the night.



From town to town have run our various race,  
 And acted all that's mean, and all that's base—  
 Yes—from that day until this hour we roam,  
 Vagrants forever from our native home!

And yet, perhaps, fate sees the golden hour  
 When happier hands shall crush rebellious power,  
 When hostile tribes their plighted faith shall own  
 And swear subjection to the British throne,  
 When *George the fourth* shall their petitions spurn,  
 And banish'd thousands to their fields return.

From dreams of conquest, worlds, and empires won,  
 Britain awaking, mourns her setting sun,  
 No rays of joy her evening hour illumine,  
 'Tis one sad chaos, one unmingled gloom!  
 Too soon she sinks unheeded to the grave,  
 No eye to pity, and no hand to save:  
 What are her crimes that she alone must bend?  
 Where are her hosts to conquer and defend—  
 Must she alone with these new regions part,  
 These realms that lay the nearest to her heart.  
 But soar'd at once to independent power,  
 Not sunk, like Scotland, in the trying hour?—  
 See, slothful Spaniards golden empires keep,  
 And rule vast realms beyond the Atlantic deep;  
 Must *we* alone surrender half *our* reign,  
 And they their empires and their worlds retain?—  
 Britannia rise—send JOHNSTONE to PERU,  
 Seize thy bold thunders and the war renew,  
 Conquest or ruin—one must be thy doom,  
 Strike—and secure a triumph or a tomb!

But we, sad outcasts from our native reign,  
 Driven from these shores, a poor deluded train,  
 In distant wilds, conducted by despair,  
 Seek, vainly seek, a hiding place from care!  
 Even now yon' tribes, the foremost of the band,  
 Crowd to the ships and cover all the strand,  
 Forc'd from their friends, their country, and their god,  
 I see the unhappy miscreants leave the sod!  
 Matrons and men walk sorrowing side by side,  
 And virgin grief, and poverty, and pride;  
 All, all with aching hearts prepare to sail,  
 And late repentance, that has no avail!  
 While yet I stand on this forbidden ground  
 I hear the death-bell of destruction sound,  
 And threatening hosts, with vengeance on their brow,  
 Cry “where are Britain's base adherents now?”  
 These, hot for vengeance, by resentment led,  
 Blame on our hearts the failings of the head;  
 To us no peace, no favours they extend,  
 Their rage no bounds, their hatred knows no end;



In one firm league I see them all combin'd,  
 We, like the damn'd, can no forgiveness find—  
 As soon might Satan from perdition rise,  
 And the lost angels gain their vanish'd skies,  
 As malice cease in their dark souls to burn,  
 Or we, once fled, be suffer'd to return.

Curs'd be the union that was form'd with France,  
 I see their lillies, and the stars, advance!  
 Did they not turn our triumphs to retreats,  
 And prove our conquests nothing but defeats?—  
 My heart misgives me, as their chiefs draw near,  
 I feel the influence of all-potent fear:  
 Henceforth must I, abandon'd and distress'd,  
 Knock at the door of pride, a beggar guest,  
 And learn from years of misery and pain  
 Not to oppose fair Freedom's cause again!

One truth is clear from Nature, constant still,  
 Kings hold not worlds, or empires, at their will:  
 Nor rebels they, who native freedom claim,  
 Conquest alone can ratify the name—

But great the task, reluctance to controul  
 When genuine virtue fires the stubborn soul;  
 The warlike beast, in Lybian deserts plac'd  
 To reign the master of the sun-burnt waste,  
 Not tamely yields to wear a servile chain:  
 Force may attempt it, and attempt in vain—  
*Nervous and bold, by native valour led:*  
*His prowess strikes the proud invader dead,*  
*By force nor fraud from Freedom's charms beguil'd,*  
*He reigns secure the monarch of the wild.*

TANTALUS.

[1783.]

## RIVINGTON'S CONFESSIONS.

Addressed to the WHIGS of NEW-YORK.

I.

**L**ONG life and low spirits were never my choice,  
 As long as I live I intend to rejoice;  
 When life is worn out, and no wine's to be had,  
 'Tis time enough then to be serious and sad.  
 'Tis time enough then to reflect and repent  
 When our liquor is gone, and our money is spent,  
 But I cannot endure what is practis'd by some  
 This anticipating of mischiefs to come:



A debt must be paid, I am sorry to say,  
 Alike, in their turns, by the grave and the gay.  
 And due to a despot that none can deceive  
 Who grants us no respite and signs no reprieve.

Thrice happy is he that from care can retreat,  
 And its plagues and vexations put under his feet;  
 Blow the storm as it may, he is always in trim,  
 And the sun's in the zenith forever to him.

Since the world then, in earnest, is nothing but care,  
 (And the world will allow I have also my share)  
 Yet, tofs'd as I am in the stormy expanse,  
 The best way, I find, is to leave it to chance.

Look round, if you please, and survey the wide ball  
 And CHANCE, you will find, has direction of all:  
 'Twas owing to *chance* that I first saw the light,  
 And chance may destroy me before it is night!

'Twas a chance, a mere chance, that your arms gain'd the day,  
 'Twas a chance that the Britons so soon went away,  
 To chance by their leaders the nation is cast  
 And chance to perdition will send them at last.

Now because I remain when the puppies are gone  
 You would willingly see me hang'd, quarter'd, and drawn,  
 Though I think I have logic sufficient to prove  
 That the *chance* of my stay—is a proof of my love.

For deeds of destruction some hundreds are ripe,  
 But the worst of my foes are your lads of the type:  
 Because they have nothing to put on their shelves  
 They are striving to make me as poor as themselves.

There's LONDON, and KOLLOCK, those strong bulls of Basman,  
 Are striving to *hook* me away from my station,  
 And HOLT, all at once, is as wonderful great  
 As if none but himself was to print for the STATE.

Ye all are convinc'd I'd a right to expect  
 That a sinner returning you would not reject—  
 Quite sick of the scarlet and slaves of the throne,  
 'Tis now at your option to make me your own.

Suppose I had gone with the Tories and rabble,  
 To starve or be drown'd on the shoals of cape *Sable*,  
 I had suffer'd, 'tis true—but I'll have you to know,  
 You nothing had gain'd by my trouble and woe.

You say that with grief and dejection of heart  
 I pack'd up my awls, with a view to depart,



That my shelves were dismantled, my cellars unstor'd,  
My boxes afloat, and my hampers on board:

And hence you infer (I am sure without reason)  
That a right you possess to entangle my weazon—  
Yet your barns I ne'er burnt, nor your blood have I spilt,  
And my *terror* alone was no proof of my guilt.

The charge may be true—for I found it in vain  
To lean on a staff that was broken in twain,  
And ere I had gone at Port Roseway to fix,  
I had chose to sell drams on the south side of Styx.

I confess, that, with shame and contrition oppress'd,  
I sign'd an agreement to go with the rest,  
But ere they weigh'd anchor to sail their last trip,  
I saw they were vermin, and gave them the slip:

Now, why you should call me the worst man alive,  
On the word of a convert, I cannot contrive,  
Though turn'd a plain honest republican, still  
You own me no proselyte, do what I will.

My paper is alter'd—good people, don't fret;  
I call it no longer the ROYAL GAZETTE,  
To me a great monarch has lost all his charms,  
I have pull'd down his LION, and trampled his ARMS.

While fate was propitious, I thought they might stand,  
(You know I was zealous for George's command)  
But since he disgrac'd it, and left us behind,  
If I thought him an angel—I've alter'd my mind.

On the very same day that his army went hence  
I ceas'd to tell lies for the sake of his pence;  
And what was the reason?—the true one is best—  
I worship no suns when they hang to the west:

In this I resemble a Turk or a Moor,  
Bright Phoebus ascending, I prostrate adore;  
And, therefore, excuse me for printing some lays,  
An ode or a sonnet in Washington's praise.

His prudence, and caution has sav'd your dominions,  
This chief of all chiefs, and the pride of Virginians!  
And when he is gone—I pronounce it with pain—  
We scarcely shall meet with his equal again.

Old Plato asserted that life is a dream  
And man but a shadow, a cloud, or a stream;  
By which it is plain he intended to say  
That man, like a shadow, must vanish away:



If this be the fact, in relation to man,  
And if each one is striving to get what he can,  
I hope, while I live, you will all think it best,  
To allow me to bustle along with the rest.

A view of my life, though some parts might be solemn,  
Would make, on the whole, a ridiculous volume:  
In the life that's hereafter (to speak with submission)  
I hope I shall publish a better edition:

Even swine you permit to subsist in the street;—  
You pity a dog that lies down to be beat—  
Then forget what is past, for the year's at a close—  
And men of my age have some need of repose.

## II.

BUT as to the Tories that yet may remain,  
They scarcely need give you a moment of pain:  
What dare they attempt when their masters are fled;—  
When the soul is departed, who wars with the dead?

On the waves of the Styx had they rode quarantine,  
They could not have look'd more infernally lean  
Than the day, when repenting, dismay'd and distressed,  
Like the doves to their windows, they stuck to their nest.

Poor souls! for the love of the king and his nation  
They have had their full quota of mortification;  
Wherever they fought, or whatever they won  
The dream's at an end—the delusion is done.

The TEMPLE you rais'd was so wonderful large  
Not one of them thought you could answer the charge,  
It seem'd a mere castle constructed of vapour,  
Surrounded with gibbets, and founded on PAPER.

On the basis of freedom you built it too strong!  
And CARLETON confess'd, when you held it so long,  
That if any thing human the fabric could shatter,  
The ROYAL GAZETTE must accomplish the matter.

An engine like that, in such hands as my own  
Had shaken king CUDJOE\* himself from his throne,  
In another rebellion had ruin'd the Scot,  
While the Pope and Pretender had both gone to pot.

If you stood my attacks, I have nothing to say—  
I fought, like the Swifs, for the sake of my pay;  
But while I was proving your fabric unsound  
Our vessel *miss'd stay*, and we all went aground.

\* The negro king in Jamaica; whom the English declared Independent in 1739.



Thus ended in ruin what madness begun,  
And thus was our nation disgrac'd and undone,  
Renown'd as we were, and the lords of the deep,  
If our outset was folly, our exit was sleep.

A dominion like *THIS*, that some millions had cost!—  
The king might have wept when he saw it was lost;—  
This jewel—whose value I cannot describe;  
This pearl—that *was richer than all his Dutch tribe*.

When the war came upon us, you very well knew  
My income was small and my riches were few—  
If your money was scarce, and your prospects were bad,  
Why hinder me printing for people that had?

'Twou'd have pleas'd you, no doubt, had I gone with a few fetts  
Of books, to exist in your cold Massachusetts;  
Or to wander at *Newark*, like ill fated *HUGH*,  
Not a shirt to my back, or a shoal to my shoe:

Now, if we mistook (as we did, it is plain)  
Our error was owing to wicked *HUGH GAINÉ*,  
For he gave such accounts of your starving and strife  
As prov'd that his pictures were drawn from the life.

The part that I acted, by some men of sense  
Was wrongfully held to be malice propense,  
When to all the world else it was perfectly plain,  
One principle rul'd me—a passion for gain.

You pretend I have suffer'd no loss in the cause,  
And have, therefore, no right to partake of your laws:—  
Some people love talking—I find to my cost,  
I too am a loser—my *PENSION* is lost!

Nay, did not your printers repeatedly stoop  
To descant and reflect on my *PORTABLE SOUP*?  
At me have your porcupines darted the quill,  
You have plunder'd my Office and publish'd my *Will*.

Resolv'd upon mischief, you held it no crime  
To steal my *Reflections*, and print them in rhyme,  
When all the town knew (and a number confess'd)  
That papers, like these, were no cause of arrest.

You never consider'd my struggles and strife;  
That my lot is to toil and to worry through life;  
My windows you broke—not a pane did you spare—  
And my house you have made a mere old *man of war*.

And still you insist I've no right to complain!—  
Indeed if I do, I'm afraid it's in vain—



Yet am willing to hope you're too learnedly read  
To hang up a printer for being misled.

If this be your aim, I must think of a flight—  
In less than a month I must bid you good night,  
And hurry away to that *whelp*-ridden shore  
Where CLINTON and CARLETON retreated before.

From signs in the sky, and from tokens on land  
I'm inclin'd to suspect my departure's at hand :  
Old Argo\* the ship.—in a peep at her star,  
I found they were scraping her bottom for TAR :

For many nights past, as the house can attest,  
A boy with a feather-bed troubled my rest:  
My shop, the last evening, seem'd all in a blaze,  
And a HEN crow'd at midnight, my waiting man says ;

Even then, as I lay with strange whims in my head,  
A ghost hove in sight, not a yard from my bed,  
It seem'd General ROBERTSON, *brawly* array'd,  
But I grasp'd at the substance, and found him a shade !

He appear'd as of old, when head of the throng,  
And loaded with laurels, he waddled along—  
He seem'd at the foot of my bedstead to stand  
And cry'd—" Jamie Rivington, reach me your hand ;

" And Jamie, (said he) I am sorry to find  
" Some demon advis'd you to loiter behind ;  
" The country is hostile—you had better get off it,  
" Here's nothing but squabbles, all plague, and no profit !

" Since the day that Sir William came here with his throng  
" He manag'd things so, that they always went wrong ;  
" And tho' for his knighthood, he kept MESCHIANZA,  
" I think he was nothing but mere Sancho Panza :

" That famous conductor of *moon-light* retreats,  
" Sir HARRY, came next with his armies and fleets,  
" But, finding "*the Rebels were dying and dead,*"  
" He grounded his arms and retreated—to bed."

" Other luck we had once at the battle of *Boyne* !  
" But *here* they have ruin'd earl Charles and *Burgoyne*,  
" Here brave colonel *Monckton* was thrown on his back,  
" And here lies poor *Andre* ! the best of the pack,"

So saying, he flitted away in a trice,  
Just adding, " he hop'd I would take his advice"—

\* A southern Constellation consisting of 24 stars.



Which I surely shall do, if you push me too hard—  
And so I remain, with eternal regard,

JAMES RIVINGTON, Printer, of late to the king,  
But now a republican—under your wing—  
Let him stand where he is—don't push him down hill,  
And he'll turn a true *Blue-Skin*, or just what you will.—

December 31, 1783.

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T H E

## A M E R I C A N   S I B E R I A.

W H E N Jove from darkness smote the sun,  
And Nature earth from chaos won,  
One part she left a barren waste  
By stormy seas and fogs embrac'd.

Jove saw her vile neglect, and cry'd,  
“What madness did your fancy guide—  
Why have you left so large a space  
With winter brooding o'er its face?”

No trees of stately growth ascend,  
Eternal fogs their wings expand—  
My favorite—man—I place not there,  
But spirits of a darker sphere.

If Nature's self neglects her trade  
What strange confusion will be made:  
Such climes as these I doom'd to fall  
On Saturn's cold, unsocial ball:

But such a blemish, here, to see—  
How can it else but anger me?  
Where chilling winds forever freeze,  
What fool will fix on lands like these?”

Nature, abash'd, thus made reply:  
“When earth I form'd, I don't deny,  
Some parts I portion'd out for pain,  
Hard storms, dull skies, and—little gain.”

Mankind are form'd with different souls:  
Some will be suited near the poles,



Some pleas'd beneath the scorching line,  
And, some, *New Scotland*, will be thine.

Yet, in due time, my plastic hand  
Shall mould it o'er, if you command:  
By you I act—if you stand still  
The world comes tumbling down the hill!"

Untouch'd—(*said Jove*)—remain the place!  
In days to come I'll form a race,  
Born to betray their country's cause,  
And aid an alien monarch's laws.

When traitors to their country die,  
To lands, like this, their phantoms fly;  
But when the brave by death decay  
The mind explores a different way.

Then, Nature, hold your aiding hand—  
Let fogs and tempests chill the land;  
While this degenerate work of thine  
To *knaves and knapsacks* I resign.

OCCASIONED BY

General WASHINGTON'S

Arrival in PHILADELPHIA, on his way to his Residence in

VIRGINIA (*December, 1783.*)

THE great, unequal conflict past,  
The Briton banish'd from our shore,  
Peace, heaven-descended, comes at last,  
And hostile nations rage no more;  
From fields of death the weary swain  
Returning, seeks his native plain.

In every vale she smiles serene,  
Freedom's bright stars more radiant rise,  
New charms she adds to every scene,  
Her brighter sun illumines our skies;  
Remotest realms admiring stand,  
And hail the *Hero* of our land:

He comes!—the Genius of these lands—  
Fame's thousand tongues his worth confess,  
Who conquer'd with his suffering bands,  
And grew immortal by distress:



Thus calms succeed the stormy blast,  
And valour is repaid at last.

O WASHINGTON!—thrice glorious name,  
What due rewards can man decree—  
Empires are far below thy aim,  
And sceptres have no charms for thee;  
*Virtue* alone has your regard,  
And she must be your great reward.

Encircled by extorted power,  
*Monarchs* must envy thy *Retreat*  
*Who* cast, in some ill fated hour,  
Their country's freedom at their feet;  
'Twas yours to act a nobler part  
For injur'd Freedom had your heart.

For ravag'd realms and conquer'd seas  
Rome gave the great imperial prize,  
And, swell'd with pride, for feats like these,  
Transferr'd her heroes to the skies:—  
A brighter scene your deeds display,  
You gain those heights a different way.

When *Faction* rear'd her bristly head,  
And join'd with tyrants to destroy,  
Where'er you march'd the monster fled,  
Timorous her arrows to employ:  
Hosts catch'd from you a bolder flame,  
And despots trembled at your name.

Ere war's dread horrors ceas'd to reign,  
What leader could your place supply—?  
Chiefs crowded to the embattled plain,  
Prepar'd to conquer or to die—  
Heroes arose—but none, like you,  
Could save our lives and freedom too.

In swelling verse let kings be read,  
And princes shine in polish'd prose;  
Without such aid your triumphs spread  
Where'er the convex ocean flows,  
To Indian worlds by seas embrac'd,  
And Tartar, tyrant of the waste.

Throughout the east you gain applause,  
And soon the *Old World*, taught by you,  
Shall blush to own her barbarous laws,  
Shall learn instruction from the *New*:  
Monarchs shall hear the humble plea,  
Nor urge too far the proud decree?



Despising pomp and vain parade,  
 At home you stay, while France and Spain  
 The secret, ardent wish convey'd,  
 And hail'd you to their shores in vain:  
 In *Vernon's* groves you shun the throne,  
 Admir'd by kings, but seen by none.

Your fame, thus spread to distant lands,  
 May envy's fiercest blasts endure,  
 Like Egypt's pyramids it stands,  
 Built on a basis more secure;  
 Time's latest age shall own in you  
 The patriot and the statesman too.

Now hurrying from the busy scene,  
 Where thy *Potowmack's* waters flow,  
 May'st thou enjoy thy rural reign,  
 And every earthly blessing know;  
 Thus HE,\* who Rome's proud legions sway'd,  
 Return'd, and fought his sylvan shade.

Not less in wisdom than in war  
 Freedom shall still employ your mind,  
 Slavery shall vanish, wide and far,  
 'Till not a trace is left behind;  
 Your counsels not bestow'd in vain,  
 Shall still protect this infant reign.

So, when the bright, all-cheering sun  
 From our contracted view retires,  
 Though folly deems his race is run,  
 On other worlds he lights his fires:  
 Cold climes beneath his influence glow,  
 And frozen rivers learn to flow.

O say, thou great, exalted name!  
 What Muse can boast of equal lays,  
 Thy worth disdains all vulgar fame,  
 Transcends the noblest poet's praise:  
 Art soars, unequal to the flight,  
 And genius sickens at the height.

For States redeem'd—our western reign  
 Restor'd by thee to milder sway,  
 Thy conscious glory shall remain  
 When this great globe is swept away,  
 And *all* is lost that pride admires,  
 And all the pageant scene expires.

\* Cincinnatus.



A

## NEWS-MAN'S ADDRESS.

WHAT tempests gloom'd the by-past year—  
What dismal prospects then arose!  
Scarce at your doors I dar'd appear,  
So many were our griefs and woes:  
But time at length has chang'd the scene,  
Our prospects, now, are more serene.

Bad news we brought you every day,  
Your seamen slain, your ships on shore,  
The army fretting for their pay—  
(’Twas well they had not fretted more!)  
’Twas wrong indeed to wear out shoes,  
To bring you nothing but bad news.

Now let's be joyful for the change—  
The folks that guard the *English* throne  
Have given us ample room to range,  
And more, perhaps, than was their own;  
To western lakes they stretch our bounds,  
And yield the *Indian* hunting grounds.

But pray read on another year,  
Remain the humble newsman's friend;  
And he'll engage to let you hear  
What *Europe's* princes next intend.—  
Even now their brains are all at work  
To rouse the *Russian* on the *Turk*.

Well—if they fight, then fight they must,  
They are a strange contentious breed;  
One good effect will be, I trust,  
The more are kill'd, the more you'll read;  
For past experience clearly shews,  
*That WRANGLING is the LIFE of NEWS.*

Jan. 1, 1784.



T H E  
T R I U M P H A L A R C H.

TOWARD the skies  
 What columns rise  
 In Roman style, profusely great!  
 What lamps ascend,  
 What arches bend,  
 And swell with more than Roman state!  
 High o'er the central arch display'd,  
 Old Janus shuts his temple door,  
 And shackles war in darkest shade—  
 Saturnian times in view once more.

Pride of the human race, behold  
 In Gallia's prince the virtues glow,  
 Whose conduct prov'd, whose goodness told  
 That kings can feel for human woe.  
 Thrice happy France, in Louis blest,  
 Thy genius droops her head no more;  
 In the calm virtues of the mind  
 Equal to him no Titus shin'd—  
 No Trajan—whom mankind adore.

Another scene too soon displays!  
 Griefs have their share, and claim their part,  
 They monuments to ruin raise,  
 And shed keen anguish o'er the heart:  
 Those heroes that in battle fell  
 Demand a sympathetic tear,  
 Who fought, our tyrants to repell—  
 Memory preserves their laurels here.  
 In vernal skies  
 Thus tempests rise,  
 And clouds obscure the brightest sun—  
 Few wreaths are gain'd  
 With blood unstain'd—  
 No honours without ruin won.

The arms of France three lillies mark—  
 In honour's dome with these enroll'd  
 The plough, the sheaf, the gliding barque  
 The riches of our State unfold.

Ally'd in heaven, a sun and stars  
 Friendship and peace with France declare—  
 The *branch* succeeds the spear of Mars,  
 Commerce repairs the wastes of war;  
 In ties of *concord* ancient foes engage,  
 Proving the day-spring of a brighter age



These STATES defended by the brave,  
Their military trophies, see!  
The virtue that of old did save  
Shall still maintain them, *great and free*;  
Arts shall pervade the western wild,  
And savage hearts become more mild.

Of science proud, the source of sway,  
Lo! emblematic figures shine;  
The arts their kindred forms display,  
Manners to soften and refine:  
A stately Tree to heav'n its summit sends,  
And cluster'd fruit from thirteen boughs depends.

With laurel crown'd  
A chief renown'd  
(His country sav'd) his faulchion sheathes;  
Neglects his spoils  
For rural toils,  
And crowns his plough with laurel wreaths:—  
While we this Roman chief survey,  
What apt resemblance strikes the eye!  
Those features to the soul convey  
A WASHINGTON, in fame, as high,  
Whose prudent, persevering mind  
Patience with manly courage join'd,  
And when disgrace and death were near,  
Look'd through the dark distressing shade,  
Struck hostile Britons with unwonted fear,  
And blasted their best hopes, and pride in ruin laid!

Victorious Virtue! aid me to pursue  
The tributary verse, to triumphs due—  
Behold the peasant leave his lowly shed,  
Where tufted forests round him grow;—  
Though clouds the dark sky overspread,  
War's dreadful art his arm essays,  
He meets the hostile cannon's blaze,  
And pours redoubled vengeance on the foe.

Born to protect and guard our native land,  
Victorious Virtue! still preserve us free;  
PLENTY—gay child of peace, thy horn expand,  
And, CONCORD, teach us to agree!  
May every virtue that adorns the soul  
Be here advanc'd to heights unknown before;  
Pacific ages in succession roll  
'Till Nature blots the scene,  
Chaos resumes her reign  
And heaven with pleasure views its works no more.

PHILADELPHIA, May 10. 1784.



## SCANDINAVIAN WAR SONG.\*

*BALDERI patri's scamna  
Parata scio in aula:  
Bibemus Cerevisiam  
Ex concavis crateribus craniorum.  
Non gemit vir fortis contra mortem  
Magnifici in ODINI domibus; &c.*

## [TRANSLATION.]

**B**RAVE deeds atchiev'd, at death's approach I smile;  
In Balder's hall I see the table spread,  
The enlivening ALE shall now reward my toil,  
Quaff'd from their skulls, that by my faulchion bled.

Heroes no more at death's approach shall groan:  
In lofty ODIN's dome all sighs forbear—  
Conscious of bloody deeds, my fearless soul  
Mounts to great ODIN's† hall, and revels there.

\* Composed (with a great deal more) by one of the warrior chiefs of the Scandinavians, more than 800 years ago, a few hours before he expired.——

† Odin (or Woden) one of the war-gods of the ancient Saxons: Balder was the son of Odin.

## MARS and VENUS.

**A** Nymph, the pride of all the plain,  
In beauty's charms excell'd by none,  
By THYRSIS lov'd, a gallant swain,  
Would not a mutual passion own,  
Nor yield to him her hand (she said)  
'Till he forsook the soldier's trade.

*These camps, and drums, and martial arts,  
In me (she cry'd) no pleasure move;  
No arms I prize but Cupid's darts;  
And what has war to do with love?  
Reject such dangerous arts as these,  
And take me, Thyr sis, when you please.*

“What have I done (the youth rejoin'd)  
That you should thus our trade despise;  
VENUS, of old, to MARS was kind,  
Who gain'd her favours in the skies:  
A soldier's glory is to dare  
All danger—and to guard the fair.



When sent to rove some foreign waste  
 O'er mountains marching, bleak and cold,  
 We cheerful to the combat haste,  
 In honour's brilliant band enroll'd—  
 Even there, when wrapt in frost and snow,  
 Even there, sweet girl, I dream of you.

Since thus, when call'd to war's alarms,  
 For absent nymphs our bosoms burn;  
 In peace, devoted to your charms,  
 Ah! let me find a just return:  
 Believe me, Fortune ne'er can part  
 A soldier and a generous heart."

While thus he urg'd his moving strain,  
 She, conscious what his language meant,  
 No longer sported with his pain,  
 But, sighing, sweetly smil'd consent.—  
*What VENUS but on MARS will doat,  
 What influence has—a captain's coat!*

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## PEWTER PLATTER ALLEY.\*

**F**ROM Christ-Church graves, across the way,  
 A dismal, horrid place is found,  
 Where rushing winds exert their sway,  
 And Greenland winter chills the ground:  
 No blossoms there are seen to bloom,  
 No sun pervades the dreary gloom!

The people of that stormy place  
 In penance for some antient crime  
 Are held in a too narrow space,  
 Like those beyond the bounds of time,  
 Who darken'd still, perceive no day,  
 While seasons waste, and moons decay.

Cold as the shade that wraps them round,  
 This icy region prompts our fear;  
 And he who treads this frozen ground  
 Shall curse the chance that brought him here—  
 The slippery mass predicts his fate,  
 A broken arm, a wounded pate.

When August sheds his sultry beam,  
 May Celia never find this place,  
 Nor see, upon the clouded stream,  
 The fading summer in her face;

\* IN PHILADELPHIA.



And may I ne'er discover there  
The grey that mingles with my hair.

The watchman sad, whose drowsy call  
Proclaims the hour forever fled,  
Avoids this path to Pluto's hall;  
For who would wish to wake the dead!—  
Still let them sleep—it is no crime—  
They pay no tax to know the time.

No coaches hence, in glittering pride,  
Convey their freight to take the air,  
No gods nor heroes here reside,  
Nor powder'd beau, nor lady fair—  
All, all to warmer regions flee,  
And leave these glooms to *Towne*\* and me.

\* BENJAMIN TOWNE, late Printer of the EVENING POST.

## T H E H U R R I C A N E

**H**APPY the man who, safe on shore,  
Now trims, at home, his evening fire;  
Unmov'd, he hears the tempests roar,  
That on the tufted groves expire:  
Alas! on us they doubly fall,  
Our feeble barque must bear them all.

Now to their haunts the birds retreat,  
The squirrel seeks his hollow tree,  
Wolves in their shaded caverns meet,  
All, all are blest but wretched we—  
Foredoom'd a stranger to repose,  
No rest the unsettled ocean knows.

While o'er the dark abyss\* we roam,  
Perhaps, whate'er the pilots say,  
We saw the sun descend in gloom,  
No more to see his rising ray,  
But buried low, by far too deep,  
On coral beds, unpitied, sleep!

But what a strange, uncoasted strand  
Is that, where fate permits no day—  
No charts have we to mark that land,  
No compass to direct that way—

\* Near the east end of Jamaica, July 30, 1784.



POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

What pilot shall explore that realm,  
What new COLUMBUS take the helm!

While death and darkness both surround,  
And tempests rage with lawless power,  
Of friendship's voice I hear no sound,  
No comfort in this dreadful hour—  
What friendship can in tempests be,  
What comfort on this troubled sea?

The barque, accustom'd to obey,  
No more the trembling pilots guide:  
Alone she gropes her trackless way,  
While mountains burst on either side—  
Thus, skill and science both must fall;  
And ruin is the lot of all.

---

ON THE DEATH OF A

REPUBLICAN PATRIOT & STATESMAN.

SOON to the grave descends each honour'd name  
That rais'd their country to this blaze of fame:  
Sages, that plann'd, and chiefs that led the way  
To Freedom's temple, all too soon decay,  
Alike submit to one impartial doom,  
Their glories closing in perpetual gloom,  
Like the bright splendours of the evening, fade,  
While night advances, to complete the shade.

REED,\* 'tis for thee we shed the unpurchas'd tear,  
Bend o'er thy tomb, and plant our laurels there:  
Your acts, your life, the noblest pile transcend,  
And Virtue, patriot Virtue, mourns her friend,  
Gone to those realms, where worth may claim regard,  
And gone where virtue meets her best reward.

No single art engag'd his vigorous mind,  
In every scene his active genius shin'd:  
Nature in him, in honour to our age,  
At once compos'd the soldier and the sage—  
Firm to his purpose, vigilant and bold,  
Detesting traitors, and despising gold,  
He scorn'd all bribes from Britain's hostile throne,  
For all his country's wrongs he held his own.

REED, rest in peace: for time's impartial page  
Shall raise the blush on this ungrateful age:  
Long in these climes thy name shall flourish fair,  
The statesman's pattern and the poet's care;

\*General JOSEPH REED.



Long in these climes thy memory shall remain,  
And still new tributes from new ages gain,  
Fair to the eye that injur'd honour rise—  
Nor traitors triumph while the patriot dies.

---

T H E  
F I V E A G E S.

**T**HE reign of old Saturn is highly renown'd  
For many fine things that no longer are found,  
Trees always in blossom, men free from all pains,  
And shepherds as mild as the sheep on their plains.

In the midland Equator, dispensing his sway,  
The Sun, they pretended, pursu'd his bright way,  
Not rambled, unsteady, to regions remote,  
To talk, once a-year, with the *crab* and the *goat*.

From a motion like this, have the sages explain'd,  
How summer forever her empire maintain'd;  
While the turf of the fields by the plough was unbroke,  
And a house for the shepherd, the boughs of an oak.

Yet some say there never was seen on this stage  
What poets affirm of that innocent *age*,  
When the brutal creation from bondage was free,  
And men were exactly what mankind should be.

But why should they labour to prove it a dream?—  
The poets of old were in love with the theme,  
And, leaving to others mere truth to repeat,  
In the regions of fancy they found it complete.

Three ages have been on this globe, they pretend;  
And the fourth, some have thought, is to be without end;  
The first was of Gold—But a fifth, *we* will say,  
Has already begun, and is now on its way.

Since the days of Arcadia, if ever there shin'd  
A ray of the first on the heads of mankind,  
Let the learned dispute—but with us it is clear,  
That the æra of *PAPER* was realiz'd *here*.

Four ages, however, at least have been told,  
The first is compar'd to the purest of *Gold*—  
But, as bad luck would have it, its circles were few,  
And the next was of *Silver*—if Ovid says true.



But this, like the former, did rapidly pass—  
While that which came after was nothing but *Brass*—  
An age of mere tinkers—and when it was lost,  
Hard *Iron* succeeded—we know to our cost.

And hence you may fairly infer, if you please,  
That we're nothing but blacksmiths of various degrees,  
Since each has a weapon, of one kind or other,  
To stir up the coals, and to shake at his brother,

Should the Author of nature reverse his decree,  
And bring back the age we're so anxious to see,  
Agreement. alas!—you would look for in vain,  
The *stuff* might be chang'd, but the *staff* would remain.

The lawyer would still find a client to fleece,  
The doctor, a patient to pack off in peace,  
The parson, some hundreds of hearers prepar'd  
To measure his *gifts* by the length of his beard.

Old Momus would still have some cattle to lead,  
Who would hug his opinions. and swallow his creed—  
So it's best, I presume, that things are as they are—  
If *Iron's* the meanest—we've nothing to fear.

[ 1785. ]

A

## RENEGADO EPISTLE

TO THE

## INDEPENDENT AMERICANS.

**W**E Tories, who lately were frighten'd away,  
When you march'd into York all in battle array,  
Dear whigs, in our exile have somewhat to say.

From the clime of New Scotland we wish you to know  
We still are in being—mere spectres of woe,  
Our dignity high, but our spirits are low.

Great people we are, and are call'd the king's friends—  
But on friendships like these what advantage attends?  
We may stay and be starv'd when we've answer'd his ends!

The Indians themselves, whom no treaties can bind,  
We have reason to think are perversely inclin'd—  
And where we have friends is not easy to find.

S



From the day we arriv'd on this desolate shore  
 We still have been wishing to see you once more,  
 And your freedom enjoy, now the danger is o'er.

Although we be-rebel'd you up hill and down,  
 It was all for your good—and to honour a crown  
 Whose splendors have spoil'd better eyes than our own.

That villains we are, is no more than our due,  
 And so may remain for a century through,  
 Unless we return, and be doctor'd by you.

Although with the dregs of the world we are class'd,  
 We hope your resentment will soften at last,  
 Now your toils are repaid, and our triumphs are past.

When a matter is done, 'tis a folly to fret—  
 But your market-day mornings we cannot forget,  
 With your coaches to lend, and your horses to let,

Your dinners of beef, and your breakfasts of *toast*!  
 But we have no longer such blessings to boast,  
 No cattle to steal, and no turkies to roast.

Such enjoyments as these, we must tell you with pain,  
 'Tis odds we shall only be wishing in vain  
 Unless we return and be brothers again.

We burnt up your mills and your meetings, 'tis true,  
 And many bold fellows we crippled and slew—  
 (Aye! we were the boys that had something to do!)

Old Huppy we hung on the Neverfink shore—  
 But, Sirs, had we hung up a thousand men more,  
 They had all been aveng'd in the torments we bore,

When ASGILL to Jersey you foolishly fetch'd,  
 And each of us fear'd that his neck would be stretch'd,  
 When you were be-rebel'd, and we were be-wretch'd.

In the book of destruction it seems to be written  
 The Tories must still be dependent on Britain—  
 The worst of dependence that ever was hit on.

Now their work is concluded—that pitiful jobb—  
 They send over convicts to strengthen our mob—  
 And so we do nothing but snivel and sob.

The worst of all countries has fall'n to our share,  
 Where winter and famine provoke our despair,  
 And fogs are forever obscuring the air.



Although there be nothing but sea dogs to feed on,  
Our friend Jemmy Rivington made it an Eden—  
But, alas! he had nothing but lies to proceed on.

Deceiv'd we were all by his damnable schemes—  
When he colour'd it over with gardens and streams,  
And grottoes and groves, and the rest of his dreams.

Our heads were so turn'd by that conjurer's spell,  
We swallow'd the lies he was tutor'd to tell—  
But his "happy retreats" were the visions of hell.

We feel so enrag'd we could rip up his weazon,  
When we think of the soil he describ'd with its trees on,  
And the plenty that reign'd, and the charms of each season.

Like a parson that tells of the joys of the blest  
To a man to be hang'd—he himself thought it best  
To remain where he was, in his haven of rest.

Since he help'd us away by the means of his types,  
His precepts should only have lighted our pipes,  
His example was rather to honour your stripes.

Now, if we return, as we're bone of your bone,  
We'll renounce all allegiance to George and his throne  
And be the best subjects that ever were known.

In a ship, you have seen (where the duty is hard)  
The cook and the scullion may claim some regard,  
'Tho' it takes a good fellow to brace the main yard.

Howe'er you despise us, because you are free,  
The world's at a loss for such people as we,  
Who can pillage on land, and can plunder at sea.

So long for our rations they keep us in waiting—  
The lords and the commons, perhaps, are debating  
If Tories can live without drinking or eating.

So we think it is better to see you by far—  
And have hinted our meaning to governor PARR—  
The worst that can happen is—*feathers and tar.*



ON THE  
 EMIGRATION to AMERICA,  
 AND  
 PEOPLING THE WESTERN COUNTRY.

**T**O western woods, and lonely plains,  
*Palemon* from the crowd departs,  
 Where nature's wildest genius reigns,  
 To tame the soil, and plant the arts—  
 What wonders there shall freedom show,  
 What mighty *States* successive grow!

From Europe's proud, despotic shores  
 Hither the stranger takes his way,  
 And in our new found world explores  
 A happier soil, a milder sway,  
 Where no proud despot holds him down,  
 No slaves insult him with a crown,

What charming scenes attract the eye,  
 On wild Ohio's savage stream!  
 Here Nature reigns, whose works outvie  
 The boldest pattern art can frame;  
 Here ages past have roll'd away,  
 And forests bloom'd—but to decay.

From these fair plains, these rural seats,  
 So long conceal'd, so lately known,  
 The unsocial Indian far retreats,  
 To make some other clime his own,  
 Where other streams, less pleasing, flow,  
 And darker forests round him grow.

Great Sire of floods! whose varied wave  
 Through climes and countries takes its way,  
 To whom creating Nature gave  
 Ten thousand streams to swell thy sway!  
 No longer shall *they* useless prove,  
 Nor idly through the forests rove;

[*Mississippi.*]

Nor longer shall thy princely flood  
 From distant lakes be swell'd in vain,  
 Nor longer through a darksome wood  
 Advance, unnotic'd, to the main,  
 Far other ends the heavens decree—  
 And commerce plans new freights for thee.



While virtue warms the generous breast,  
 Here heaven-born freedom shall reside,  
 Nor shall the voice of war molest,  
 Nor Europe's all-aspiring pride—  
 Here Reason shall new laws devise,  
 And order from confusion rise.

Forfaking kings and regal state,  
 With all their pomp and fancied bliss,  
 The traveller owns, convinc'd though late,  
 No realm so free, so blest as this—  
 The *east* is half to slaves consign'd,  
 Where kings and priests enchain the mind.

O come the time, and haste the day,  
 When man shall man no longer crush,  
 When Reason shall enforce her sway,  
 Nor these fair regions raise our blush,  
 Where still the *African* complains,  
 And mourns his yet unbroken chains.

Far brighter scenes a future age,  
 The muse predicts, these States shall hail,  
 Whose genius shall the world engage,  
 Whose deeds shall over death prevail,  
 And happier systems bring to view  
 Than all the eastern sages knew.

## On the NEW-YEAR'S FESTIVAL.

**H**OW came it that mistaken man  
 Has thus inverted Nature's plan,  
 And contradicted common reason  
 By making *this* the mirthful season,  
 When all is dreary dull and dead,  
 The sun to southern climates fled  
 To dart his fierce and downright beams  
 Intensely on Brazilian streams:  
 No daisies on the frozen plain,  
 No daffodills, to please the swain;  
 The limpid wave compell'd to freeze,  
 And not a leaf upon the trees!  
 'Tis wrong!—the very birds will say—  
 Their new-year is the bloom of MAY,  
 Then Nature calls to soft delights,  
 And they obey, as she invites.  
 And yet this happiness below,  
 (Which all would gain, but few know how)



Is not to time or place confin'd,  
 'Tis seated only in the mind:  
 Let seasons vary as they will,  
 Contentment leaves us happy, still,  
 Makes life's vain dream pass smooth away,  
 And Life itself a NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

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### A NEWS-CARRIER'S PETITION.

**B**LEST be the man who early prov'd  
 And first contriv'd to make it clear  
 That TIME upon a dial mov'd,  
 And trac'd that circle call'd a year;

Ere he arose, the savage, Man,  
 No bounds to years or seasons knew,  
 On Nature's book his reckoning ran,  
 And social festivals were few.

In after days, when folks grew wise  
 New wonderments were daily found,  
 Systems they built above the skies,  
 And prov'd that every thing went round.

Experience shews they reason'd right,  
 (With laurels we their tombs should crown)  
 For half the world is in such plight  
 That one would swear it upside down.

Now I am one, (and pray attend)  
 Who, marching in a smaller sphere,  
 To set you right, my service lend,  
 By bringing Papers through the year,

Which to your Honours may impart  
 A thousand new invented schemes,  
 The works of wit, and toils of art,  
 News, commerce, politics, and dreams:

Though in a sheet, at random cast,  
 Our motley knowledge we dispose,  
 From such a mass, in ages past,  
 Much less substantial fabrics rose;

The Sybil wife, as Virgil says,  
 Her writings to the leaves consign'd,  
 Which soon were borne a thousand ways,  
 Derang'd and scatter'd by the wind.



Not such neglect in me is seen—  
 Soon as my *leaves* have left the press  
 I haste to bring them, neat and clean,  
 At all times in a New Year's dress.

Though winds their ancient spite retain,  
 And strive to tear them from my hold,  
 I bear them safe though wind and rain,  
 Despising heat, despising cold.

While thus employ'd, from week to week,  
 You surely will not think it hard  
 If, with the rest, I come to seek  
 Some humble token of regard.

Nor will you deem my conduct strange  
 If what I long have thought be true—  
 That life itself is constant change,  
 And death, *the want of something new*.

### On the VICISSITUDES of THINGS.

**T**HE constant lapse of rolling years  
 Awakes our hopes, provokes our fears  
 Of something yet unknown;  
 We saw the last year pass away,  
 But who, alas! can truly say  
 The next shall be his own?

So *Timon* cries—and thousands more  
 Will preach their moral doctrines o'er;  
 And when the preaching's done,  
 Each goes his various, wonted way,  
 To labour some, and some to play—  
 So drives the circle on.

How swift the vagrant seasons fly;  
 They're hardly born before they die,  
 Yet in their wild career,  
 Like atoms round the rapid wheel,  
 We seem the same, though changing still,  
 Mere reptiles of a year.

Some haste to seek a charming *bride*,  
 Some, rhimes to make on *one* that died;  
 And millions curse the day,  
 When first in Hymen's *silken* bands  
 The parson join'd mistaken hands,  
 And bade the bride obey.



While sad Amelia vents her sighs,  
 In epitaphs and elegies,  
 For her departed *dear*,  
 Who would suppose yon' muffled bell,  
 And mourning gowns, were meant to tell,  
 Her grief will last—a year?

In folly's path how many meet—  
 What hosts shall live to *lie* and *cheat*—  
 How many empty pates  
 Shall, in this wise, discerning year,  
 In native dignity appear  
 To manage rising States!

'Tis vain to sigh!—the wheel must on—  
 And straws are to the whirlpool drawn,  
 With ships of gallant mien—  
 What has been once, shall time restore;  
 What now exists, has been before—  
 Years only change the scene.

In endless circles all things move;  
 Below, about, far off, above,  
 This motion all attain—  
 If Folly's self should flit away,  
 She would return some New year's day,  
 With millions in her train.

Sun, moon, and stars, are each a sphere,  
 The earth the same, or very near,  
 Sir Isaac has defin'd—  
 In circles every coin is cast,  
 And hence our cash departs so fast,  
 Cash—that no charm can bind,

From you to me—from me it rolls  
 To comfort other cloudy souls:—  
 If once we make it square,  
 Perhaps the uneasy guest will stay  
 To cheer us in some wint'ry day,  
 And smoothe the brow of care.

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### DEVASTATIONS in a LIBRARY.

**T**HE head, whose toiling concave teems  
 With millions of unfinish'd schemes,  
 Plans that in shapeless embryo lie,  
 Or projects form'd, no soul knows why,



Had better far those whims resign,  
And aid this humble theme of mine;  
Contrive some means to crush the power  
Of mice, that every art devour;  
Check, with success, their hostile rage,  
And slay these Vandals of the age.

Fame says that Wales did first contrive  
To seize the unwary mice alive,  
And they who scorn'd all locks and keys,  
Were caught by means of toasted cheese—  
Vain scheme! for still these fiends annoy  
And dare my favourite books destroy—  
No cares of mine their rage defeat,  
The Welchman's trap is incomplete!—  
See Homer there, the bard renown'd,  
His Iliad one perpetual wound—  
Each chief, by their malignant teeth,  
Once more was doom'd to suffer death;  
Even Helen's charms they dar'd to gnaw,  
Great Ajax' carcase fill'd their maw  
And half the gods that crowd his strain,  
In mangled morsels, scarce remain.

But, wretch, who taught thee to engage  
A poet of a later age?

Alas! thy cruel weapons tore

The only genius I adore—

Is SHAKESPEARE thus disgrac'd by you  
Who look'd the world of nature through,  
Who soaring high, where others fail'd,  
Invention's brightest heaven assail'd,  
And saw beyond the dark disguise  
What lay too deep for vulgar eyes!

Is this the end of human wit,  
Must mice untouch'd such spoils commit!  
Must all these fine ideas die  
That warm'd the heart, or fill'd the eye—  
Must reptiles thus our shelves molest,  
Insects that Nature made in jest,  
Who, when their learned feast is o'er,  
Shrink from the light—to rise no more.

Yes—fates like these, our toils attend,  
And Goths have serv'd no other end.

Vex'd tho' I am, 'tis vain to frown,  
I sigh—and lay my cudgel down:  
'Tis worse than mad to arm for fight  
When none but mice appear in fight—  
Yet, here they stood in dark array,  
Their tragic footsteps I survey!  
Here—for no cat the plunderers chac'd—  
They laid the lands of learning waste,



Made war with wit, such havoc there  
 As scarce three ages can repair!—  
 Like British hosts, where'er they go  
 They leave their vestiges of woe,  
 Towns half destroy'd, polluted shades,  
 Fields robb'd of fence, and ruin'd maids.

Why, *Susan*, couldst not thou defend  
 These shelves that did with learning bend?  
 One *mew* of thine had put to flight  
 These children of congenial night.  
 Where wast thou when these cruel teeth  
 Spread through my leaves untimely death?—  
 See! how my MONTESQUIEU is torn—  
 See! RABELAIS, the mices' scorn.  
 See, how they tore the MANTUAN SWAIN,  
 Who wrote in so divine a strain—  
 MILTON, whose fancy soar'd so high.  
 No more delights my tearful eye,  
 And SWIFT, so late a fund of wit,  
 No longer prompts the laughing fit.

Ah, *Susan*, such neglect was hard—  
 I fear you kept a careless guard,  
 Or gadded o'er the neighbouring plain,  
 To seek some favourite bright ey'd swain—  
 Had but those eyes fail'd in their art,  
 To tell their language to your heart,  
 I should not thus have lost repose,  
 Nor sigh'd in vain to crush my foes.

My mezzotintos—ah behold—  
 The beauties fam'd in days of old!  
*She* who for Tarquin's lawless love  
 In her own breast the dagger drove,  
 These fiends of night have made their prey,  
 And gnaw'd her charming face away.

And here in ragged robes is seen  
 Bright Cleopatra, Egypt's queen;  
 With cruel fangs those eyes they tore  
 That warm'd a gazing world of yore,  
 With hostile tooth they gnaw'd that breast  
 Which robb'd a Roman prince of rest;  
 He who for crowns and conquest strove,  
 'Till *honour* was disgrac'd by *love*.

And here, in vile condition, lies  
 What once had charm'd a hermit's eyes—  
 This picture art can ne'er restore,  
 This VENUS,\* that shall bloom no more;  
 Art form'd her such as angels are,  
 Beyond all mortal beauty fair;—  
 But time can every charm displace,  
 And MICE have spoil'd the finest face!

\* A beautiful cut of the Venus de Medicis.



But must that soft, bewitching eye  
 With meaner shreds neglected ly—  
 Must all those lovely colours fade  
 By nicest art so lavish laid  
 On her fair face—to sooth my pain,  
 I sigh, and look, and sigh again.

Yes—miscreant, though thy venom tore  
 The painting, art can ne'er restore,  
 Still in the dreams of fancy blest,  
 I steal her image to my breast,  
 By Fancy's aid that form repair,  
 And, miser-like, retain it there.

Good captain Mouse, what mov'd thine ire,  
 To mangle what I most admire?—  
 Could not this chief have led his band  
 Where yonder brainless authors stand—  
 To those that deal in forms and modes,  
 To laureat Shadrach's Birth-day odes,  
 To poems wrote on puppies dead,  
 To elegies that ne'er were read,  
 To Toby's tale, that brings repose,  
 To Wesley's verse or Whitfield's prose;—  
 Why didst thou not attack the train  
 Who tease us with their frothy strain,  
 The tribe who female honour blast,  
 In shallow verse, at random cast;  
 Or those who fly to domes of state,  
 At folly's door submissive wait,  
 And servile still, where wealth appears,  
 Their works inscribe to FINANCIERS?

To arms, to arms! ye chosen few  
 Who science love, and arts pursue;  
 Or, if your arms should nought avail,  
 (Since mice may over men prevail)  
 Put on some wise, inventive cap,  
 AND FIND US A COMPLETER TRAP.

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## AMERICAN HISTORY.

### I.

**T**HIS American world, all our histories say,  
 Secluded from Europe, long centuries lay,  
 And peopled by beings whom white-men detest,  
 The sons of the Tartars, that came from the west.

These Indians, 'tis certain, where here long before ye all,  
 And dwelt in their wigwams from time immemorial;



In a mere state of Nature, untutor'd, untaught,  
They did as they pleas'd, and they spoke as they thought—

No priests they had then for the *cure* of their souls,  
No lawyers, recorders, or keepers of rolls;  
No learned physicians vile *nostrums* conceal'd—  
Their druggist was Nature—her shop was the field.

In the midst of their forests how happy and blest,  
In the skin of a bear or a buffalo drest!  
No care to perplex, and no luxury seen  
But the feast, and the song, and the dance on the green.

Some bow'd to the moon, and some worship'd the sun,  
And the king and the captain were center'd in one;  
In a cabin they met on their councils of state,  
Where *age* and *experience* alone might debate:

With quibbles they never essay'd to beguile,  
And Nature had taught them the orator's style;  
No pomp they affected, nor quaintly refin'd  
The nervous idea that glanc'd on the mind.

When hunting or battle invited to arms,  
They women they left to take care of their farms—  
The toils of the summer did winter repay,  
While snug in their cabins they snor'd it away.

If death came among them his dues to demand,  
They still had some prospects of comfort at hand—  
The dead man they sent to the regions of bliss,  
With his bottle and dog, and his fair maids to kiss.

## II.

THUS happy they dwelt in a rural domain,  
Uninstructed in commerce, unpractis'd in gain,  
'Till, taught by the loadstone to traverse the seas,  
Columbus came over, that bold Genoese.

From records authentic, the date we can shew,  
One thousand four hundred and ninety and two  
Years, borne by the seasons, had vanish'd away,  
Since the *babe* in the manger at *Beirlehem* lay.

What an æra was this, above all that had pass'd,  
To yield such a treasure, discover'd at last—  
A new world, in value exceeding the old,  
Such mountains of silver, such torrents of gold!

Yet the schemes of Columbus, however well plann'd  
Were scarcely sufficient to find the main land;



On the *islands* alone with the natives he spoke,  
Except when he enter'd the great *Oronoque*:

In this he resembled old Moses, the Jew,  
Who, roving about with his wrong-headed crew,  
When at length the *reward* was no longer deny'd.  
From the top of mount Pisgah he saw *it*, and dy'd.

These islands and worlds in the wat'ry expanse,  
Like most mighty things, were the offspring of chance,  
Since steering for Asia, Columbus, they say,  
Was astonish'd to find such a world in his way!

No wonder, indeed, he was smit with surprize—  
This empire of Nature was new to their eyes—  
Cut short in their course by so splendid a scene,  
Such a region of wonders intruding between!

Yet great as he was, and deserving no doubt,  
We have only to thank him for finding the rout;  
These climes to the northward, more stormy and cold,  
Were reserv'd for the efforts of CABOT the bold.

### III

WHERE the sun in December appears to decline  
Far off to the southward, and south of the line,  
A merchant\* of Florence, more fortunate still,  
Explor'd a new track, and discover'd Brazil:

Good Fortune, *Vespucius*, pronounc'd thee her own,  
Or else to mankind thou hadst scarcely been known—  
By giving thy name, thou art ever renown'd—  
Thy *name* to a world that another had found!

COLUMBIA, the name was, that merit decreed,  
But Fortune and Merit have never agreed—  
Yet the Poets, alone, with commendable care  
Are vainly attempting the wrong to repair.

### IV.

THE bounds I prescribe to my verse are too narrow  
To tell of the conquests of *Francis Pizarro*;  
And *Cortez* 'tis needless to bring into view,  
One Mexico conquer'd, the other Peru.

*Montezuma* with credit in verse might be read,  
But Dryden has told you the monarch† is dead!  
And the woes of his subjects—what torments they bore,  
*Las Casas*, good bishop, has mention'd before:

\* Americus Vespucius. —† Indian Emperor, a Tragedy.



Let others be fond of their stanzas of grief—  
 I hate to descant on the fall of the leaf—  
 Two scenes are so gloomy, I view them with pain,  
 The annals of death, and the triumphs of Spain.

Poor *Atahualpa* I cannot forget—  
 He gave them his utmost—yet died in their debt,  
 His wealth was a crime that they could not forgive,  
 And when they possess'd it, forbade him to live.

Foredoom'd to misfortunes (that come not alone)  
 He was the twelfth Inca that sat on the throne,  
 Who fleecing his brother\* of half his domains,  
 At the palace of *Cusco* confin'd him in chains.

## V.

BUT what am I talking—or where do I roam?  
 'Tis time that our story was brought nearer home—  
 From Florida's cape did *Cabot* explore  
 To the fast frozen region of cold *Labradore*.

In the year fourteen hundred and ninety and eight  
 He came, as the annals of England relate,  
 But finding no gold in the lengthy domain,  
 And coasting the country, he left it again.

Next *Davis*—then *Hudson* adventur'd, they say,  
 One found out a *streight*, and the other a *bay*,  
 Whose desolate region, or turbulent wave  
 One present bestow'd *him*—and that was a grave.

## VI.

IN the reign of a virgin (whom some call'd a whore)  
 Drake, Hawkins, and Raleigh in squadrons came o'er—  
 While Barlow and Grenville succeeded to these,  
 Who all brought their colonies over the seas.

These, left in a wilderness teeming with woes,  
 The natives, suspicious, concluded them foes,  
 And murdered them all without notice or warning,  
*Ralph Lane*, with his vagabonds, scarcely returning.

In the reign of king James (and the first of the name,  
*George Summers*, with *Hacluit*, to Chesapeake came,  
 Where far in the forests, not doom'd to renown,  
 On the river Powhatan† they built the first town.‡

\* Huascar, who was legal heir to the throne.

† James River, Virginia.

‡ James Town.



## VII.

TWELVE years after this, some scores of dissenters  
To the northernmost district came, seeking adventures;  
Outdone by the bishops, those great faggot fighters;  
They left them to strut, with their cassocks and mitres.

Thus banish'd forever, and leaving the sod,  
The first land they saw was the pitch of Cape Cod,  
Where famish'd with hunger and quaking with cold  
They plann'd the New-Plymouth—so call'd from the old.

They were, without doubt, a delightful collection;—  
Some came to be rid of a Stuart's direction,  
Some sail'd with a view to dominion and riches,  
Some to pray without book, and a few to hang witches,

Some, came on the Indians to shed a new light,  
Convinc'd long before that their own must be right,  
And that all who had died in the centuries past  
On the devil's lee shore were eternally cast.

## VIII.

THESE exiles were form'd in a whimsical mould,  
And were aw'd by their priests, like the Hebrews of old;  
Disclaim'd all pretences to jesting and laughter,  
And sigh'd their lives through, to be happy hereafter.

On a crown immaterial their hearts were intent,  
They look'd towards *Zion*, wherever they went,  
Did all things in hopes of a future reward,  
And worry'd mankind—for the sake of the Lord,

With rigour excessive they strengthen'd their reign,  
Their laws were conceiv'd in the ill-natur'd strain,  
With mystical meanings the faint was perplex'd,  
And the flesh and the devil were slain by a text.

The body was scourg'd for the good of the soul,  
All folly discourag'd by peevish controul,  
A knot on the head was the sign of no grace,  
And the Pope and his *comrade* were pictur'd in lace,

A stove in their churches, or pews lin'd with green,  
Were horrid to think of, much less to be seen,  
Their bodies were warm'd with the linings of *love*,  
And the *fire* was sufficient that flash'd from above.

'Twas a crime to assert that the moon was opaque,  
To say the earth mov'd, was to merit the stake;  
And he that could tell an eclipse was to be,  
In the college of *Satan* had took his degree.



On Sundays their faces were dark as a cloud—  
 The road to the meeting was only allow'd,  
 And those they caught rambling, on business or pleasure,  
 Were sent to the stocks, to repent at their leisure.

This day was the mournfullest day in the week—  
 Except on religion, none ventur'd to speak—  
 This day was the day to examine their lives,  
 To clear off old scores, and to preach to their wives.

In the school of *oppression* though woefully taught,  
 'Twas only to be the *oppressors* they fought;  
 All, all but themselves were be-devil'd and blind,  
 And their narrow-soul'd creed was to serve all mankind.

This beautiful system of nature below  
 They neither consider'd, nor wanted to know,  
 And call'd it a dog-house wherein they were pent,  
 Unworthy themselves, and their mighty descent,

They never perceiv'd that in Nature's wide plan  
 There must be that whimsical creature call'd MAN,  
 Far short of the rank he affects to attain,  
 Yet a link in its place, in creation's vast chain.

## IX.

Whatever is foreign to us and our kind  
 Can never be lasting, though seemingly join'd—  
 The hive swarm'd at length, and a tribe that was teaz'd  
 Set out for *Rhode-Island*, to think as they pleas'd.

Some hundreds to Britain ran murmuring home—  
 While others went off in the forests to roam,  
 When they found they had miss'd what they look'd for at first,  
 The downfall of sin, and the reign of the just.

Hence, dry controversial reflections were thrown,  
 And the old dons were vex'd in the way they had shown;  
 So those that are held in the work-house all night  
 Throw dirt the next day at the doors, out of spite.

Ah pity the wretches that liv'd in those days,  
 (Ye modern admirers of novels and plays)  
 When nothing was suffer'd but musty, dull rules,  
 And nonsense from *Mather*, and stuff from the schools!

No story, like *Rachel's*, could tempt them to sigh,  
*Susanna* and *Judith* employ'd the bright eye—  
 No fine spun adventures tormented the breast,  
 Like our modern *Clarissa*, *Tom Jones*, and the rest.



Those tyrants had chosen the books for your shelves,  
 (And, trust me, no other than suited themselves,  
 From always by *this* may a bigot be known,  
 He speaks well of nothing but what is his own.)

From *indwelling evil* these souls to release,  
 The Quakers arriv'd with their kingdom of peace—  
 But some were transported and some bore the lash,  
 And *four* they hang'd fairly, for preaching up trash.

The lands of New-England (of which we now treat)  
 Were famous, ere that, for producing of wheat;  
 But the soil (or tradition says strangely amiss)  
 Has been pester'd with *pumpkins* from that day to this.

## X.

THUS, feuds and vexations distracted their reign,  
 (And perhaps a few vestiges still may remain)  
 But time has presented an offspring as bold,  
 Less free to believe, and more wise than the old.

Their phantoms, their wizzards, their witches are fled—  
*Matthew Paris's*\* story with horror is read—  
 His daughters, and all the enchantments they bore—  
 And the demon, that pinch'd them, is heard of no more.

Their taste for the fine arts is strangely increas'd,  
 And Latin's no longer a mark of the *Beast*:  
 Mathematics, at present, a farmer may know,  
 Without being hang'd for connections below.

Proud, rough, INDEPENDENT, undaunted and free,  
 And patient of hardships, their task is the sea,  
 Their country too barren their *wish* to attain,  
 They make up the loss by exploring the main.

Wherever bright Phœbus awakens the gales  
 I see the bold YANKEES expanding their sails,  
 Throughout the wide ocean pursuing their schemes,  
 And chasing the whales on its uttermost streams.

No climate, for them, is too cold or too warm,  
 They reef the broad canvas, and fight with the storm;  
 In war with the foremost their standards display,  
 Or glut the loud cannon with death, for the fray.

No valour in fable their valour exceeds,  
 Their spirits are fitted for desperate deeds;  
 No rivals have they in *our* annals of fame,  
 Or if they are rivall'd, 'tis YORK has the claim.

\* See Neal's History of New England.



Inspir'd at the sound, while the *name* she repeats,  
 Bold fancy conveys me to Hudson's retreats—  
 Ah, sweet recollection of juvenile dreams  
 In the groves, and the forests that skirted his streams!

How often, with rapture, those streams were survey'd  
 When, sick of the city, I flew to the shade—  
 How often the bard, and the peasant shall mourn  
 Ere those groves shall revive, or those shades shall return!

Not a hill, but some fortress disfigures it round!  
 And ramparts are rais'd where the cottage was found!  
 The plains and the valleys with ruin are spread,  
 With graves in abundance, and bones of the dead.

The first that attempted to enter this *streight*  
 (In *anno* one thousand six hundred and eight)  
 Was HUDSON (the same that we mention'd before,  
 Who was lost in the gulph that he went to explore.)

For a sum that they paid him (we know not how much)  
 This captain transferr'd all his right to the Dutch;  
 For the *time* has been here, (to the world be it known,)  
 When all a man sail'd by, or saw, was his own.

The Dutch on their purchase sat quietly down,  
 And fix'd on an *island* to lay out a town;  
 They modell'd their streets from the horns of a ram,  
 And the name that best pleas'd them was, *New Amsterdam*.

They purchas'd large tracts from the Indians for beads,  
 And sadly tormented some runaway Swedes,  
 Who (none knows for what) from their country had flown  
 To live here in peace, undisturb'd and alone.

NEW BELGIA, the Dutch call'd their province, be sure,  
 But names never yet made possession secure,  
 For *Charley* (the second that honour'd the name)  
 Sent over a squadron, asserting his claim.

(Had his *sword* and his *title* been equally slender,  
 In vain had they summon'd Mynheer to surrender)  
 The soil they demanded, or threaten'd their worst,  
 Insisting that *Cabot* had look'd at it first.

The want of a squadron to sail on their rear  
 Made the argument perfectly plain to Mynheer—  
 Force ended the contest—the right was a sham,  
 And the Dutch were sent packing to hot SURINAM.

'Twas hard to be thus of their labours depriv'd,  
 But the age of republics had not yet arriv'd—  
 Fate saw—tho' no wizzard could tell them as much—  
 That the crown, in due time, was to fare like the Dutch,



ON THE FIRST  
AMERICAN SHIP

*That explored the Rout to CHINA, and the EAST-INDIES,  
after the Revolution.—*

WITH clearance from BELLONA won  
She spreads her wings to meet the Sun,  
Those golden regions to explore  
Where George forbade to sail before.

Thus, grown to strength, the bird of Jove,  
Impatient, quits his native grove,  
With eyes of fire, and lightning's force  
Through the blue æther holds his course.

No foreign tars are here allow'd  
To mingle with her chosen crowd,  
Who, when return'd, might, boasting, say  
They show'd our native oak the way.

To that old track no more confin'd,  
By Britain's jealous court assign'd,  
She round the STORMY CAPE\* shall sail  
And, eastward, catch the odorous gale.

To countries plac'd in burning climes  
And islands of remotest times  
She now her eager course explores,  
And soon shall greet Chinesian shores,

From thence their fragrant TEAS to bring  
Without the leave of Britain's king;  
And PORCELAIN WARE, enchas'd in gold,  
The product of that finer mould.

Thus commerce to our world conveys  
All that the varying taste can please:  
For us, the Indian looms are free,  
And JAVA strips her spicy TREE.

Great pile proceed!—and o'er the brine  
May every prosperous gale be thine,  
'Till, freighted deep with eastern gems,  
You reach again your native streams.

\* Cabo Tormentosa (the Cape of Storms) so called by the earliest Portuguese  
adventurers to India—now called the cape of Good Hope.—



## ALCINA'S ENCHANTED ISLAND.\*

**I**N These fair fields unfading flowers abound,  
 Here purple roses cloathe the enchanted ground;  
 Here, to the sun expand the lillies pale  
 Fann'd by the sweet breath of the western gale:

Here, fearless hares through dark recesses stray,  
 And troops of leverets take the woodland way,  
 Here stately stags, with branching horns, appear,  
 And rove unsought for, unassail'd by fear:

Unknown the snare, the huntsman's fatal dart  
 That wings the death of torture to the heart,  
 In social bands they trace their sylvan reign,  
 Chew the rich cud, or graze along the plain.

In these gay shades the nimble deer delight,  
 While herds of goats ascend the rocky height,  
 Browse on the farns that shade the vale below,  
 And crop the plants, that there profusely grow.

\* From the Italian of ARIOSTO.

A

## SUBSCRIPTION PRAYER,

*For defraying the burial expences of an OLD SOLDIER.*

**A**H! Give him a tomb, for a tomb is his due,  
 A shilling, great man, is a trifle to You:  
 If you give him a tomb, that his name may survive,  
 May Fortune attend you, and help you to thrive:  
 May you always have something to praise and approve,  
 And the pleasure to dream of the girl that you love.

Prepar'd for the worst, but enjoying the best,  
 With a girl and a bottle he feather'd his nest:  
 Half sick of the world, in the wane of his life,  
 To hasten his exit, he took him a wife;  
 But, finding his fair one a damnable elf,  
 He ground his arms—and took leave of himself.



T H E  
M O U R N I N G N U N.

**N**O More these walls a glad remembrance claim,  
Where grief consumes a half deluded dame  
Whom to these coasts a modern *Paris* bore,  
And basely left, lost virtue to deplore:  
In foreign climes detain'd from all she lov'd,  
By friends neglected, long by fortune prov'd,  
While sad and solemn pass'd the unwelcome day  
What charms had life for her, to tempt her stay?  
Deceiv'd in all, for meanness could deceive,  
Expecting still, and still condemn'd to grieve,  
She scarcely saw—to different hearts allied,  
That her dear Florio ne'er pursued a bride:  
Are griefs, like thine, to Florio's bosom known—  
Must these, alas! be ceaseless in your own?—  
Life is a dream!—its varying shades I see;  
But this base wanderer hardly dreams of thee:—  
The bloom of health, that bade all hearts adore,  
To your pale cheek what physic shall restore?  
Vain are those drugs that art and love prepares—  
No art redeems the waste of sighs and tears!

---

E L E G I A C L I N E S.

**W**ITH life enamour'd, as in death resign'd,  
To seats congenial flew the unspotted mind:  
Attending spirits hail'd her to that shore  
Where time's dull winter clouds the soul no more.  
Learn, hence, to live like her—and while you sigh,  
Hear what she was, and aim like her to die.  
Transferr'd to heaven, Lavinia has no share  
In the dull business of this world of care:  
Her blaze of beauty, still in death admir'd,  
A moment kindled, and as soon expir'd.  
Sweet as the favorite offspring of the May,  
Serenely mild, and innocently gay;  
Adorn'd with all that Nature could impart  
To please the fancy and to win the heart,  
Heaven ne'er, above, more innocence possess'd,  
Nor earth the form of a diviner guest;  
A mind all virtue!—flames descended here  
From some bright seraph of some nobler sphere:—  
Yet not her virtues, opening into bloom,  
Nor all her sweetness, sav'd her from the tomb,



From prospects darken'd and the purpose cross'd,  
 Misfortune's winter, and a lover lost,  
 Nor such resemblance to the forms above,  
 The heart of kindness, and the soul of love:  
 Ye thoughtless fair, her early death bemoan,  
 SENSE, VIRTUE, BEAUTY, TO OBLIVION GONE!

---

ON THE DEATH OF

C O L O N E L L A U R E N S.\*

SINCE on her plains this generous chief expir'd,  
 Whom sages honour'd, and whom France admir'd;  
 Does Fame no statues to his memory raise,  
 Nor swells one column to record his praise  
 Where her palmetto shapes the adjacent deeps,  
 Affection sighs, and Carolina weeps!

Thou, who shalt stray where death this chief confines,  
 Revere the patriot, subject of these lines:  
 Not from the dust the muse transcribes his name,  
 And more than marble shall declare his fame  
 Where scenes more glorious his great soul engage,  
 Confest thrice worthy in that closing page  
 When conquering Time to dark oblivion calls,  
 The marble totters, and the column falls.

LAURENS! thy tomb while kindred hands adorn,  
 Let northern muses, too, inscribe your urn.—  
 Of all, whose names on death's black list appear,  
 No chief, that perish'd, claim'd more grief sincere,  
 Not one, Columbia, that thy bosom bore,  
 More tears commanded, or deserv'd them more!—  
 Grief at his tomb shall heave the unwearied sigh,  
 And honour lift the mantle to her eye:  
 Fame thro' the world his patriot name shall spread,  
 By heroes envied and by monarchs read:  
 Just, generous, brave—to each true heart allied:  
 The Briton's terror, and his country's pride;  
 For him the tears of war-worn soldiers ran,  
 The friend of freedom, and the friend of man.

Then what is death, compar'd with such a tomb,  
 Where honour fades not, and fair virtues bloom,  
 Ah, what is death, when worth like *his* endears,  
*The brave man's favourite, and his country's tears.*

\* A young American officer, of the first merit, who fell in an engagement with a detachment of the British from Charleston, near the river Cumbahee, in South Carolina, in August, 1782.



## P O R T R O Y A L.

HERE, by the margin of the murmuring main,  
 While her proud remnants I explore in vain,  
 And lonely stray through these dejected lands  
 Fann'd by the noon-tide breeze on burning sands,  
 Where the dull Spaniard once possess'd these shades,  
 And ports defended by his *Pallisades*——  
 Tho' lost to *us*, PORT-ROYAL claims a sigh,  
 Nor shall the Muse the unenvied verse deny.

Of all the towns that grac'd Jamaica's isle  
 This was her glory, and the proudest pile,  
 Where toils on toils bade wealth's gay structures rise,  
 And commerce swell'd her glory to the skies:  
*St. Jago*, seated on a distant plain,  
 Ne'er saw the tall ship entering from the main,  
 Unnotic'd streams her *Cobra's* margin lave  
 Where yond' tall plantains shade her glowing wave,  
 And burning sands or rock-surrounded hill  
 Confess its founder's fears—or want of skill.

While o'er these wastes with wearied step I go,  
 Past scenes of *death* return, in all their woe,  
 O'er these sad shores in angry pomp *he* pass'd,  
 Mov'd in the winds, and rag'd with every blast—  
 Here,\* opening gulphs confess'd the almighty hand,  
 Here, the dark ocean roll'd across the land,  
 Here, piles on piles an instant tore away,  
 Here, crowds on crowds in mingled ruin lay,  
 Whom fate scarce gave to end their noon-day feast,  
 Or time to call the sexton, or the priest.  
 Where yond' tall barque, with all her ponderous load,  
 Commits her anchor to its dark abode,  
 Eight fathoms down, where unseen waters flow  
 To quench the sulphur of the caves below,  
 There midnight sounds torment the sailor's ear,  
 And drums and fifes play drowsy concerts there,  
 Sad songs of woe prevent the hours of sleep,  
 And Fancy aids the fiddlers of the deep;  
 Dull Superstition hears the ghostly hum,  
 Smit with the terrors of the world to come.

What now is left of all your boasted pride!  
 Lost are those glories that were spread so wide,  
 A spit of sand is thine, by heaven's decree,  
 And waisting shores that scarce resist the sea:

\* OLD Port-Royal, in the island of Jamaica, contained more than 1500 buildings, and these for the most part large and elegant. This unfortunate town was for a long time reckoned the most considerable mart of trade in the West Indies. It was destroyed on the 17th of Jun, 1692, by an earthquake, which in two minutes sunk the far greater part of the buildings; by which disaster near 3000 people lost their lives.



Is this Port-Royal on Jamaica's coast,  
 The Spaniard's envy, and the Briton's boast!  
 A shatter'd roof o'er every hut appears,  
 And mouldering brick-work prompts the traveller's fears;  
 A church, with half a priest, I grieve to see,  
 Grass round its door, and rust upon its key!—  
 One only inn with tiresome search I found  
 Where one sad negro dealt his beverage round;—  
 His was the part to wait the impatient call,  
 He was the landlord, post-boy, pimp, and all;  
 His wary eyes on every side were cast,  
 Beheld the present, and revolv'd the past,  
 Now here, now there, in swift succession stole,  
 Glanc'd at the bar, or watch'd the unsteady bowl.

No sprightly lads or gay bewitching maids  
 Walk on these wastes or wander in these shades;  
 To other shores past times beheld them go,  
 And some are slumbering in the caves below;  
 A negro tribe but ill their place supply,  
 With bending back, short hair, and downcast eye;  
 A swarthy race lead up the evening dance  
 Trip o'er the sands and dart the alluring glance:  
 A feeble rampart guards the unlucky town,  
 Where banish'd *Tories* come to seek renown,  
 Where worn-out slaves their bowls of beer retail,  
 And sun-burnt strumpets watch the approaching fail.

Here (scarce escap'd the wild tornado's rage)  
 Why fail'd I here to swell my future page!  
 To these dull scenes with eager haste I came  
 To trace the reliques of their ancient fame,  
 Not worth the search!—what domes are left to fall,  
 Guns, gales, and earthquakes shall destroy them all—  
 All shall be lost!—tho' hosts their aid implore,  
 The TWELVE APOSTLES \* shall protect no more,  
 Nor guardian HEROES awe the impoverish'd plain;  
 No priest shall mutter, and no church remain,  
 Nor this palmetto yield her evening shade,  
 Where the dark negro his dull music play'd,  
 Or casts his view beyond the adjacent strand  
 And points, still grieving, to his native land,  
 Turns and returns from yonder murmuring shore,  
 And pants for countries he must see no more—

Where shall I go, what Lethe shall I find  
 To drive these dark ideas from my mind!  
 No buckram heroes can relieve the eye,  
 And George's honours only raise a sigh—

Ye mountains vast, whose heights the heaven sustain,  
 Adieu, ye mountains, and fair KINGSTON's plain,

\* A Battery so called, on the side of the harbour opposite to Port-Royal.



Where Nature still the toils of art transcends—  
 In this dull spot the enchanting prospect ends:  
 Where burning sands are wing'd by every blast,  
 And these mean fabrics but entomb the past;  
 Where want, and death, and care, and grief reside,  
 And threatening moons advance the imperious tide:  
 Ye stormy winds, awhile your wrath suspend;  
 Who leaves the land, a bottle, and a friend,  
 Quits this bright isle for yon' blue seas and sky,  
 Or even Port-Royal quits—without a sigh!

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T O  
 L Y D I A.

**T**HUS, safe arriv'd, she greets the strand,  
 And leaves her pilot for the land;  
 But LYDIA, why to deserts roam,  
 And thus forsake your floating home!

To what fond care shall I resign  
 The bosom, that shall ne'er be mine:  
 With lips, that glow beyond all art,  
 Oh! how shall I consent to part!—

Long may you live, secure from woes,  
 Late dying, meet a calm repose,  
 And flowers, that in profusion grow,  
 Bloom round your steps, where'er you go.

On you all eyes delight to gaze,  
 All tongues are lavish in your praise;  
 With you no beauty can compare,  
 Nor GEORGIA boast one flower so fair.

Could I, fair girl, transmit this page,  
 A present, to some future age,  
 You should through every poem shine,  
 You, be ador'd in every line:

From *Jersey* coasts too loth to sail,  
 Sighing, she left her native vale;  
 Borne on a stream that met the main,  
 Homeward she look'd, and look'd again.

The gales that blew from off the land  
 Most wantonly her bosom fann'd,  
 And, while around that heaven they strove,  
 Each whispering zephyr own'd his love.



As o'er the seas, with you I stray'd,  
The hostile winds our course delay'd,  
But, proud to waft a charge so fair,  
To me were kind—and held you there.

I could not grieve, when you complain'd  
That adverse gales our barque detain'd  
Where foaming seas to mountains grow  
From gulphs of death, conceal'd below.

When travelling o'er that lonely wave  
To me your feverish hand you gave,  
And sighing bade me tell you, true,  
What lands again would rise to view!

When night came on, with blustering gale,  
You fear'd the tempest would prevail;  
And anxious ask'd, if I was sure  
That on those depths we sail'd secure?

Delighted with a face so fair  
I half forgot my weight of care,  
The dangerous shoal, that sea-ward runs,  
Encircled moons, and shrouded suns.

With timorous heart and tearful eyes  
You saw the deep Atlantic rise,  
Saw wintry seas their storms prepare,  
And wept, to find no safety there.

Throughout the long December's night  
(While still your lamp was burning bright)  
To dawn of day from evening's close  
My pensive girl found no repose.

Then now, at length arriv'd from sea,  
Consent, fair maid, to stay with me—  
The barque—still faithful to her freight,  
Shall still on your direction wait.

Such charms as your's all hearts engage!  
Sweet subject of my glowing page,  
Consent, before my Argo roves  
To sun-burnt isles and savage groves.

When sultry suns around us glare  
Your poet, still, with fondest care,  
To form a shade, some folds shall spread  
Of his coarse topails o'er your head.

When round the barque the billowy wave  
And howling winds, tempestuous, rave,



By caution rul'd, the helm shall guide  
Safely, our Argo o'er the tide.

Whene'er some female fears prevail,  
At your request I'll reef the sail,  
Disarm the gales that rudely blow,  
And bring the loftiest canvas low.

When rising to harrafs the main  
Old Boreas drives his blustering train,  
Still shall they see, as they pursue,  
Each tender care employ'd for you.

To all your questions—every sigh!  
I still will make a kind reply;  
Give all you ask, each whim allow,  
And change my style to *thee* and *thou*.

If verse can life to beauty give,  
For ages I can make you live;  
Beyond the stars, triumphant, rise,  
While Cynthia's tomb neglected lies:

Upon that face of mortal clay  
I will such lively colours lay,  
That years to come shall join to seek  
All beauty from your modest cheek.

Then, Lydia, why our barque forsake;  
The road to western deserts take?  
That lip—on which hung half my bliss:  
Some savage, now, will bend to kiss.

Some rustic foon, with fierce attack  
Shall force his arms about that neck;  
And you, perhaps, will weeping come  
To seek—in vain—your floating home!

---

## A R G O N A U T A :

O R, T H E

## L O S T A D V E N T U R E R,

**T**RUE to his trade—the slave of fortune still—  
In a sweet isle, where never winter reigns,  
I found him at the foot of a tall hill,  
Mending old sails, and chewing sugar canes:  
Pale ivy round him grew, and mingled vines,  
Plantains, bananas ripe, and yellow pines.



And flowering night-shade, with its dismal green,  
 Ash-colour'd iris, painted by the sun,  
 And fair-hair'd hyacinth was near him seen,  
 And China pinks by marygolds o'er-run:—  
 " But what (said he) have men that sail the seas,  
 " Ah, what have they to do with things like these!

" I did not wish to leave those shades, not I,  
 " Where Amoranda turns her spinning wheel;  
 " Charm'd with the shallow stream, that murmur'd by,  
 " I felt as blest as any swain could feel,  
 " Who, seeking nothing that the world admires,  
 " On one poor valley fix'd his whole desires.

" With masts so trim, and sails as white as snow,  
 " The painted barque deceiv'd me from the land,  
 " Pleas'd, on her sea-beat decks I wish'd to go,  
 " Mingling my labours with her hardy band;  
 " To reef the sail, to guide the foaming prow  
 " As far as winds can waft, or oceans flow.

" To combat with the waves who first essay'd,  
 " Had these gay groves his lightsome heart beguil'd,  
 " His heart, attracted by the charming shade  
 " Had chang'd the deep sea for the woody wild;  
 " And slighted all the gain that Neptune yields  
 " For *Damon's* cottage, or *Palemon's* fields.

" His barque, the bearer of a feeble crew,  
 " How could he trust when none had been to prove her;  
 " Courage might sink when lands and shores withdrew,  
 " And feeble hearts a thousand deaths discover:  
 " But *Fortitude*, tho' woes and death await,  
 " Still views bright skies, and leaves the dark to fate.

" From monkey climes where limes and lemons grow,  
 " And the sweet orange swells her fruit so fair,  
 " To wintry worlds, with heavy heart, I go  
 " To face the cold glance of the northern bear,  
 " Where lonely waves, far distant from the sun,  
 " And gulphs, of mighty strength, their circuits run.

" But how disheartening is the wanderer's fate!  
 " When conquer'd by the loud tempestuous main,  
 " On him, no mourners in procession wait,  
 " Nor do the sisters of the harp complain.—  
 " On coral beds and delug'd sands they sleep  
 " Who sink in storms, and mingle with the deep.

" 'Tis folly all—and who can truly tell  
 " What storms disturb the bosom of that main,



"What ravenous fish in those dark climates dwell  
 "That feast on men—then stay, my gentle swain!  
 "Bred in yond' happy shades, be happy there,  
 "And let these quiet groves claim all thy care."

So spoke poor RALPH, and with a smooth sea gale  
 Fled from the magic of the enchanting shore,  
 But whether winds or waters did prevail  
 I saw the black ship ne'er returning more,  
 Though long I walk'd the margin of the main,  
 And long have look'd,—and still must look in vain!

---

## LOG-TOWN TAVERN.

**T**HROUGH sandy wastes and floods of rain  
 To this dejected place I came,  
 Where swarthy nymphs, in tatter'd gowns,  
 From pine-knots catch their evening flame:

Where barren oaks, in close array,  
 With mournful melody condole;  
 Where no gay fabrics meet the eye,  
 Nor painted board, nor barber's pole.

Thou town of Locs! so justly call'd,  
 In thee who halts at evening's, close  
 Not dreams from Jove, but hosts of fleas  
 Shall join to sweeten his repose.

A curse on this dejected place  
 Where cold, and hot, and wet, and dry,  
 And stagnant ponds of ample space  
 The putrid steams of death supply.

Since here I pac'd on weary steed  
 Ah, blame me not, should I repine  
 That sprightly girl, nor social bed,  
 Nor jovial glass this night is mine.

The landlord, goug'd in either eye,  
 Here drains his bottle to the dregs,  
 Or borrows Susan's pipe, while she  
 Prepares the bacon and the eggs.

Jamaica, that inspires the soul,  
 In these abodes no time has seen  
 To dart its generous influence round,  
 To kindle wit and kill the spleen.



The squire of this disheartening inn  
Affords to none the generous bowl,  
Displays no Bacchus on the sign  
To warm the heart and cheer the soul.

To cyder, drawn from tilted cask,  
While each a fond attention paid  
He griev'd to see the empty flask,  
Its substance gone, its strength decay'd.

A rambling hag, in dismal notes  
Screech'd out a song, to cheer my grief;  
Two lads their dull adventures told,  
A shepherd each—and each a thief.

Dame justice here in rigour reigns—  
Each has on each the griping paw:  
Whoe'er with them a bargain makes,  
Scheme as he will, it ends in LAW.

With scraps of songs and smutty words  
Each lodger here adorns the walls:  
The wanton muse no pencil gives,  
A coal her mean idea scrawls.

In murmuring streams no chrystal wave  
To cheer the wretched hamlet flows;  
But frowning to the distant bog  
Rosanna with the pitcher goes.

At dusk of eve the tardy treat  
Was plac'd on board of knotty pine;  
Each gaping gaz'd, to see me eat  
While round me lay the slumbering swine.

Unblest be she, whose aukward hand  
Before me laid the mouldy pone;\*  
May she still miss the joyous kiss,  
Condemn'd to fret and sleep alone.

The horse that bore me on my way  
Around him cast a wishful eye,  
He look'd, and saw no manger near,  
And hung his head, and seem'd to sigh.

At stump of pine, for want of stall,  
All night, beneath a dripping tree,  
Not fed with oats, but fill'd with wind,  
And buckwheat straw, alone stood he.

\* A composition of Indian meal and water, baked hastily before the fire on a board or hoe.



Discourag'd at so vile a treat,  
 Yet pleas'd to see the approaching dawn,  
 In haste, we left this dismal place,  
 Nor stay'd to drink their dear *yoppon*.\*

May never weary pilgrim here  
 (Unless for penance he's equipt)  
 Be forc'd to pass his dreary night,  
 Or doom'd to sleep where I have slept.

\* A shrub leaf, frequently used in the interior parts of Carolina as a substitute for tea.

## A

## NEWSMAN'S ADDRESS.

OLD Eighty Five discharg'd and gone,  
 Another year comes hastening on  
 To quit us in its turn:  
 With outspread wings and running glass  
 Thus Time's deluding seasons pass,  
 And leave mankind to mourn.

But strains like this add grief to grief;—  
 We are the *jads* that give relief  
 With sprightly wit and merry lay;  
 Our various page to all imparts  
 Amusement fit for social hearts,  
 And drives the monster, *spleen*, away.

Abroad our leaves of knowledge fly,  
 And twice a week they live and die;  
 Short season of repose!  
 Fair to your view our toils display  
 The monarch's aim, what patriots say,  
 Or sons of art disclose:

Whate'er the barque of commerce brings  
 From sister States, or foreign kings,  
 No atom we conceal:  
 All Europe's prints we hourly drain,  
 All Asia's news our leaves contain,  
 And round our world we deal.

If falsehoods sometimes prompt your fears,  
 And horrid news from proud Algiers,  
 That gives our tars such pain;  
 Remember all must have their share,  
 And all the world was made for care,  
 The monarch and the swain.



If British isles (that once were free,  
 In Indian seas, to you and me)  
 All entrance still restrain,  
 Why let them starve with all their host  
 When British pride gives up the ghost,  
 And courts our aid in vain.

We fondly hope some future year  
 Will all our clouded prospects clear,  
 And commerce stretch her wings;  
 New tracks of trade new wealth disclose,  
 While round the globe our standard goes  
 In spite of growling kings.

Materials thus together drawn  
 To tell you how the world goes on  
 May surely claim regard;  
 One simple word we mean to say,  
 This is our jovial New Year's day,  
 And now, our toils reward.

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*On the* LEGISLATURE of GREAT-BRITAIN

## PROHIBITING the SALE

Of Doct. DAVID RAMSAY's History of the *Revolution*  
 of South-Carolina, in London.—

SOME bold bully *Dawson*, expert in abusing,  
 Having pass'd all his life in the practice of bruising,  
 At last, when he thinks to reform and repent,  
 And wishes his days had been soberly spent,  
 Though a course of contrition in earnest begins.  
 He scarcely can bear to be told of his sins.

So, the British, worn out with their wars in the west,  
 (Where burning and murder their prowess confest,)  
 When at last they agreed 'twas in vain to contend,  
 (For the days of their thieving were come to an end)  
 They got *their historians* to scribble and flatter,  
 And foolishly thought they could hush up the matter.

But RAMSAY arose, and with TRUTH on his side,  
 Has told to the world what they labour'd to hide,  
 With his pen of dissection, and pointed with steel,  
 If they ne'er before felt—he has taught them to feel,  
 Themselves and their projects has truly defin'd,  
 And drag'd them to blush at the bar of mankind.

As the author, his friends, and the world might expect,  
 They have treated his work with a surly neglect;



In reply to his reason they splutter and rail,  
 And, prompted by malice, prohibit the sale.  
 But, alas! their chastisement is only begun—  
*Thirteen* are the states—and the tale is of *one*;  
 When the *twelve* yet remaining their stories have told,  
 THE KING WILL RUN MAD—AND THE BOOK WILL BE SOLD.

---

## LITERARY IMPORTATION.

HOWEVER we wrangled with Britain awhile  
 We think of her now in a different stile,  
 And many fine things we receive from her isle;  
 Among all the rest,  
 Some demon possess'd  
 Our dealers in knowledge and sellers of sense  
 To have a good *bishop* imported from thence.

The words of *Sam Chandler* were thought to be vain,  
 When he argued so often and prov'd it so plain  
 "That Satan must flourish till bishops should reign:"  
 Tho' he went to the wall  
 With his project and all,  
 Another bold *Sammy*, in bishop's array,  
 Has got something more than his pains for his pay.

It seems we had spirit to humble a throne,  
 Have genius for science inferior to none,  
 But never encourage a plant of our own:  
 If a college be plann'd,  
 'Tis all at a stand  
 'Till to Europe we send at a shameful expence,  
 To bring us a pedant to teach us some sense.

Can we never be thought to have learning or grace  
 Unless it be brought from that horrible place  
 Where tyranny reigns with her impudent face,  
 And popes and pretenders,  
 And sly faith-defenders  
 Have ever been hostile to reason and wit,  
 Enslaving a world that shall conquer them yet.

'Tis a folly to fret at the picture I draw:  
 And I say what was said by a *Doctor Magraw*;  
 "If they give us their teachers, they'll give us their law."  
 How that will agree  
 With such people as we,  
 I leave to the learn'd to reflect on awhile.  
 And say what they think in a handsomer stile,



T H E  
E N G L I S H M A N ' S    C O M P L A I N T .

ARRIVING from Britain with cargo so nice  
Once more have I touch'd at these regions of rice !  
Dear *Aspley*, with pleasure thy stream I review ;  
But how chang'd are these plains that we wish'd to subdue.

If through the wild woods he extended his reign,  
And death and the doctor were both in his train,  
*Cornwallis* no longer disturbs your repose,  
His lordship is dead, or at least in a doze.

By *Sullivan's* island how quiet we pass ;  
Fort *Johnson* no longer salutes us, alas !—  
The season has been you did nothing but mourn,  
But now you will laugh at a Briton's return !

Instead of gay foldiers that walk'd the parade,  
Here is nothing but draymen and people in trade ;  
Instead of our navy that thunder'd around,  
Here is nothing but ships without guns to be found.

Instead of lord *Rawdon* and *Nesbitt Balfour*,  
Whose names and whose notions you cannot endure,  
But whom in their glory you could not forget  
When puff'd by the froth of the ROYAL GAZETTE :

Instead of those tyrants, who homewards have flown,  
This country is rul'd by a race of its own,  
Whom once we could laugh at—but now we must say  
Seem rising to be in a handsomer way.

To us and our island eternally foes,  
How tedious you are in forgetting your woes,  
Your plunder'd plantations you still will remember,  
Altho' we have left you—*three years last December.*

E       L       E       G       Y .

BY schools untaught, from Nature's source he drew  
That flow of wit which wits with toil pursue,  
Above dependence, bent to virtue's side ;  
Beyond the folly of the pedant's pride ;  
Born to no power, he took no splendid part,  
Yet warm for freedom glow'd his honest heart ;



Foe to all baseness, not afraid to shame  
 The little tyrant that usurp'd his claim:  
 Bound to no sect, no systems to defend,  
 He lov'd his jest, a female, and his friend:—  
 The tale well told, to each occasion fit,  
 In him was nature—and that nature wit:  
 Alike to pride and wild ambition dumb  
 He saw no terrors in the world to come.  
 But, flighting sophists and their simsy aid,  
 To God and Reason left the works they made,  
 In chace of fortune, half his life was whim,  
 Yet fortune saw no sycophant in him;  
 Bold, open, free, the world he call'd his own,  
 But wish'd no wealth that cost a wretch a groan—  
 Too social BELL!\* in *others* so refin'd,  
 One sneaking *virtue* ne'er possess'd your mind—  
 Had *Prudence* only held her share of sway,  
 Still had your cup been full, yourself been gay!  
 But while we laugh'd, and while the glass went round,  
 The lamp was darken'd—and no help was found;  
 On distant shores you died, where none shall tell  
 “HERE REST THE VIRTUES AND THE WIT OF BELL.”

\* Mr. ROBERT BELL, the celebrated humourist and truly philanthropic Bookfeller, formerly of Philadelphia.

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## T E R R A   V U L P I N A.

**H**ERE fond remembrance stamp'd her much lov'd names,  
 Here boasts the soil its London and its Thames;  
 Through all her shores commodious ports abound,  
 Clear flow the waters of the unequal ground;  
 Cold nipping winds a lengthen'd winter bring,  
 Late rise the products of the unwilling spring,  
 The impoverish'd fields the labourer's pains disgrace—  
 And hawks and vultures scream through all the place;  
 The broken soil a nervous breed requires  
 Where the rough glebe no generous crops admires—  
 Dame Nature meanly did her gifts impart,  
 But smiles to see how much is forc'd by art.

As Boreas keen, who guides their wintry reign,  
 All bow to lucre, all are bent on gain.  
 In contact close their neat abodes are thrown,  
 Its house, each acre; every mile, its town;  
 With glittering spire the frequent church is seen,  
 Sacred to *him* that taught them to be keen,  
 Where noise and nonsense (always social) join  
 And beardless priests from white-oak pulpits whine,



Where mobs of deacons awe the ungodly wight  
 And hell's black master meets the unequal fight—  
 Eternal squabbings grease the lawyer's paw,  
 All have their suits, and all have studied Law:  
 With tongue, that Art and Nature taught to speak,  
 Some rave in *Latin*, some dispute in *Greek*:  
 Proud of their *parts*, in ancient lore they shine,  
 And one month's study makes a learn'd Divine;  
 Bards of huge fame in every hamlet rise  
 Each (in idea) of Virgilian size:  
 Even beardless lads a rhyming knack display—  
*Iliads* begun, and finish'd in a day!  
 Rhymes, that of old on Blackmore's wheel were spun,  
 Come rattling down on Greenfield's reverend son;  
 Madly presum'd time's vortex to defy!  
 Things born to live an hour—then squeak and die.  
 Some, to grow rich, through Indian forests roam,  
 Some deem it best to stay and thrive at home:  
 In spite of all the priest and squire can say,  
 This world—this wicked world—will have its way;  
 Honest through fear, religious by constraint,  
 How hard to tell the sharper from the faint!—  
 Fond of discourse, with deep designing views  
 They pump the unwary traveller of his news;  
 Fond of that news, but fonder to be paid  
 Each house a tavern, claims a tavern's trade,  
 While he that comes as surely hears them praise  
 The HOSPITALITY of modern days.  
 Yet, brave in arms, of enterprizing soul,  
 They tempt old Neptune to the farthest pole,  
 In learning's walks explore the mazy way  
 (For genius there has shed his golden ray)  
 In war's bold art through many a contest try'd  
 True to themselves, they took the nobler side,  
 And party feuds forgot, join'd to agree  
 That power alone supreme—that left them free.

---

## H A T T E R A S.

**I**N Fathoms five the anchor gone;  
 While here we furl the sail,  
 No longer vainly labouring on  
 Against the western gale:  
 While here thy bare and barren cliffs,  
 O HATTERAS, I survey,  
 And shallow grounds and broken reefs—  
 What shall console my stay!



The dangerous shoal, that breaks the wave  
In columns to the sky ;  
The tempests black, that hourly rave,  
Portend all danger nigh :  
Sad are my dreams on ocean's verge !  
The Atlantic round me flows,  
Upon whose ancient angry furge  
No traveller finds repose !

The PILOT comes !—from yonder sands  
He shoves his barque, so frail,  
And hurrying on, with busy hands,  
Employs both oar and sail.  
Beneath this rude unsettled sky  
Condemn'd to pass his years,  
No other shores delight his eye,  
No foe alarms his fears.

In depths of woods his hut he builds,  
Devoted to repose,  
And, blooming, in the barren wilds  
His little garden grows :  
His wedded nymph, of fallow hue,  
No mingled colours grace—  
For her he toils—to her is true,  
The captive of her face.

Kind Nature here, to make him blest,  
No quiet harbour plann'd;  
And poverty—his constant guest,  
Restrains the pirate band :  
His hopes are all in yonder flock,  
Or some few hives of bees,  
Except, when bound for OCRACOCK,  
Some gliding barque he fees :

His Catharine then he quits with grief,  
And spreads his tottering sails,  
While, waving high her handkerchief,  
Her commodore she hails :  
She grieves, and fears to see no more  
The sail that now forsakes,  
From HATTERAS' sands to banks of CORE  
Such tedious journies takes !

Fond nymph ! your sighs are heav'd in vain ;  
Restrain those idle fears :  
Can you—that should relieve his pain—  
Thus kill him with your tears !  
Can absence, thus, beget regard,  
Or does it only seem ?



He comes to meet a wandering bard  
That steers for ASHLEY'S stream.

Though disappointed in his views,  
Not joyless will we part;  
Nor shall the god of mirth refuse  
The BALSAM OF THE HEART:  
No niggard key shall lock up joy—  
I'll give him half my store  
Will he but half his skill employ  
To guard us from your shore.

Should eastern gales once more awake,  
No safety will be here:—  
Alack! I see the billows break,  
Wild tempests hovering near:  
Before the bellowing seas begin  
Their conflict with the land,  
Go, pilot, go—your Catharine join,  
That waits on yonder land.

---

T H E  
N E W S M O N G E R

**A**N insect lives among mankind  
For what wise ends by fate design'd,  
I never yet could clearly find:

In pain for all, and thank'd by none,  
And most perplex'd when most alone,  
No *State* regards him, or the throne.

Beneath a dusty roof restrain'd,  
To one dark spot forever chain'd,  
His ink is to the bottom drain'd,

The flowers that deck the summer field,  
The vernal bloom that frost conceal'd,  
To him no spark of pleasure yield.

His days are one continual whim:  
The seasons change, but not for him,  
On foreign prints his eyes grow dim.

He life supports on self esteem,  
He plans, contrives, and lives by scheme,  
And spoils good paper—many a ream.



Distrest for those he never saw—  
Of kings and princes not in awe  
He scorns their mandates, and their law.

Relief he finds for others' woes,  
The wants of all the world he knows,—  
His boots are only out at toes.

Now Europe's feuds employ his brains,  
Now Asia's news his head contains—  
But still his labour for his pains.

The river *Scheldt* he opens wide,  
And *Joseph's* ships in triumph ride—  
The Dutchmen are not on his side.

On great affairs condemn'd to fret,  
The interest on our foreign debt  
He hopes good Louis may forget,

He fears the Bank will hurt our trade,  
And fall it must, without his aid—  
And yet his barber goes unpaid.

Our western posts (that Britons keep  
In spite of treaties) break his sleep;  
He plans their conquest at one sweep.

He grumbles at the price of flour,  
Then mourns and mutters many an hour  
That CONGRESS have so little power.

Altho' he has no ships to lose  
The Algerines he *dares* abuse,  
And longs to hear some better news.

The French, he thinks, will soon prepare  
To undertake some grand affair:  
"So 'tis but war we need not care."

Where *Mississippi* laves the plain,  
He hopes the bold *Kentucky* swain  
Will seize her forts and plague old Spain:

Such morning whims, such evening dreams!  
Through long dull nights he plans odd schemes  
To dispossess her of those streams.

He prophesies the time must come  
When few will drink West-India rum—  
Our *spirits* will be *proof* at home.



The tories on New Scotland's coast,  
He deems may all their freedom boast  
In half a century—at most.

Then shakes his head, and shifts the scene,  
Talks much about the empress queen,  
And wonders what the Germans mean.

He doubts, and frets, and seems afraid  
The *States* will lose by China trade,  
Since *dollars* for their tea are paid;

Then hopes that by the month of June  
*Lunardi* in his new balloon  
Will make a journey to the moon.

Thus all the business of mankind,  
And all the follies we might find  
Are huddled in his crazy mind;

'Till doom'd to think of new affairs,  
At last with death he walks down stairs,  
And leaves—the wide world to his heirs.

## CHARITY A-LA-MODE.

FROM southern ports a wandering vessel came  
That from her size or looks small note could claim,  
Her freight discharg'd, compell'd in port to stay  
Long by the walls this empty vessel lay.  
In vain the captain scratch'd his sapient scull  
And flush'd her masts and furbish'd up her hull:  
No sails to trim, no work but making grog,  
Pensive he fate—and sigh'd to heave the log:  
In vain he search'd, and stopt up every leak,  
And advertis'd his barque from week to week—  
All would not do!—the dock was still her fate,  
Idle the master, out of work the mate,  
No freight appear'd, no charter, no employ,  
Deaf were the shippers, and the merchants coy;  
While, with the tide, she lay to rise and fall  
The wharfinger, 'twas thought, would have her—all.  
At length, a man who had much gold in stock,  
One morning fair, came waddling to the dock,  
Address'd the captain, as he pensive fate,  
And cry'd—*What say you, friend, wilt take a freight?*



*Take it! (said Jonas) take it!—that I will—  
Take it as quick as patient takes a pill:  
This idle life's the very worst disease,  
But let me know your terms, Sir, if you please.*

*“My terms are so and so”—(the man reply'd),  
What! six-pence less than all the world beside!  
What reason can be given, I humbly ask?—  
That six-pence should be clipp'd from every cask?—  
Five shillings (trust me) is the usual freight,  
And given by every shipper in the state!*

*“That may be so!—(the miser said, most cool)  
And yet, there's ONE exception to the rule:  
If you're averse, there's hundreds will agree:—  
THIS SIX-PENCE SAV'D IS MEANT FOR CHARITY:  
My terms are good—you can't be angry, sure;  
This six-pence, filch'd from you—SHALL BLESS THE POOR!”*

---

## T H E

## MINSTREL'S COMPLAINT.

**T**O Play for Pomposo I find is in vain:  
Himself and his house are averse to my strain,  
So I and my dog will be trudging again:  
A fiddler he has in his garret, they say,  
Who little or nothing that's clever can play;  
    With a sorrowful face  
    He can thrum on the bass,  
And might do pretty well on a funeral day:  
    Now his fiddle is broke—  
    How Pomposo would look  
To be hurried away, by no music attended,  
Should he happen to die ere the bauble is mended.

The village all knew it, and car'd not a pin—  
The night was so cold and my coat was so thin,  
That I shook like a leaf when the ladies came in:  
    They thought it a joke  
    That the fiddle was broke,  
But never once offer'd the strings to repair,  
And begg'd of AP-SHENKIN to give them an air.

Ap-Shenkin began in so dismal a tone  
All thought he had better have let it alone;  
When the guests were to dance they did nothing but groan—  
    Old captain O'Blunder  
    Was brim-full of wonder,



And said, my dear boy such a whining you keep,  
You have hit on a tune that will put us to sleep.

Yet still he went on, to our utter surprize,  
And sung 'till the ladies had tears in their eyes,  
And Bunyan, we thought, had return'd in disguise:

We waited so long

For the close of his song

That most of us thought he would never conclude

His muses were in such a musical mood:

Old ditties he sung that are fairly worn out,

The wars of the Jews, that were compass'd about

Whom Titus, the Roman, had put to the rout—

We all were in pain

To attend them again

For ten times before we had heard them at least,

And far better told by the nurse and the priest.

T H E

## W I N T R Y P R O S P E C T.

FROM Hudson's cold, congealing stream  
As winter comes, I take my way  
Where other furs prompt other dreams,  
And shades, less willing to decay,  
Beget new feelings in the heart  
Bid spleen's dejective crew depart,  
And wake the sprightly lay:  
Good-natur'd NEPTUNE, now so mild,  
Like rage asleep or madness chain'd,  
By dreams amus'd or love beguil'd,  
Sleep on, 'till we our port have gain'd.  
The gentle breeze that curls the deep  
Shall paint a finer dream on sleep;  
Ye nymphs, that haunt his grottoes low  
Where sea-green trees of coral grow,  
No tumults make  
Lest he should wake,  
And thus the passing shade betray  
The sails that o'er his waters stray.

Sunk is the sun from yonder hill:  
The noisy day is past,  
The breeze decays, and all is still,  
As all shall be at last!



The murmuring on the distant shore,  
 The dying wave is all I hear;  
 The yellow fields now disappear,  
 No painted butterflies are near,  
 And laughing folly plagues no more.  
 The woods that deck yon' fading waste,  
 That every wanton gale embrac'd  
 Ere summer yet made haste to fly—  
 How smit with frost the pride of June!  
 How lost to me! how very soon  
 The fairy prospects die!  
 Condemn'd to yield to winter's stroke,  
 Low in the dust the embowering oak  
 Has bid that fading leaf descend:  
 Their short-liv'd verdure at an end,  
 How desolate the forests seem,  
 Beneath whose shade  
 The island maid  
 Was once so fond to dream!

What now is left of all that won  
 The note of mirth while summer stay'd:  
 The birds that sported in the sun,  
 The sport is past, the song is done,  
 And Nature's naked forms declare,  
 The frozen vale, the mountain bare  
 Persuasively, tho' silent, tell,  
 That, at the best,  
 They were but drest  
 In vestments for the funeral bell!  
 Now, while I spread the adventurous sail  
 To catch the breeze from yonder hill,  
 Say, what does all this sadness mean  
 Why grieve to pass the watery scene—  
 Is happiness to place confin'd?  
 No—planted only in the mind  
 She meets her votary where he will:  
 But life is pain—what ills must try,  
 What *malice* dark and *calumny*,  
 Old *Shad'ach* with his jaundic'd eye,  
 And *slander*, with her tale begun;  
 Bold *ignorance*, with forward air,  
 And *cowardice*, that has no share  
 In honours gain'd or trophies won.

To these succeed (and these are few  
 Of earth's unseemly sullen crew)  
 Unsocial *pride* and cold *disgust*,  
*Servility*, that licks the dust;



Unknown to haunt the human breast  
 When Nature there her throne possess'd :  
 But vanish'd is her gentle reign,  
 And monsters have dethron'd that queen  
 Who charm'd the soul to rest :

What century shall restore that age  
 When passion, rul'd by reason's page,  
 Made happiness no empty sound—  
 The golden age, that pleas'd so well?—  
 The MIND that made it shall not tell  
 To those on life's uncertain road,  
 Where lost in folly's idle round,  
 And seeking what shall ne'er be found  
 WE PRESS TO ONE ABODE !

---

## FEMALE CAPRICE;

OR, THE

### STUDENT'S COMPLAINT.

**I**T was, you must own, a most pitiful thing,  
 That we must *commence*, and no ladies would sing :  
 So long at our studies, and poring on Greek,  
 And Logic, and Latin, and learning to *speak*,  
 And not in return for our trouble and pains,  
 Not a quaver to have of their holiday strains,  
 Was hard in extreme—and I'm sorry to find  
 No reason as yet for their malice assign'd.  
 Though tutor'd by LAW,\* who is music's delight,  
 They have not a single idea of RIGHT,  
 Or else I presume they had surely bestow'd  
 Some elegant strains on the *elegant ode* ;  
 The poet, poor fellow, no doubt had his share  
 Of trouble and thinking, his lines to prepare,  
 And then to neglect them and fall in a pet,  
 Was such an affront as he'll never forget.  
 Hereafter *commencing*, to punish the sex,  
 With Latin and Logic their noddles we'll vex,  
 In dark metaphysics we'll rattle away,  
 Nor shall they be wiser for all we may say ;  
 No witty orations shall tempt them to smile,  
 But after haranguing on *nothing* awhile,  
 We'll send them away just as dull as they came ;  
 And year after year it shall still be the same,  
 Till each cruel creature relents—and agrees  
 To cry out—"Dear fellows, we'll sing what you please."

\*The Rev. Andrew Law. Professor of Music.



T H E  
I N V A L I D.

O'ER barren hills and desert plains  
Mambrino made a swift retreat,  
Rode day and night through winds and rains  
To fly the doom he fear'd to meet :  
Resolv'd, he left our cool sea-breeze  
In mineral springs to drown disease.

*“ And oh!—(he cry'd) in prime of days  
Must I with death my lodging keep—  
On yonder sun no longer gaze—  
Is Nature blind or Fate asleep—  
What have I done—what shall I say?  
To mineral springs I'll haste away!”*

Though death pursued with all his might,  
The wasted youth, when he got there  
Drank rum all day, play'd whist all night,  
Hoping the waters would repair  
His meagre carcase, doom'd to bring  
Destruction from the mineral spring.

Ye sons of Bacchus, brisk and gay,  
Blame not the health-restoring wave :  
How can those streams prevent decay,  
Or better streams from ruin save  
When you mistake those tempting things,  
The landlord's FLASKS—for mineral springs.

T H E  
D R U N K E N S O L D I E R,

(a Parody.)

I N a hovel forlorn, not a mile from his tent,  
Poor Trim sat distracted with care ;  
He look'd at his bottle, and saw it half spent,  
And gave himself up to despair.

The walls of his hut were bespatter'd around  
With the grog he had vomited up ;  
And even the dirt, and the grass on the ground  
Were bedew'd with the dregs of his cup.



The housewife beheld through a hole in the wall  
 Him weeping, his whiskey half done,  
 She curs'd him, his liquor, his bottle, and all,  
 Thus warning the man of the gun:

“ O Trim, do forbear; not a grunt, not a swear  
 “ For your grog so deservedly lost;  
 “ Your bones shall be broke; I will put up my prayer,  
 “ And the answer shall be to your cost.

“ The boys of the barracks, those soldiers so bold,  
 “ Of gaming have finish'd their task,  
 “ And such is the news, it is currently told,  
 “ They are coming to drink out your flask:

“ A council was held ere your eyes were awake,  
 “ And this was the captain's decree,  
 “ That, when it is emptied, the bottle must break,  
 “ And the charge is entrusted to me.”

To the broomstick straightway, like a fury, she flew:  
 But he with his bottle began,  
 And said, “ Shut the door, let me touch it once more,  
 And then—they may drink, if they can.”—

With a circle of black she encompass'd his eyes;  
 At last into slumbers he sunk,  
 Then she laid him down snug, lest the sight of his jug  
 Should tempt him again to get drunk.

## C A R R I B B I A N A.

**T**HESE Indian isles, so green and gay,  
 In summer seas by Nature plac'd—  
 Art hardly told us where they lay  
 'Till tyranny their charms defac'd;  
 Ambition there her conquests made,  
 And avarice rifled every shade!

The *Genius* wept, his sons to see  
 By foreign arms untimely fall,  
 And some to distant climates flee  
 Where later ruin met them all:  
 He saw his sylvan offspring bleed  
 That fiercer natures might succeed.

The chief that first o'er barren waves  
 To these fair islands found his way,



Departing, left a race of slaves,  
*Cortez*, thy mandate to obey;  
 And these again, if fame says true,  
 To lord it o'er the savage crew.

No more to Indian coasts confin'd,——  
 The Genius thus indulg'd his grief;  
 While he to woe his heart resign'd,  
 To see the proud European chief  
 Pursue the harmless Indian race,  
 Torn by his dogs in every chace!—

Ah, what a change! the ambient deep  
 No longer hears the lover's sigh;  
 But wretches meet to wail and weep  
 The loss of their dear liberty;  
 Unfeeling hearts possess these isles,  
 Man frowns, and only Nature smiles."

Proud of these vast extended shores  
 The haughty Spaniard calls his own,  
 No other world may share those stores  
 To other worlds so little known;  
 His *Cuba* lies a wilderness,  
 Where slavery digs what slaves possess.

*Jamaica's* sweet romantic vales  
 In vain with golden harvests teem,  
 Her endless spring, her balmy gales  
 Did more to me than magic seem:  
 Yet what the god profusely gave  
 Is there denied the toiling slave.

Fantastic joy and fond belief  
 Through life support the galling chain,  
 Hope's airy prospects banish grief  
 And bring his native climes again;  
 His native groves his heaven display  
 The funeral is the joyous day.

For man reduc'd to such disgrace  
 In vain from Jove fair virtue fell:  
 Distress compells him to be base,  
 He has no motive to excel:  
 In death alone his prospects end,  
 The world's worst foe is his best friend,

How great their praise, let truth declare,  
 Who, smit with honour's sacred flame,  
 Made freedom to these coasts repair,  
 Assum'd the slave's neglected claim,



And scorning interest's fordid plan  
Prov'd to mankind the rights of man.

Ascending here, may this warm sun,  
With freedom's beams divinely clear,  
Throughout the world his circuit run  
Till these dark prospects disappear,  
And a new race, not bought or sold,  
Springs from the ashes of the old.

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### LYSANDER'S RETREAT.

FROM CAMBRIA's blest abodes  
O'er sandy, tiresome roads  
Lysander, musing, takes his way  
Through dark and dismal groves  
Where the sad turtle loves  
To waste the night, and kill the day.

In some obscure retreat  
I see Lysander greet  
A barren soil and dreary town,  
Whose streets, o'ergrown with trees,  
With pain each traveller sees,  
SYLVANIA, barren of renown!

What shall console him there?—  
Not even a house of prayer  
With glittering spire, is seen to rise:  
No nymphs, in gaudy trim,  
Shall there be seen by him—  
No music, sermons, plays, or pigeon-pies.

Dull melancholy streams,  
Dutch politics and schemes,  
Owls screeching in the empty street;  
Wolves, howling at their doors,  
Bears, breaking into stores—  
These make the picture of the town complete.—



T H E

## PROCESSION to SYLVANIA.

**I**N Life's dull round, how often folks are cross'd,  
 Their projects spoil'd, their sayings misapplied;  
 Some friends in woods and some in oceans lost,  
 Some doom'd to walk on foot, while others ride.

But, now, let preachers moralize in verse,  
 While I to yonder caravan attend  
 That all prepar'd, like some slow moving herse  
 Begins its journey to an Indian land;

Bound for Sylvania!—sad, disheartening town,  
 When thou art nam'd how many a nymph will sigh,  
 Sigh, lest her sweet-heart should return a clown  
 With grizly homespun coat, long beard, and pumpkin pye.

This caravan with wondrous geer is stow'd,  
 All sorts of moveables—straw-beds, and cradles,  
 Old records, salted fish, make up their load,  
 With kegs of brandy, frying pans, and ladles.

A pensive Printer in a one-horse-chair  
 (Dragg'd slowly on by sullen sleepy steed,  
 With some ill-fated squires) brings up the rear,  
 Contriving future news for folks to read.

To guard the whole, a trusty knight appears,  
 With chosen men, to keep the wolves at bay:  
 They march—and lo! Belinda all in tears  
 THAT BEARS MUST HUG INSTEAD OF LADIES GAY,

## SANGRADO'S EXPEDITION

T O

S Y L V A N I A.

**T**IR'D of his journey o'er a sandy waste,  
 SANGRADO to *Sylvania* came at last:  
 A bear-skin coat was round his carcase roll'd,  
 Shivering with northern winds, that blew so cold:  
 Dark was the night—much for his thins he fear'd,  
 For not one lamp in all the town appear'd,  
 Twelve was the hour—the citizens, in bed,  
 Slept sound—of bears and wolves no more in dread;

V



No city-guards, no watchmen hove in sight,  
 No chyming bell fung out the time of night;  
 But foggy blasts their wintry music blew  
 Through shabby trees that round the court-house grew:  
 At length, alighting at one scurvy dome,  
 He knock'd—and hop'd the people were at home.—

Ho!—(cry'd the man within) ho! who are you?—  
 What! heigh!—from CAMBRIA?—have you nothing new?—

*Sangrado.*

Nothing at all—the times are shameful bad;  
 Money at ten per cent—hard to be had:  
 With apples and potatoes, our dear cousins  
 The *northern men*, are pouring in by dozens:  
 The French, 'tis said, will soon discharge their king—  
 This, friend, is all I know—and all I bring—

*Citizen.*

What! not some oysters, gather'd near the coast,  
 Such as in days of old we lov'd to roast?

*Sangrado.*

No, not an oyster—faith, you're in a dream,  
 To think I'd load my little nag with them:  
 We both are weary; let me in, I pray,  
 Even though you turn us out at break of day.

*Citizen.*

'Tis midnight now—return from whence you come—  
 High time all honest people were at home.

*Sangrado.*

Brother, me thinks my toes are somewhat cold—  
 Unbar your door—if one may be so bold:  
 Wet to the skin, and travelling all the day,  
 I want some rest—open the door, I say!

*Citizen.*

Open the door, forsooth! the man is mad:  
 Lodging is not so easy to be had;  
 It is an article we do not trade in,  
 Nor shall my bed by all the world be laid in.  
 Our very hay-loft is as full as can be—  
 Push off, my friend, and try your luck at GRANBY.



*On the PROSPECT of a*  
**REVOLUTION in FRANCE.**

**B**ORNE on the wings of time, another year  
 Sprung from the past, begins its proud career;  
 From that bright spark which first illum'd these lands,  
 See Europe kindling, as the blaze expands,  
 Each gloomy tyrant, sworn to chain the mind,  
 Presumes no more to trample on mankind:  
 Even potent LOUIS trembles on his throne,  
 The generous Prince that made our cause his own,  
 More equal rights his injur'd subjects claim,  
 No more a country's strength—that country's shame;  
 Fame starts, astonish'd at such prizes won,  
 And rashness wonders how the work was done.

Flush'd with new life, and brightening at the view,  
**G**ENIUS, triumphant, moulds the world anew;  
 To these far climes in swift succession moves  
 Each art that Reason owns and Sense approves.  
 What tho' his age is bounded to a span  
 Time sheds a conscious dignity on man,  
 Some happier breath his rising passion swells,  
 Some kinder genius his bold arm impels,  
 Dull superstition from the world retires  
 Dishearten'd zealots haste to quench their fires;  
 One equal rule o'er twelve\* vast STATES extends,  
 Europe and Asia join to be our friends,  
 Our active flag in every clime display'd  
 Counts stars on colours that shall never fade;  
 A far fam'd chief o'er this vast whole presides  
 Whose motto HONOR is—whom VIRTUE guides;  
 His walks forsaken in Virginia's groves  
 Applauding thousands bow where'er HE moves,  
 Who laid the basis of this EMPIRE sure  
 Where public faith should public peace secure.

Still may she rise, exalted in her aims,  
 And boast to every age her patriot names,  
 To distant climes extend her gentle sway,  
 While choice—not force—bids every heart obey;  
 Ne'er may she fail when liberty implores,  
 Nor want true valour to defend her shores,  
 'Till Europe, humbled, greets our western wave,  
 And owns an equal—whom she wish'd a slave.

At this time Rhode-Island was not a member of the general Confederation of the American States. [1788]



## E P I S T L E

T O T H E

## P A T R I O T I C F A R M E R.

**T**HUS, while new Laws our stubborn States reclaim,  
 And most for pensions, some for honours aim,  
 YOU, who first aim'd a shaft at GEORGE'S crown,  
 And mark'd the way to conquest and renown,  
 While from the vain, the lofty, and the proud,  
 Retiring to your groves, you shun the crowd,  
 Can tell, like your's, in cold oblivion end,  
 COLUMBIA'S patriot, and her earliest friend?

Blest, doubly blest, from public scenes retir'd,  
 Where public welfare all your bosom fir'd;  
 Your life's best days in studious labours past  
 Your deeds of virtue make your bliss at last;  
 When all things fail, the soul must rest on these!—  
 May heaven restore you to your favorite trees,  
 And calm content, best lot to man assign'd,  
 Be heaven's reward to your superior mind.

When her base projects you beheld, with pain,  
 And early doom'd an end to Britain's reign,  
 When rising nobly in a generous cause  
 (Sworn foe to tyrants and imported Laws)  
 O DICKINSON! the patriot and the sage,  
 How much we ow'd to your immortal page:  
 That page—the check of tyrants and of knaves,  
 Gave birth to heroes who had else been slaves,  
 Who, taught by you, denied a monarch's sway;  
 And if they brought him low—you plann'd the way.

Though in this glare of pomp you take no part,  
 Still must your conduct warm each generous heart:  
 What, though you shun the patriot vain and loud,  
 While hosts neglect, that once to merit bow'd,  
 Shun those gay scenes, where recent laurels grow,  
 The mad PROCESSION, and the painted show;  
 In days to come, when pomp and pride resign,  
 Who would not change his proudest wreathes for thine,  
 In fame's fair fields such well-earn'd honours share,  
 And DICKINSON confess unrivall'd there!

[1788]

## S U S A N N A'S R E V I V A L.

**W**HY on my heart this weight of care,  
 Why sigh to reach the elbow chair!



My eyes are dim—alas, too slow  
 I feel the purple current flow;  
 No more am I to mirth inclin'd;  
 What strange ideas haunt my mind—  
 What means this deadly parching heat?—  
 What pulses in my bosom beat!  
 I hate to hear the goldfinch sing,  
 The parrot is a noisy thing—  
 The spinnet shall untun'd remain;—  
 For I—alas—am full of pain!

'Twas thus Susanna, fainting, spoke—  
 Sir Gilbert then his lancet took,  
 And, while they flew to fetch a band,  
 She lean'd her head upon his hand.—  
 “Dear Madam, let me bare your arm;  
 “The lancet was not meant for harm:  
 “I only wish to find a vein  
 “And thence a gentle current drain  
 “Which to your bosom shall restore  
 “That pulse of health it knew before;  
 “Which to your lovely, languid eye  
 “New shafts of ruin will supply,  
 “And to that sweet deluding face  
 “Add every charm and every grace.”

So, standing by the Lady's side,  
 Sir Gilbert, then, his lancet try'd,  
 And pierc'd the blue and swelling vein—  
 Away the purple current ran—  
 “Ah, Gilbert! how like death it seems!  
 Is life departing with these streams!  
 So wastes the soul when Nature dies—  
 Advance, and close my sleepy eyes!  
 Elysian fields, Elysian bowers,  
 Gay trees, and never fading flowers,  
 Receive me to your silent state,  
 Where stygian beaus on ladies wait—  
 Alas, alas!—or do I dream,,  
 Or is it Lethe's fabled stream—  
 Does life on such a stream depend—?  
 You've brought me to my journey's end—  
 Alas, my heart—alas, my head!—  
 And do I die—or am I dead!—”

Now up and down the servants ran,  
 Confusion reign'd from maid to man:  
 Each had a tear for her who now  
 To other worlds prepares to go:  
 “O, may she find the narrow gate,  
 An angel—and a large estate!”  
 “Attend to move your lady fair  
 “(Said Gilbert) from her easy chair,



" And let her on the couch be laid—  
 " (She may require some farther aid)——  
 " Now, by the paleness on your cheek,  
 " Susanna, do—my darling—speak—  
 " Her pulse is gone, her lips are dumb—  
 " Ye wonders of the world to come!——  
 " Poor, harmless, pretty, chattering thing,  
 " No hurt indeed, I meant to bring—  
 " No fault of mine has bid you die—  
 " But if I could new life supply,  
 " Dear nymph, I would my art essay  
 " To bid that gentle spirit stay,  
 " Which now, too soon, for heaven prepares,  
 " And quits a world of crimes and cares!——  
 SUSANNA, to the couch convey'd,  
 A lovely corpse, *at length*, was laid;—  
 The servants from the couch withdrew  
 But Gilbert would more sorrow shew—  
 He went—for what?—SUSANNA, tell—  
 Perhaps, to take his last farewell—  
 Perhaps he did—for want of grace—  
 What few will dream, in such a case.  
 Like *Orpheus*, he, by passion led,  
 Explor'd the kingdoms of the dead,  
 Through gloomy groves pursued his way  
 'Till all Elysium open lay,  
 But Fate decreed too short a stay!  
 Ye fair ones, be not too severe  
 If from the borders of a bier  
 Sir Gilbert won a blooming heir!

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T H E  
A U T H O R.

**M**Y leaves bound up, compact and fair,  
 In neat array, at length prepare  
 To pass their hour on time's broad stage,  
 To meet the surly critic's rage,  
 The statesman's slight, the pedant's sneer——  
 Alas! were these my only fear  
 I should be quiet and resign'd——  
 What most torments my boding mind  
 Is that no critic will be found  
 To read my works and give the wound.  
 Thus, when one fleeting year is pass'd  
 On some bye-shelf my book is cast;



Another comes, with something new,  
And drives me fairly out of view:  
With some to praise, but more to blame,  
The soul returns from whence it came,  
And those alive, who scarce could read,  
Will now write libels on the dead!—

Thrice happy DRYDEN, who could meet  
Some rival bard in every street:  
When all were bent on writing well,  
It was some credit to excel,  
While those condemn'd to stand alone  
Can only by themselves be known:  
Thrice happy DRYDEN, who could find  
A *Mævius*, for his sport design'd;  
And POPE, who saw the harmless rage  
Of *Dennis*, bursting o'er his page,  
Might well despise the critic's aim,  
Who only help'd to swell their fame.

On these bleak climes by Fortune thrown  
Where rigid Reason reigns, alone,  
Where flowery Fancy holds no sway  
Nor golden forms around her play,  
Nor Nature takes her magic hue—  
Alas! what has the Muse to do!  
An age employ'd in pointing steel  
Can no poetic raptures feel;  
No fabled Love's enchanting power,  
Nor tale of Flora's shady bower,  
Nor woodland haunt, or murmuring grove,  
Can its prosaic bosom move.

The *Muse of Love* in no request;  
I'll try my fortune with the rest:  
Which of the Nine shall I engage  
To suit the humour of the age:  
On one, alas! my choice must fall,  
The least engaging of them all!  
Her visage stern, severe her style,  
A clouded brow, a cruel smile,  
A mind on murder'd victims plac'd—  
She, only she, can please the taste.



## P H I L A N D E R;

OR THE

## E M I G R A N T.

W HILE lost so long to his Arcadian shade,  
 Careless of fortune and of fame he stray'd,  
 Philander to a barbarous region came  
 And found a partner in a colder shade,  
 Fair as Amanda; and perhaps might claim  
 With her the impassion'd soul, and friendship's holy flame;  
 For sprightly loves upon her bosom play'd,  
 And youth was in her blush, and every shepherd said  
 She was a modest and accomplish'd dame.

What have I done, (the wandering shepherd cry'd)  
 Thus to be banish'd from a face so fair,  
 (For now the frosts had spoil'd the daisies' pride,  
 And he once more for roving did prepare)  
 Ah, what have I to do with swelling seas  
 Who once could pipe upon the hollow reed?—  
 I take no joy in such rude scenes as these,  
 Nor look with pleasure on the vagrant weed  
 That gulphy streams from rugged caverns bore,  
 Which floats thro' every clime, and never finds a shore!  
 But other fields and other flowers were mine,  
 'Till wild disorder drove me from the plain.  
 And the black dogs of war were seen to join,  
 Howl o'er the soil, and dispossess the swain:  
 Why must I leave these climes of frost and snow?—  
 Were it not better in these glooms to stay,  
 And, while on high the autumnal tempests blow,  
 Let others o'er the wild seas take their way,  
 And I with my Lavinia's tresses play?—  
 Ah, no, no, no! the imperious wave demands  
 That I must leave these shores, and lose these lands  
 And southward to the high equator stray:  
 But Fancy now has lost her vernal hue;  
 See Nature in her wintry garb array'd—  
 And where is that fine dream which once she drew  
 While yet by *Cambria's* stream she fondly play'd!

LAVINIA heard his long complaint, and said,  
 Wouldst thou, for me, detain the expecting sail?—  
 Go, wanderer, go—the trees have lost their shade,  
 And my gay flowers are blasted by the gale,  
 And the bright stream is chill'd that wandered thro' the vale:  
 Ah, why, Philander, do you sigh, so sad!  
 Why all this change in such a jovial lad?  
 Smooth seas shall be your guard, and, free from harms,  
 Restore you, safely, to Lavinia's arms!



Or should the eastern tempest rend your fail,  
 Trust me, dear shepherd, should the seas prevail,  
 And you be laid in Neptune's cradle low,  
 The winds will bring me back the woeful tale  
 When I must to the long shore weeping go,  
 And while I see the ruffian surge aspire,  
 Some consolation will it be to know  
 No pain or anguish can afflict the head  
 The limbs or stomach, when the heart is dead.

Thus long discoursing, on the bank they stood,  
 The heavy burthen'd barque at anchor lay,  
 While the broad topsails, from the yards unfurl'd,  
 Shook in the wind, and summon'd him away;  
 Brisk blew the gales, and curl'd the yielding flood,  
 Nor had he one excuse to urge his stay——  
 Be chang'd (he said) ye winds that blow so fair;  
 Why do not tempests harrow up the deep,  
 And all but the moist south in quiet sleep!

To the bleak shore the parting lovers came,  
 And while Philander did his sighs renew,  
 So near the deep they bade their last farewell  
 That the rough surge, to quench the mutual flame  
 Burst in and broke the embrace, and o'er Lavinia flew;  
 While a dark cloud hung lowering o'er the main,  
 From whence the attendants many an omen drew,  
 And said Philander would not come again!

Now to their various heights the sails ascend,  
 And southward from the land their course they bore.  
 Lavinia mourn'd the lover and the friend,  
 And stood awhile upon the sandy shore,  
 'Till interposing seas the hull conceal'd,  
 And distant sails could only greet her view,  
 Like a faint cloud that brush'd the watery field,  
 And swell'd by whistling winds, impetuous, flew:  
 Then to a neighbouring hill the nymph withdrew,  
 And the dear object from that height survey'd,  
 'Till all was lost and mingled with the main,  
 And night descended, with her gloomy shade,  
 And kindled in the heavens her starry train,

Safe to the south the ocean-wading keel  
 In one short month its rapid course achiev'd,  
 And the cold star, that marks the Arctic pole,  
 Was in the bosom of the deep receiv'd:  
 And now the weary barque at anchor rode  
 Where *Oronoko* pours his sultry wave,  
 Moist *Surinam*, by torrents overflow'd,  
 And *Amazonia* vends the fainting slave;—  
 Philander, there, not fated to return,  
 Perceiv'd destruction in his bosom burn,



And the warm flood of life too fiercely, glow :  
 The vertic sun a deadly fever gave,  
 And the moist soil bestow'd his bones a grave,  
 Deep in the waste, where oceans overflow,  
 And Oronoko's streams the forests lave,  
 Oft' to the winding shore Lavinia came  
 Where fond Philander bade his last adieu,  
 (And that steep hill which gave her the last view)  
 Till seven long years had round their orbits ran,  
 Yet no Philander came, or none she knew:  
 Alas (she cry'd) for every nymph but me  
 Each sea-bleach'd sail some welcome wanderer brings,  
 And all but I get tidings of their friends ;  
 Sad Mariamne drowns herself in woe  
 If one poor month Amyntor quits her arms,  
 And says, " from Ashley's stream he comes too flow,"—  
 And bodes the heavy storm, and midnight harms :  
 What would she say, if doom'd to wait, like me,  
 And mourn long years, and no Philander see !

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UNDER THE PORTRAITURE OF  
 M A R T H A R A Y.

**I**N all the radiance of the skies  
 She came to bless her lover's eyes ;  
 Adorn'd with all the charms that can  
 Intoxicate the heart of man,  
 Or Nature's frantic passions move  
 To crush the object of their love.  
 When she her brilliant race begun,  
 (Confess'd the daughter of the sun)  
 Of all the beams that from him play  
 She was the most enlivening RAY :  
 Her brow so black, her lips so red,  
 Her breath by India's odours fed,  
 The crimson cheek, the forehead fair,  
 The ringlets of her auburn hair !  
 The eye, with beauty so replete,  
 The breast, where Love his pulses beat :  
 All these were fuel for his blaze,  
 And these were only half her praise,  
 Soaring afar above the crowd,  
 To her the *Lord of thunder* bow'd :

\* Killed by the hands of her desperate lover; HACKMAN (an attorney) to prevent her being possessed by his more fortunate rival, Lord Sandwich, then at the head of British naval affairs.



Like Juno, she, in spangles drest,  
 By *Lords* would only be caress'd,  
 'Till, grown a rival to the skies,  
 AN EARTHLY LAWYER SEIZ'D THE PRIZE.

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P A L Æ M O N:

OR, THE

S K A I T E R.

SEVERELY kind, on life's deceitful road  
 How many snares did sportive Nature lay!  
 Ever some *bitter* mingling with the sweet,  
 Ever contriving how to steal away  
 That little sun-shine, which to man she lent,  
 That spark of fire, which animates our clay.—  
 Deceiv'd by show—(for half in life we see  
 Is mere appearance) many a step we take,  
 Thinking, substantial will our footing be,  
 When lo! we sink—in other worlds to wake!

To sad REMEMBRANCE how much grief is due!—  
 And hence was *Lethe's* stream by poets feign'd,  
 Beyond whose wave a paradise they drew,  
 But, short of which, no happiness was gain'd.—  
 Ah! ere I taste that wave, let me recall  
 What, late, gave birth to many a bitter tear,  
 And, *Amaryllis*! bade your sorrows fall,  
 When *him* she saw extended on the bier  
 (Soon to be follow'd by the mourning train)  
 Who, while disporting on the distant lake  
 Found ruin in his play, nor came again!

It was upon a raw and windy day,  
 When fields of ice were floating to the sea,  
 And Greenland birds sat croaking on the shore,  
 Looking the wide waste of the waters o'er:  
 (But yet the vernal equinox was nigh,  
 And, though the wintry winds had ceas'd to roar,  
 Yet many an icicle, as we went by,  
 Hung from the farmer's thatch, or cottage door.)  
 It was on such a day  
 PALÆMON took his way  
 To the deep lake, whose lately liquid face  
 The night by-past in glassy semblance dress'd,  
 As if it would its harlot-visage trace  
 In the blue mirror on its waves impress'd,



Opening a passage for a heedless wight,  
 Who had been told the water-man's advice,  
 And caution'd, not to trust to one night's ice.

But he of pleasure only thought—and said,  
*To sport awhile upon the frozen wave,  
 And take the poor remains of winter's joy,  
 And cut strange figures that must shortly fade,  
 (Since the warm sun his summer-time will have)  
 Be this day's business for a shepherd's boy.*

So to the lake he came, and finding there  
 The slippery surface would his footsteps bear,  
 He girt upon his soles the channell'd steel :  
 Though cautious yet, he left not far the shore,  
 For old Menalcas, splitting faggots near,  
 Had just recounted a disheartening tale  
 (That struck less enterprising lads with fear)  
 Of one who had been drown'd in days of yore  
*When skating on a vernal floor of ice,  
 And swallowed in the lake, and seen no more.*

BUT soon grown daring, he disdain'd to stay  
 With dastard plough-boys on the inglorious strand,  
 And found no honours where no dangers lay :  
 But, while he yet was sporting near the land,  
 Fair Amaryllis chanc'd to come that way—  
 Return!—she cry'd—*rash boy!*—(and wav'd her hand)  
*For now the sun is high, and shines out clear,  
 And this smooth, glittering floor, that spreads so wide,  
 Is a mere mask, that would destruction hide,  
 Will take new features, ere the close of day,  
 And all the glaz'd deception disappear!*

She spoke—and guess'd the influence of the sun  
 That, like a thief, did undermine his floor :  
 But hardly thought, as from the bank he ran,  
 That she, fond maiden, ne'er would see him more!

Now, to the centre of the lake arriv'd,  
 Three fathoms deep the heavy waters lay ;  
 And, high suspended on a shell of ice  
 The scaly tribe, with pity, saw him play :  
 Alas!—they could not give him good advice,  
 For fish have ceas'd to speak since Æsop's day.

And yet he should have been of danger shy,  
 For, just three years ago, that very day,  
 A Fortune-telling dame had travell'd by,  
 And all the village lads had heard her say,



(As for a groat, she told Palæmon's fate)  
*"That he should of no slow consumption die,  
 Nor for the fever's deadly summons wait:  
 Not one disease upon Machaon's list  
 Will close his life:—but, on a sudden miss'd,  
 He, for himself shall find a tomb (she said)  
 And all by too much drink"*—nor more delay'd;  
 But having got her fee,  
 And taking up her staff, away she went;  
 And ever since that day, all thought she meant  
 (Referring to Palæmon's watery fate)  
 That, when a man, BACCHUS his death would be.

Pleas'd with the distance gain'd, he smil'd to think  
 How Amaryllis, now no longer seen,  
 Would anxiously expect him on the brink,  
 And wonder what his long delay could mean:—  
 So he remain'd, 'till with the mid-day sun  
 He saw, at length, his skating time was o'er,  
 And all his pranks, and all his frolics done,  
 And then began to look towards the shore:  
 But the frail ice his weight no longer bore;  
 And nothing to support him could he find—  
 And down he sunk—for Naiads none were there,  
 Nor dolphins, that were once so very kind  
 (When lur'd by music's strain)  
 To catch up drowning men,  
 And on their backs to isle or continent bear.

Then, night approaching, all the village train  
 Came to the lake, and gaz'd with anxious eye!  
 O'er the wide waste they look'd, and look'd again;  
 And old Menalcas heav'd a heavy sigh,  
 And said, *Young swain, if to the farther shore  
 You did not, ere the noon day sun, repair,  
 Sad Amaryllis will not see you more  
 Until the village bell, with sullen roar,  
 Shall call you where your grandfire went before!*

Then, round the lake they hie'd, and oft' explor'd  
 Each branching creek, and pond, and shallow stream;  
 Three days they search'd—nor was he yet restor'd,  
 And his sad fate was every day their theme,  
 And, every night, of him did Fancy dream.  
 At length they found his corpse upon the shore,  
 And, straight, the village bell began to ring:  
 The sexton and the priest then mutter'd o'er  
 Some holy words—and some their flowers did bring,  
 And strew'd them o'er his grave—and once a year  
 Fair Amaryllis comes, and sings her ditties there.



## E P I S T L E

T O A

STUDENT OF DEAD LANGUAGES.

**I** Pity him, who, at no small expense,  
Has studied sound instead of sense:  
He, proud some antique gibberish to attain;  
Of Hebrew, Greek, or Latin, vain,  
Devours the husk, and leaves the grain.

In *his own language* HOMER writ and read,  
Not spent his life in poring on the *dead*:  
Why then your native language not pursue  
In which all ancient sense (that's worth review)  
Glows in translation, fresh and new?

He better plans, who *things*, not *words*, attends,  
And turns his studious hours to active ends;  
Who ART through every secret maze explores,  
Invents, contrives—and Nature's hidden stores  
From mirrours, to their object true,  
Presents to man's obstructed view,  
That dimly meets the light, and faintly soars:—

His strong capacious mind  
By fetters unconfin'd  
Of Latin lore and heathen Greek,  
Takes Science in its way,  
Pursues the kindling ray  
'Till Reason's morn shall on him break!

## E P I S T L E

To a gay *Young Lady* that was married to a doating old DEACON.

**T**HUS Winter joins to April's bloom,  
Thus daisies blush beside a tomb,  
Thus, fields of ice o'er rivers grow,  
While melting streams are found below.

How strange a taste is here display'd—  
Yourself all light, and he all shade!  
Each hour you live you look more gay,  
While he grows uglier every day!



Intent upon *celestial* things,  
 He only *Watts* or *Sternhold* sings;—  
 You tune your chord to different strains,  
 And merrier notes attract the swains.

Ah Harriot! why in beauty's prime  
 Thus look for flowers in Greenland's clime;  
 When twenty years are scarcely run  
 Thus hope for Spring without a Sun!

---

E P I S T L E

T O A

DESPONDING SEAMAN.

**Y**OUR men of the land, from the king to Jack Ketch  
 All join in supposing the sailor a wretch,  
 That his life is a round of vexation and woe,  
 With always too much or too little to do:  
 In the dead of the night, when other men sleep,  
 He, starboard and larboard, his watches must keep;  
 Imprison'd by Neptune, he lives like a dog,  
 And to know where he is, must depend on a LOG,  
 Must fret in a calm, and be sad in a storm;  
 In winter much trouble to keep himself warm:  
 Through the heat of the summer pursuing his trade,  
 No trees, but his topmasts, to yield him a shade:  
 Then, add to the list of the mariner's evils,  
 The water corrupted, the bread full of weevils,  
 Salt junk to be eat, be it better or worse,  
 And, often bull-beef of an Irishman's horse:  
 Whosoever is free, he must still be a slave,  
 (Despotic is always the rule on the wave;)  
 Not relish'd on water, your lads of the main  
 Abhor the republican doctrines of PAINE,  
 And each, like the despot of Prussia, may say  
 That his crew has no right, but the right to obey.  
 Such things say the lubbers, and sigh when they've said 'em,  
 But things are not so bad as their fancies persuade 'em:  
 There ne'er was a task but afforded some ease,  
 Nor a calling in life, but had somewhat to please.  
 If the sea has its storms, it has also its calms,  
 A time to sing songs and a time to sing psalms.—  
 Yes—give me a vessel well timber'd and sound,  
 Her bottom good plank, and in rigging well found,



If her spars are but staunch and her oakham swell'd tight,  
 From tempests and storms I'll extract some delight—  
 At sea I would rather have Neptune my jailor  
 Than a lubber on shore, that despises a sailor.  
 Do they ask me what pleasure I find on the sea?—  
 Why, absence from land is a pleasure to me :  
 A hamper of porter, and plenty of grog,  
 A friend, when too sleepy, to give me a jog,  
 A coop that will always some poultry afford,  
 Some bottles of gin, and no parson on board,  
 A crew that is brisk when it happens to blow,  
 One compass on deck and another below,  
 A girl, with more sense than the girl at the head,  
 To read me a novel, or make up my bed—  
 The man that has these, has a treasure in store  
 That millions possess not, who live upon shore :  
 But if it should happen that commerce grew dull,  
 Or Neptune, ill-humour'd, should batter my hull,  
 Should damage my cargo, or heave me aground,  
 Or pay me with farthings instead of a pound :  
 Should I always be left in the rear of the race,  
 And this be forever—forever the case;  
 Why then, if the honest plain truth I may tell,  
 I would clew up my topsails, and bid him farewell.

A

## NEWS-MAN'S ADDRESS.

**T**HOUGH past events are hourly read,  
 The various labours of the dead,  
 In vain their story we recall,  
 The rise of empires, or the fall;  
 Our modern men, a busy crew,  
 Must, in their turn, have something new.

By moralists we have been told  
 That "TIME himself in time grows old;  
 "The seasons change, the moons decay,  
 "The sun shines weaker every day,  
 "Justice is from the world withdrawn,  
 "Virtue and friendship almost gone,  
 "Religion fails (the clergy shew)  
 "And man, alas, must vanish too."

Let others such opinions hold,  
 (Since grumbling has been always old;)

All Nature must decay, 'tis true,  
 But Nature shall her face renew,



Her travels in a circle make,  
 Freeze but to thaw, sleep but to wake.  
 Die but to live, and live to die,  
 In summer smile, in autumn sigh,  
 Resume the garb that once she wore,  
 Repeat the words she said before,  
 Bow down with age, or, fresh and gay,  
 Change, only to prevent decay.

As up and down, with weary feet,  
 I travel each fatiguing street,  
 Meeting the frowns of party men,  
 Foes to the freedom of the pen,  
 And to your doors our sheets convey—  
 I sometimes think I hear you say,  
 “ Ah, were it not for what he brings,  
 ( This messenger of many things )  
 We should be in a sorry plight ;  
 The wars of Europe out of sight,  
 No paragraphs of home affairs  
 To tell us how the fabric wears  
 Which Freedom built on Virtue’s plan,  
 And *Virtue only can maintain.*”

But something further you pretend,—  
*From want of money, heaven defend !*  
 Leave that to those who sleep in sheds,  
 Or on the pavement make their beds,  
 Who clean the streets, or carry news,  
 Repair old coats, or cobble shoes—  
 Of every ill with which we’re curs’d  
 This want of money is the worst :  
*This* was the curse that fell on *Cain*,  
 The vengeance for a brother slain :  
 For *this* he quit his native sod,  
 Retreated to the land of Nod,  
 And, in the torture of despair,  
 Turn’d poet, pimp, or newsman there—  
 Divines have labour’d in the dark  
 To find the meaning of his mark :  
 How many idle things they wrote—  
 ’Twas nothing but a *ragged coat*.

Should money, now, be scarce with you,  
 With me, alas, ’tis nothing new !  
 We news-men always are in need,  
 ( So Beer and Bacchus have decreed ; )  
 And still your bounty shall implore  
 Till—printing presses are no more !—  
 Did we not conjure up our strain  
 The year might come and go again,  
 Seasons advance, and moons decay,  
 And life itself make haste away,



And news-men only vex their brains  
 To have their labour for their pains——  
 Such usage I may find, 'tis true,  
 But then it would be—something new !

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## S L E N D E R's J O U R N E Y.\*

*Sit mihi fas audita loqui*——

VIRG.

### I. PRELIMINARY REFLECTIONS.

**T**ORMENTED with landlords and pester'd with care,  
 This life, I protest, is a tedious affair ;  
 And, since I have got a few dollars to spare,  
 I'll e'en take a jaunt, for the sake of fresh air.

Since the day I return'd to this king-hating shore  
 Where GEORGE and his cronies are masters no more,  
 And others are plac'd at the helm of affairs,  
 Relieving the weight of his majesty's cares ;  
 For many long weeks, it has still been my doom  
 To sit like a mopus, confin'd to my loom,  
 Whose damnable clatter so addles my brain,  
 That, say what they will, I am forc'd to complain.

Our citizens think, when they sit themselves down  
 In the gardens that grow in the skirts of the town,  
 They think they have got in some rural retreat,  
 Where the nymphs of the groves, and the singing birds meet }  
 When only a fence shuts them out from the street ;  
 With the smoke of the city be-clouding their eyes  
 They sit in their boxes, and look very wise,  
 Take a sip of bad punch, or a glass of sour wine ;  
 Conceiting their pleasures are equal to mine,  
 Who rove where I will, and wherever I roam,  
 In spite of new faces, am always at home.

Poor Richard, the reel-man, had nothing to say ;  
 He knew very well I would have my own way ;—  
 When I said, “ My dear Richard, I'm sick of the town,  
 “ And Dutchmen that worry me, upstairs and down,  
 “ A book of bad debts, and a score of bad smells,  
 “ The yelping of dogs, and the chiming of bells ;  
 “ I am sick of the house, and the sight of small beer,  
 “ And the loom may be going, tho' I am not here ;  
 “ I therefore shall leave you, and that, to be plain,  
 “ 'Till I feel in a humour to see you again.”——  
 Poor Richard said nothing to all that I spoke,  
 But kindled his pipe, and redoubled his smoke.

\*MR. ROBERT SLENDER, of Philadelphia (Stocking weaver.)



Yet it would have been nothing but friendship in him  
 To have said,—“ Robert Slender, ’tis only a whim :—  
 A trip to the *Schuylkill*, that nothing would cost,  
 Might answer your ends, and no time would be lost ;  
 But if you are thinking to make a long stay,  
 Consider, good Robert, what people will say :  
*His rent running on, and his loom standing still—*  
*The man will be ruin’d !—he must, if he will—!*  
*If tradesmen will always be flaunting about,*  
*They may live to repent it—before the year’s out !”*

## II. Characters of the TRAVELLERS.

WILLIAM SNIP, Merchant Taylor.

AS I never could relish to travel alone,  
 I look’d round about, but could hit upon none  
 Whom Satan was tempting to leave their own houses  
 And ramble to York with their daughters and spouses ;  
 At last, by repeating my trouble and care,  
 And preaching a month on the sweets of fresh air,  
 And the curse and the plague of remaining in town,  
 Where the heat was sufficient to melt a man down,  
 I got a few friends to consent to the trip ;  
 And the first I shall mention was honest WILL. SNIP,  
 PHILADELPHIA the famous had own’d to his birth,  
 The *gravest* of towns on the face of the earth ;  
 Where saints of all orders their freedom may claim,  
 And poets, and painters, and girls of the game :  
 To him all its streets and its alleys were known,  
 But his travels had never exceeded the town :—  
 A salesman by trade (and a dabbler was he  
 To make a silk knee-band set snug to the knee)  
 With his wife (and he says I may mention her name)  
 SUSANNA SNIPINDA—so charming a dame,  
 The sun had with pleasure look’d down on her head,  
 So freckled was she, and her tresses so red.  
 To wait on the will of so handsome a lady  
 A youngster was order’d to hold himself ready,  
 A sly looking lad that was ’prentice to Snip,  
 And long had been learning to cabbage and clip ;—  
 When Snip was in sight, he was mild as a lamb ;  
 When absent, old Satan could hardly rule SAM.

## III. O’KEEF, a swaggering Captain.

THE next I describe is bold captain O’Keef,  
 A killer of men, and a lover of beef :  
 With the heroes of old he had put in his claim,  
 And catch’d at their mantles, and rose into fame :  
 To the sound of a fife and the tune of no song  
 With his *Andra Ferrara*\* he paddled along :

\* A large kind of sword, in use among the Italians.



From his manners so rough, and his dealing in ruin,  
 He was known thro' the town by the name of *Sir Bruin*;  
 He was, among women, a man of great parts,  
 A captain of foot, and a master of arts:  
 He had, a sweet creature put under his care,  
 (Whose style of address was, my dear, and my dear)  
 A Milliner's girl, with a bundle of lace,  
 Whom *Cynthia* he call'd, for the sake of her face,  
 At a ball or a frolic how glib his tongue ran,  
 He was, I may say, an unparallel'd man,  
 Very apt to harangue on the hosts he has slain  
 Of people—perhaps that may meet him again:  
 Yet so kind to the sex of the feminine make,  
 By his words, he would venture to die for their sake,  
 Whence some have suspected, that some he ador'd  
 Have more than made up for the wastes of his sword.

#### IV. *TOUPPEE*: a French Hair Dresser.

THE third in succession was Monsieur *TOUPPEE*,  
 A barber from Paris, of royal degree,  
 (For oft when he takes up his razor, to strap it.  
 He tells his descent from the house of *Hugh Capet*)  
 Tho' soft in the head, his discourses were long,  
 Now counting his honours, and now his *l'argent*.  
 This barber, tho' meaning for pleasure to stray,  
 Yet had some pomatum to sell by the way,  
 Perfumes, and fine powders, and essence of myrrh,  
 A bundle of brooms, and a firkin of beer:—  
 His merits are great (he would have us suppose)  
 For Louis (it seems) he has had by the nose,  
 Has bid him, when drooping, to hold up his chin,  
 And handled a tongs—at the head of the *Queen*.

#### V. *BOB*: a Ballad singer-

A SINGER of ballads was next in our train,  
 Who long had been dealing in ballads in vain;  
 He sometimes would sing in a musical tone,  
 And sometimes would scribble a song of his own:  
 Yet never was seen with his brethren to mix—  
 And laugh'd at your poets in coaches and fix;  
 Who sing, like the birds, when the weather is fine;  
 Whose verses the ladies pronounce "so divine;"  
 Who ride with *Augustus*, wherever he goes,  
 And, meeting old *Homer*, would turn up the nose—  
 As to those, like himself, that were held to the ground,  
 He knew it was folly to feed them with sound—  
 He knew it was nonsense to crown them with bays,  
 And was too much their friend to insult them with praise.  
 For a dozen long years he had liv'd by the mob:  
 On the word of a weaver, I pitied poor *BOB*!



He had sung for the great and had rhym'd for the small,  
 But scarcely a shilling had got by them all:—  
 So bad was his luck, and so poor was the trade,  
 And the *Muses*, he thought, were so sneakingly paid,  
 That if times didn't alter, and that very soon,  
 He said and he swore, he must sing his last tune.

Some devil had put it, somehow, in his head  
 If he took a short journey his fortune was made:  
 Some devil had told him (but whether in dreams  
 Or waking, I know not) some devil, it seems,  
 Had made him believe that the nymphs and the swains  
 Were fairly at war with their old fashion'd strains,  
 That the tunes which the kirk or the curates had made  
 (And which always had ruin'd the ballad-man's trade)  
 Were wholly disus'd, and that now was the time  
 For fingers of catches and dealers in rhyme  
 To step from their stalls, where they long were disgrac'd,  
 Reform the old music, and fix a new taste.

#### VI. O'BLUSTER, a Seaman.

A MATE of a schooner, bespatter'd with tar,  
 Who had lately come in from *Savanna-la-Mar*,  
 For, the sake of an airing had stept from his deck  
 And ventur'd a jaunt, at the risque of his neck,  
 His name and his nation no soul could mistake.—  
 He was BRYAN O'BLUSTER, and much of a rake;  
 From morning till night he was still on the move,  
 Was always in taverns, or always in love:  
 His life was sustain'd by the virtues of *grog*,  
 And many long miles he had sail'd by the log.—  
 Of battles and storms he had known a full share,  
 And his face, it was plain, was the worse for the wear;  
 To see a mean fellow, lord how it would fret him;  
 And he hated a puppy, wherever he met him—  
 He was ready to bleed for the good of each STATE,  
 But since they had left the poor seamen to fate;  
 Themselves in the dumps, and their fair ones in tears,  
 And many brave fellows *detain'd* in Algiers—!  
 Had spirit sufficient to make themselves free,  
 But not to resent their affronts on the sea!  
 As this was the case—he must bid us good night,  
 And sail with a flag that would DO ITSELF RIGHT.

At cursing and swearing he play'd a good hand,  
 But never was easy a minute on land;  
 If the wind was a-head, or his *Kitty* untrue,  
 Why, *patience* was all the relief that he knew—:  
 In the midst of misfortune he still was serene,  
 And *Kitty*, he said, was a feeble machine:  
 His heart was too hard for a body to sigh,  
 Yet I guess'd him a rogue by the leer in his eye:



“ The world (he would say) is a whimsical dance—  
 And reason had taught him to leave it to chance.  
 In chace of dame Fortune his prime he had pass’d,  
 And now was beginning to fail very fast,  
 But thought it was folly his heart to perplex,  
 As *Fortune* was just like the rest of her sex;—  
 Designing, and sickle, and taken with show,  
 Now fond of a monkey, and now of a beau:—  
 Yet, still, as the *goddess* was made up of whim,  
 He meant to pursue ’till she smil’d upon him.”  
 And tho’ he was always deceiv’d in the chace,  
 He smooth’d up his whiskers, and wore a bold face.

On horseback he first had attempted to go,  
 But the horse was no fool, and had give him a throw;  
 He fell in a pond, and with not a dry rag on  
*The horse brought him back to the sign of the waggon,*  
 Where three times he call’d for a dram of their best,  
 And three times the virtues of *brandy* confess’d;  
 Then took some tobacco, and soberly said,  
*De’il take such a vessel; she’s all by the head,*  
*Broach’d to on a sudden, and then, d’ye see,*  
*Myself and the saddle went over the lee.”*

His head was so full of his ragged command  
 He could scarcely believe he was yet on dry land;  
 He would rise in his sleep; call the watch up at *four*,  
 Ask the man at the helm how the Eddystone bore;  
 Then, rubbing his eyes, bawl out, “ By my soul,  
 “ We are bearing right down on the Hatteras shoal;  
 “ The devil may trust to such pilots as you:  
 “ We are close on the breakers—the breakers—halloo!”

#### VII. EZEKIEL: a Rhode-Island Lawyer.

THE sixth, and the last, that attended our journey,  
 Was a man of the law, a Rhode-Island attorney,  
 As cunning as Satan to argue or plead,  
 To break an entailment, or get himself fee’d  
 They call’d him EZEKIEL—I cannot tell what—  
 Perhaps I forget it—perhaps I do not—  
 He had once been a parson, and studied at YALE,  
 But took to the law, when his preaching grew stale;  
 In his system of thinking, not well understood,  
 I wander’d about, like a man in a wood;  
 From morning ’till night he was nothing but whim,  
 Not a man in the town held opinions, like him:  
 In regard to the *vulgar*, he argued that LAW  
 Was better than preaching, to keep them in awe:  
 That the dread of a gallows had greater effect,  
 And a post or a pillory claim’d more respect  
 From a knave—and would sooner contribute to mend  
 Than all the grave precepts that ever were penn’d.



VII. *The Chapter of DEBATES,*

HAVING pitch'd on our party, there rose a dispute  
On the mode of conveyance—in waggon or boat?

*For my part, said Snip, I was always afraid  
Of sailers, and sloops and the shallopman's trade,  
And the reason thereof I will candidly tell,  
My grandmother, Mopsy, was drown'd in a well;  
I therefore intreat you, and fervently pray  
We may go with the waggons the Burlington way."*

"Hold, master," the sailor replied in a fret.

"The devil's not ready to bait for you yet:

Even this way, you know, there is water to pass,

And twenty long miles we should sail with an ass;—

But, gentlemen all, will you take my advice?

Here's *Albertson's* sloop; she's so new and so nice,

Her bottom so sleek, and her rigging so trim,

Not *Bailey* or *Hyde* can be mentioned with him;

In her cabin and steerage is plenty of room,

And how clever she looks with her flying jib-boom,

A topsail aloft, that will stand by the wind,

And a yard rigg'd athwart, for a square-sail design'd.

"Odds fish! I would sooner some little delay

Than go, like a booby, the fresh-water way

Where your cream-colour'd captains ne'er swear a bad word,

And sail without compass or quadrant on board,

Catch catfish and sturgeons, but never a whale;

Nor balance a mizen, to fight with the gale:

But *Albertson* goes by the route of Cape May,

Salt-water, and sees the bold porpusses play:

Where the shore of the coast the proud ocean controuls

He travels; nor strikes on the *Barnegat* shoals."

"You tar-smelling monster! (*Snipinda* rejoin'd)

Your jargon has almost distracted my mind.

If Snip should be be *drowned*, and lost in the sea,

You never once think what a loss it would be!

I should then be a widow, dejected and sad

And where would I find such another sweet lad!—

And Doctor *Sangrado* a letter has wrote,

As how, in three weeks he will want a new coat."——

Snip's heart, at her answer, seem'd ready to break:

"*Snipinda*," said he, "I would live for your sake!

If I should be *drowned*, indeed, it is true,

It would be a bad journey for Sam and for you!"——

For fear they should hear him, Sam whisper'd, *In troth*

*I would give my new hat that the devil had both.*

"If Snip should be drown'd," said the valiant O'Keef,

"Poor woman! already I guess at her grief—

However, for aught that a stranger can see,

There are dozens as brisk at the needle as he,



And, tho' it were hard that the sea-fish should tear him,  
I'm fully convinc'd that his brethren can spare him:

"But were I to mention the very best way,  
And the quickest to boot (for they go in a day)  
I would sleep over night at the sign of the *Queen*,  
(Where the wine is so good, and the beds are so clean)  
Then starting by day-break, and riding in state,  
Arriving in *Bristol*—we breakfast at eight,  
Then push on our way, with a rapid career,  
With nothing to hinder, and nothing to fear,  
Till Trenton, and Princeton, and Brunswick are pass'd,  
And safe on the *Hudson* they drop us at last,"

When the captain had finish'd, the Frenchman arose,  
And smoothing his whiskers, and squaring his toes,  
With a bend of his back, and a swing of his head  
Thus expressing his wish, with a flourish, he said:

*Wherever pomatums are most in demand  
That route has my vote, be it water or land:  
Wherever I travel, through sun-shine or glooms,  
May fortune direct me to powders and plumes!—  
So, gentlemen, choose, I beseech you, that road  
Where ladies prefer to be dress'd in the mode.*

"Hold, varlet, be still"—said the Yankee attorney,  
"Are you to decide on the route of our journey?  
These run-about fellows, I cannot but hate 'em,  
With their rings, and their ruffles, and rolls of pomatum:—  
But, gentlemen, (if I may venture to speak  
In the stile I was wont *when I dabbled in Greek*,  
When I blew on my trumpet, and call'd up my pack,  
Who thought I was holy because I was black;  
Or, if you allow me a moral to draw  
From some words that were frequent with Doctor Magraw);—  
"We all have in view to arrive at one town,  
"Yet each one would find out a way of his own;  
"What a pity it is that we cannot agree  
"To march all together to Zion"—said he—  
But, since I'm convinc'd that it cannot be so,  
(For his journey resembles our journey below)  
Like the sects in religion, I heartily pray  
That each, as he pleases, may have his own way,  
Let Snip, and the captain, adventure by land,  
The sailor by sea—he can reef, steer, and hand;  
Let the Frenchman set out in a gaudy balloon,  
(He'll either be there, or be dead, very soon,)  
For my own part, I'm fond of the Burlington boat,  
But still, if you're willing, I'll put it to vote:  
The hint was sufficient—he put it to vote.  
And fate bade us go with the Burlington boat.



IX. *The Passage to Burlington.*

THE morning was fair, and the wind was at west,  
 The flood coming in, and the ladies were drest;  
 At the sign of the *Billet* we all were to meet,  
 And Snip was the first that appear'd in the street;  
 He strutted along with a mighty brisk air,  
 While Sam and Snipinda walk'd slow in the rear.

Dress'd, booted, and button'd, and "cutting a shine"  
 The captain came next, with his loaded carbine;  
 Then handed on board the milliner's maid:  
 The barber and ballad-man longer delay'd  
 For one had his ballads to sing and to play,  
 And the other some beards to take off by the way:  
 At last they arriv'd, and the sailor along,  
 (But he was befotted—his dram had been strong—)  
 The lawyer, Ezekiel, was last to appear,  
 With a cane in his hand and a quill at his ear.

But, just as we all were prepar'd to embark,  
 The wind came a-head, and the weather look'd dark:  
 So, whilst they were busy in hoisting the sails  
 And trimming close aft' to encounter the gales,  
 Our seaman advis'd them to take in a reef  
 As the vessel was light—but the skipper was deaf:  
 "His boat was his own"—and he knew to a hair  
 The "worth of her *freight*," and the "fail she could bear."

Then a storm coming on, we stow'd away snug,  
 Some link'd with a lady, and some with a jug:  
 Snipinda and Sam were inclining to sleep,  
 And the lawyer harangu'd on the risks of the deep.  
 O'Bluster was busy in looking for squalls,  
 And Cynthia discours'd upon dances and balls,  
 And while the poor ballad-man gave us a song  
 The Frenchman complain'd that his stomach *felt wrong*.

Arriving, at length at the end of this stage,  
 We quitted our cabin (or rather our cage)  
 To the sign of the Anchor we then were directed,  
 Where captain O'Keef a fine turkey dissected;  
 And Bryan O'Bluster made love to egg-nog,  
 And pester'd the ladies to taste of his grog:  
 Without it (said Bryan) I never can dine,  
 'Tis better, by far, than your balderdash wine,  
 It braces the nerves and it strengthens the brain,  
 A world—and no grog—is a prison of pain,  
 And MAN, the most wretched of all that are found  
 To creep in the dust, or to move on the ground!  
 It is, of all physic, the best I have seen  
 To keep out the cold, and to cut up the spleen—  
 Here, madam—miss Cynthia—'tis good—you'll confess—  
 Now taste—and you'll wish you had been in my mess—



With grog I'm as great as a king on his throne;  
 The worst of all countries is—where there is none,  
 New Holland, New Zeland—those islands accurs'd—  
 Here's a health to the man that *invented it first*.

X. *Vexations and Disasters.*

COOP'D up in a waggon, the curtains let down,  
 At three in the morning we drove out of town:  
 A morning more dark I ne'er saw in my life,  
 And the fog you might almost have cut with a knife,  
 It was a fit season for murders and rapes,  
 For drunken adventures and narrow escapes:—  
 So, with something to think of, but little to say,  
 The driver drove on, looking out for the way,  
 'Till we came to the brow of a horrible hill,  
 Six miles on our road, when the cattle stood still—  
*Are you sure you have took the right road?*—queried SNIP;—  
*I am*—said the driver—and crack'd with his whip.  
 Then away ran the horses, but took the wrong road,  
 And away went the waggon, with all its full load;  
 Down, deep in a valley, roll'd over and over,  
 Fell the flying-machine, with its curtains and cover,  
 Where shatter'd and shiver'd—no glimpse yet of day,  
 A mass of destruction, together we lay!

Then howlings were heard, that would frighten a stone,  
 And screeching, and screaming, and many a groan,  
 The bruising of heads, and the breaking of shins,  
 Contrition of heart, and confession of sins.—

First rose from his ruins tall captain O'Keef,  
 And call'd to Ezekiel, and begg'd for his BRIEF\*:  
 A writ he demanded, as soon as 'twas day,  
 And ask'd his advice, *if a suit would not lay?*  
 Then felt for his sword, but chanc'd on a cane,  
 And rush'd at the stageman, to cleave him in twain.

As fortune would have it, the stageman had fled,  
 And Snip the whole vengeance receiv'd on his head;  
 The staff had been whirl'd with so deadly a sweep  
 Poor *Will* in a moment was all in a heap:  
 There was room to surmise that his senses were hurt,  
 For, in spite of our bruises, he made us some sport:  
 His head, he conceited, was made of new cheese;  
 And ask'd, *if the sexton would give up his fees?*—  
 Then, rolling away on the side of the hill,  
 With his head in a horse-pond, he lay very still:  
 At last he bawl'd out—*I'm sick at my heart!*  
*Come hither, companions, and see me depart!*  
*Snipinda, Snipinda!*—alas, I must leave her—  
 And all, for the sake of this villainous weaver,

\* A Lawyer's compend, in which he notes down the heads of arguments in Law-suits.



Who never would give me a moment of rest  
 'Till I left my dear shop-board, and thus am distressed !  
 But a time will arrive (if I deem not amiss)  
 When *SLENDER*, the weaver, will suffer for this—  
 May his breeches, be always too big for his wear,  
 Or so narrow and scant as to torture his rear ;  
 May his waistcoat be ever too long or too short,  
 And the skirts of his tunic not both of a sort ;—  
 And, when from this sorrowful jaunt you return,  
 Tell Doctor Sangrado 'tis needless to mourn :  
 Ah ! tell him I firmly believ'd I was going  
 Where people no longer are wed-ding and wooing,  
 Where white linen stockings will ever be clean,  
 And sky-men are clad in the best of nankeen ;  
 Where with old Continental our debts we can pay,  
 And a suit of best broad-cloth will last but a day ;  
 Where with pretty brass thimbles the streets are all pav'd,  
 And a remnant—if not a whole piece—shall be sav'd,  
 Where cloth may be cabbag'd—and that without fear—  
 And journeymen work—thirteen months to the year !

*SNIPINDA* was mov'd at so dismal a yell,  
 And groping about to find where he fell,  
 Exclaim'd, I have got a sad bruise on one hip,  
 But matters, I fear, are much worse with poor Snip.

Yes, yes—answer'd Snip—I'm preparing to go—  
 Be speedy, Snipinda, my pulse is so low !

Then she went where he lay, and took hold of his head,  
 And whisper'd the captain, how much he has bled ;  
 (For she thought, as he lay with his nose in the puddle,  
 That the water was blood, that had flow'd from his noddle,)

Ab ! where is the doctor, to give him a pill ;  
 And where is the Lawyer, to write his last-will ?  
 Ezekiel ! Ezekiel ! attend to his words ;  
 If I am his widow, I must have my thirds !  
 But can you—and here she reclin'd on his breast—  
 And can you resolve to forsake me distressed,  
 Is it thus you would quit me, my joy and my love,  
 And leave me alone for the shop-boards above :  
 Is it thus you consign me to trouble and woe ?—  
 When you are departed, ah ! where shall I go ?  
 I shall then be a widow—forsaken and sad—  
 And where shall I find such another sweet lad ?  
 Who then will afford me a mint-water dram,  
 Gallant me to meeting—and who will flog SAM ?

By this time the story was currently spread,  
 And most were convinc'd that the taylor was dead,——  
 The taylor is dead beyond all relief !  
 The taylor is dead, cry'd captain O'Keef :  
 To fetch up a fashion, or trump up a whim,  
 Not a knight of the thimble was equal to him !



"The taylor is dead"—(*the lawyer exclaim'd*)  
 God speed him!—'tis better to die than be maim'd:  
 If life is a race, as the learned pretend,  
 God help him! his racing is soon at an end:  
 His anchor is cast, and his canvas is furl'd;  
 A creature he was, so attach'd to the world,  
 So eager for money—(*I sav it with grief*)  
 He never consider'd the "fall of the leaf."  
 He is come (*we may say*) to the end of his tether  
 Where the maid and her master shall lay down together.—  
 For the place where he's gone may we also prepare,  
 Where the MIND, when admitted, shall rest from her care,  
 And fiddles—the finest that ever were seen,  
 Shall play, for his comfort, a brisk Bonny Jean.

"The taylor is dead" (*said the company round*)  
 "The taylor is dead"—the dark forests resound.—  
 "He is dead!"—blubber'd SAM, with a counterfeit sigh—  
 When the sailor hawl'd out—*By my soul it's a lie!*  
*The fellow has only a mind for some fun,*  
*His blood is not cold, and his race is not run.*  
*His head, it is true, may have had a small shock:*  
*I'll bind it—'twill only be strapping a block:*  
*Here, hand me a neck-cloth, a napkin, a clout!*  
*Now—heave up his noddle, and frap it about!*  
*Success to the skull that can bear a good jirk—*  
*They only have damag'd his ginger-bread work.*

The matter turn'd out as he said and he swore,  
 And the taylor threw open his peepers once more.

#### XI. Conclusion of the JOURNEY.

WHEN the morning appear'd, it is horrid to tell  
 What mischiefs the most of our crew had beset:  
 A bundle lay here, and a budget lay there;  
 The Frenchman was fretting and pulling his hair,  
 The horses were feeding about on the hill,  
 And Snip, with his head on a hassock lay still,  
 The driver besecch'd us the fault to excuse,  
 The night had been dark—and "he lost both his shoes"—

Then he rais'd up his waggon, rejoicing to find  
 That, by leaving the top and the curtains behind,  
 We still might proceed—for the body was sound,  
 And the wheels, upon searching, uninjur'd all 'round.

But dull and dishearten'd we travell'd along,  
 Our waggon dismantled, our harness all wrong:  
 The lawyer was vex'd that we went a snail's pace,  
 And Cynthia was sure she had lost half her LACE;  
 While Bryan O'Bluster, who Snip had restor'd,  
 Asserted, that Snip was the Jonas on board,  
 And often declar'd, in his moments of glee,  
 "He would give him a fouse, if he had him at sea."



At length, we arriv'd, with the marks of our fall,  
 And halted to dine at the town of ROAD-HALL:  
 Honest DAVID has always a dish of the best,  
 But Snipinda declar'd there was nothing well drest—  
 And Snip (she exclaim'd) I would ask him to eat,  
 But I know that he never could relish roast-meat:  
 I think it were better to get him some TEA,  
 He always was fond of slop dinners, like me,  
 But then he could never endure your Bohea—  
 La! madam, is this the best tea that you keep?  
 By the taste and the smell, you have purchas'd it cheap!  
 No Hyson or Congo to give a sick stranger!  
 Poor man! I've no doubt but his life is in danger!

“No doctor like Neptune for people like him,  
 (Quoth O'Bluster)—his illness is merely a whim:  
 If I had him at sea, with the rest of our crew,  
 He should dance to the tune of a bowl of Burgoo!”

“From all that appears (said captain O'Keef)  
 I judge he might venture to taste the roast beef,  
 Nay—I think I can guess, from the cast of his eye,  
 He longs to have hold of the gooseberry pye!”

*Why captain (she cry'd) would you kill the poor sinner?  
 If he cannot have tea, he shall go without dinner!*

At length to the Ferry we safely arrive,  
 Each thanking his genius he still was alive:  
 Poor Cynthia complain'd of abundance of harms,  
 The black on her face and the blue on her arms:  
 Snipinda exclaim'd that she wanted a patch,  
 For Snip, in his ravings, had give her a scratch:  
 The corpse of the captain was merely a wreck,  
 And the sailor complain'd of a kink in his neck,  
 He had a contusion, beside, on his thigh;  
 And the ballad-man talk'd of a bruise on his eye,  
 Just adding, “how much he was vext at the heart  
 That no one regarded the song-singing art:  
 Yet the town was in love with his music (he said)  
 But never consider'd he liv'd by the trade;  
 That affronts and neglect were forever his lot,  
 And the lovers of music respected him—not;  
 He had sung for the nymphs, and had sung for the swains,  
 But they were unwilling to purchase his strains,  
 When he put up his ballads and call'd for his pay,  
 The shepherds flunk off, and the nymphs ran away.”

So, we said what we could to encourage poor BOB,  
 And pitied his fortune,—to live by the mob:  
 Advis'd him to cobble, cut throats, or dig ditches  
 If he wish'd to advance to perferment and riches;  
 That the time had arriv'd, when a sycophant race  
 Of poets are only promoted to place—



He should scorn them alike, if attach'd to a crown,  
 Singing lies to a court, or disguis'd in the gown;  
 That a poet of genius (all history shews)  
 Ne'er wanted a puppy, to bark at his muse:  
 And, though their productions were never once read,  
 Yet Bavius and Mevius must also be fed.

Then the skipper came in, with a terrible noise,  
 Exclaiming, *The wherry is ready, my boys:*  
*The sails are unfurl'd, and the clock has struck eight;*  
*Away to the wharf, for no longer I wait!*

Now all were embark'd, and the boat under sail,  
 With a dark cloudy sky and a stiff blowing gale:  
 In plying to windward we delug'd our decks—  
 O'Bluster discours'd of disasters and wrecks—  
 Snip offer'd the skipper five dollars, and more,  
 And a pair of new trowsers, to run us on shore;  
 "And, if I was there (said the faint-hearted swain)  
 No money should tempt me to travel again!  
 I had rather, by far, I had broken both legs,  
 Been rotting in prison, or pelted with eggs!  
 Now comrades and captains, I bid you good night,  
 And you, Mr. Slender, our journey will write;  
 A journey like this will attention attract,  
 Related in metre, and known to be fact."—

Snipinda was sorry she ever left home—  
 Ezekiel confess'd it was madness to roam;—  
 Toupee was alarm'd at the break of the seas,  
 And you, Robert Slender, were not at your ease;  
 Yet could'nt help laughing at captain O'Keef,  
 Who shunn'd little Cynthia, and cast up his beef:  
 "And, Bruin (she said) I am sick at my heart,  
 Come hither, I pray you—and see me depart:  
 What wretches e'er travell'd so rugged a route;  
 Alas! I am sorry that e'er we set out!"  
 And Sam, while he own'd what a thief he had been,  
 O'Bluster made love to a bottle of gin—  
 Bob's ballads and poems lay scatter'd and torn  
 Himself in the dumps and his visage forlorn;—  
 Snip lay with his head by the side of a pot,  
 In doubt if his soul was departing or not,  
 Complaining, and spewing, and cursing his luck—  
 Then look'd at Snipinda—and call'd her his duck.

At last to relieve us, when thought of the least,  
 The wind came about to the south of southeast,  
 The barque that was buried in billows before  
 Now flew like a gull by the Long-Island shore,  
 And gaining the port where we wish'd to arrive,  
 Was safe in the basin—precisely at five.



T H E  
D I S T R E S T   T H E A T R E.

**H**EALTH to the Muse!—and fill the glass,—  
Heaven grant her soon some better place;  
Than earthen floor and fabric mean,  
Where disappointment shades the scene:

There as I came, by rumour led,  
I sigh'd, and almost wish'd her dead;  
Her visage stain'd with many a tear,  
No HALLAM and no HENRY here!

But what could all their art attain?—  
When pointed laws the stage restrain  
The prudent Muse obedience pays  
To sleepy squires, that damn all plays.

Like thieves they hang beyond the town,  
They shove her off—to pluck the gown;—  
Tho' Rome and Athens own'd it true,  
The stage might mend our morals too.

See, *Mephus* all the evening sits  
O'er bottled beer, that drowns his wits;  
Were PLAYS allow'd, he might at least  
Blush—and no longer act the beast.

See, *Marcia*, now from guardian free,  
Retailing scandal o'er her tea;  
Might she not come, nor danger fear  
From *Hamlet's* sigh, or *Juliet's* tear.

*The world but acts the Players' part\*—*  
(So says the motto of their art)  
That world in vice great lengths is gone  
That fears to see its picture drawn.

Mere vulgar actors ne'er can please;  
The streets supply enough of these;  
And what can wit or beauty gain  
When sleepy dullness joins their train?

A *State* betrays a homely taste,  
By which the stage is thus disgrac'd,  
Where, dress'd in all the flowers of speech,  
True virtue might her precepts teach.

\* *Totus Mundus agit Histrionem.*



Let but a dancing bear arrive,  
 A pig, that counts you four or five—  
 And Cato, with his moral strain  
 Shall strive to mend the town in vain.

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T H E  
 M E N A C E.

**F**ROM SHELBURNE'S boasted town, o'er *Fundy's* bay  
 (To put himself in madam Fortune's way)  
 A SCOTIE came, as hungry as a shark,  
 Master and owner of a crazy barque:  
 FISH, and fish only, were her weighty load,  
 With fish was every hole and cranny stow'd;  
 Even in the cabbin, where he made his bed,  
 Bundles of fish were for his covering spread,  
 In every corner heaps on heaps lay slain,  
 'Twas fish on fish—and cut—and come again.

At length, to BOSTON'S well-known port arriv'd,  
 There many a scheme, to run them, he contriv'd,  
 For *there*, by law (we hardly need to say)  
 All foreign fish a heavy impost pay.  
 To save the DUTY was the captain's wish,  
 And land, unseen, his long imprison'd fish:  
 Vain were his schemes—no plan could he devise  
 To cheat old Argus, with his hundred eyes,  
 (That hawk who ceaseless waits the coming tides,  
 Peeps in the hold, or through the cabbin glides)  
 Vain were his plans, the unlucky sequel shews,  
 Striving to cheat the Customs of their dues,  
 Ere he was able to complete his wish,  
 The port-collector seiz'd them—every fish!

'Sblood, death, and wounds! (the angry captain cry'd)  
 What vile, ungrateful wretches here reside!  
*May I be d—d!* (this dreadful oath he swore,  
 And stamp'd, indignant, on his cabbin floor)  
*May I be d—d, if at some future day,*  
*When famine marks these Yankees for her prey,*  
*When pinching wants their growling guts assail,*  
*If prayers or tears shall o'er my wrath prevail—*  
*Starve and be d—d, shall be the word—that's plain,*  
*Shelburne, nor I, will grant relief again!*



T H B

## PRUDENT PHILOSOPHER.

WHEN from a Dome, where lawyers *spoke*,  
 Issued the mingled flame and smoke,  
*Florella* at her window sate,  
 Gazing towards the House of State—  
 That cost the labourer many a tear—  
 That ne'er would be rebuilt—that's clear—  
 And thrice she sigh'd, and smote her breast  
 To see their squireships so distressed;  
 To see in such a little while  
 To ashes turn'd so fine a pile!

Meanwhile, avoiding pump and pail,  
 (For what could *one man's* help avail?)  
 Fearing to hurt his tender hand  
 Should he amongst the *vulgar* stand,  
 Where buckets fly and engines play,  
 Where slaves *must* work, and masters *may*;  
 Rinaldo to her chamber came,  
 Thus comforting the tearful dame:

“ Behold, (said he) my lady fair,  
 How vain these mortal buildings are!  
 'Tis madness—madness—all things shew  
 To set our hearts on things below;  
 (Thank heaven for all its stores of grace,  
 My TREASURE'S in a *safer place*.)  
 But thus the pride of man shall bend;  
 The gods such fabrics only *lend*;  
 Whether contriv'd of brick or stone,  
 They hardly can be call'd our own:  
 What time might spare the flame destroys,  
 To them such *castles* are but toys;  
 In vain to heaven our spires we raise:  
 Sooner or later, all must blaze;  
 And we ourselves, with years oppress'd,  
 In time, shall sink among the rest.

“ Ah! lovely nymph—no longer sigh—  
 'Tis true, the flames are mounting high—  
 But oh!—forbear that trickling tear;  
 For thus the world shall disappear;  
 And temples of stupendous size,  
 In empty vapour thus shall rise,  
 When Nature droops her weary wings  
 To give a sad account of things;  
 When time has run his idle round,  
 And you and I are—under ground.



“ In such a view, Florella fair,  
 How beautiful these blazes are !  
 From such a view of human things  
 Philosophy her comfort brings,  
 Instructing us when mischiefs come,  
 When folks are burnt from house and home ;  
 When public buildings burn, or fall,  
 To bear it with—no grief at all !”

Kind moralist (the nymph replied)  
 Your doctrines shall not be denied ;  
 And’ tho’ you make things mighty clear,  
 I’m almost vex’d to see you here :  
 A fate like this impends o’er all—  
 (Even high-heel’d shoes at last must fall)  
 But, whether preach’d in prose or rhyme,  
*’T would better suit another time.*

How can we justly blame the fire  
 That gives us so much to admire !  
 If people skulk when temples burn,  
 How can they but to ashes turn ?—  
 Such fire as this *some water* claims—  
 These are, indeed, no common flames—  
 So leave me, Love, to sigh and pout—  
*You—run—and help to put them out !*

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T H E  
 W A N D E R E R.

**A**S Southward bound to Indian isles  
 O’er lonely seas he held his way,  
 A songster of the feather’d kind  
 Approach’d, with golden plumage gay :

By sympathetic feelings led  
 And grieving for her sad mischance,  
 Thus *Thyrsis* to the wanderer said,  
 As circling in her airy dance.

“ Sad pilgrim on a watery waste.  
 What cruel tempest has compell’d  
 To leave so far your native grove,  
 To perish on this liquid field !

Not such a dismal swelling scene  
 (Dread Neptune’s wild unsocial sea)



But crystal brooks and groves of green,  
Dear rambling bird, were made for thee.

Ah, why amid some flowery mead  
Did you not stay, where late you play'd:  
Not thus forsake the cypress grove  
That lent its kind protecting shade.

In vain you spread your weary wings  
To shun the hideous gulph below;  
Our barque can be your only hope—  
But *man* you justly deem your foe.

Now hovering near, you stoop to lodge  
Where yonder lofty canvas swells—  
Again take wing—refuse our aid,  
And rather trust the ruffian gales.

But Nature tires! your toils are vain—  
Could you on stronger pinions rise  
Than eagles have—for days to come  
All you could see are seas and skies.

Again she comes, again she lights,  
And casts a pensive look below—  
Weak wanderer, trust the traitor, *MAN*,  
And take the help that we bestow."

Down to his side, with circling flight,  
She flew, and perch'd, and linger'd there;  
But, worn with wandering, droop'd her wing,  
And life resign'd in empty air.

## M A R Y L A N D.

LAV'D by vast depths that swell on either side  
Where Chesapeake intrudes his midway tide,  
Gay MARYLAND attracts the admiring eye,  
A fertile region with a temperate sky.  
In years elaps'd, her heroes of renown  
From British *Anna* nam'd one favourite town:\*  
But, lost her commerce, though she guards their laws,  
Proud BALTIMORE that envied commerce draws.  
Few are the years since there, at random plac'd,  
Some wretched huts her quiet-port disgrac'd;  
Safe from all winds, and cover'd from the BAY,  
There, at his ease, the thoughtless native lay.

\* ANNAPOLIS.



Now, rich and great, no more a slave to sloth,  
She claims importance from her towering growth—  
High in renown, her streets and domes arrang'd,  
A groupe of cabbins to a city chang'd.

Though rich at home, to foreign lands they stray,  
For foreign trappings trade their wealth away.  
Politest manners through their towns prevail;  
And pleasure revels, though her funds should fail;  
In each gay dome, soft music charms its lord,  
Where female beauty strikes the trembling chord;  
On the fine air with nicest touches dwells,  
While from the tongue the according ditty swells:  
Proud to be seen, 'tis their's to place delight  
In dances measur'd by the winter's night,  
The evening feast, that wine and mirth prolong,  
The lamp of splendor, and the midnight song.  
Religion here no gloomy garb assumes,  
Exchang'd her tears for patches and for plumes:  
The blooming belle (untaught heaven's beaux to win)  
Talks not of seraphs, but the world she's in:  
Attach'd to earth, here born, and to decay,  
She leaves to better worlds all finer clay.

In those, whom choice or different fortunes place  
On rural scenes, a different mind we trace;  
There solitude, that still to dullness tends,  
To rustic forms no sprightly action lends;  
Heeds not the garb, mopes o'er the evening fire;  
And bids the maiden from the man retire.  
On winding floods the lofty mansion stands,  
That casts a mournful view o'er neighbouring lands;  
There the sad master strays amidst his grounds,  
Directs his negroes, or reviews his hounds;  
Then home returning, plies his pasteboard play,  
Or dreams o'er wine, that hardly makes him gay:  
If some chance guest arrive in weary plight,  
He more than bids him welcome for the night;  
Kind to profusion, spares no pains to please,  
Gives him the product of his fields and trees;  
On his rich board shines plenty from her source,  
The meanest dish of all—his own discourse.



T H E  
H A P P Y P R O S P E C T.

**T**HOUGH clad in winter's gloomy dress all Nature's works <sup>[appear,</sup>  
Yet other prospects rise to bless the new returning year:  
The active sail again is seen to greet our western shore,  
Gay plenty smiles with brow serene, and wars distract no more.

No more the vales, no more the plains an iron harvest yield;  
Peace guards our doors, impells our swains to till the grateful field:  
From distant climes, no longer foes (their years of misery past)  
Nations arrive, to find repose in these domains at last.

And, if a more delightful scene attracts the mortal eye,  
Where clouds nor darkness intervene, behold, aspiring high,  
On FREEDOM's soil those FABRICS plann'd, on *virtue's* basis laid,  
That make secure our native land, and prove our toils repaid.

AMBITIOUS AIMS and pride severe, would you at distance keep,  
What wanderer would not tarry here, here charm his cares to sleep!  
O, still may health her balmy wings o'er these fair fields expand,  
While commerce from all climates brings the products of each land.

Through toiling care and lengthen'd views, that share alike our span,  
Gay, smiling hope her heaven pursues, the eternal friend of man:  
The darkness of the days to come she brightens with her ray,  
And smiles o'er Nature's gaping tomb, when sickening to decay!

T H E  
O R I G I N of W A R S.

**I**N early time, when man was blest  
With constant spring and summer join'd,  
Nature his simple banquet dress'd;  
Long life was his, and health, combin'd.

In innocence (their sole defence)  
They spent their days, and pass'd their nights:  
In rural haunts they pitch'd their tents—  
None stole their sweets, or seiz'd their rights.

From such a scene, no care, no pain,  
O'er lands, o'er seas, through woods they spread:  
No place was found on earth's vast round  
Where men were not, by millions, bred.



Jove saw the vast abounding race,  
And fear'd a change in Nature's plan,  
That the wide world would find a place,  
In one age more, for nought but MAN.

Then thus of gods and men the fire  
In VULCAN'S ear his mind express'd—  
“ Wars must be had—go, fetch that fire  
Which kindles rancour in the breast :

“ This once infus'd, the seeds of spite,  
And rage, and hate to strength shall grow,  
Man shall no more with man unite ;  
But each shall be to each a foe.

“ Yon' oaks, which now their boughs display,  
To shield his race from winds and rain,  
When touch'd, shall shrink—make haste away,  
And waft his thunders o'er the main.

“ Those stores of death, which now, at rest,  
In caves profound unnotic'd lie,  
Explor'd, shall burst, create a blast,  
And bid contending nations die !”

The god supreme then seiz'd the flame  
That Vulcan brought, at his command ;  
Deep in the breast  
This curse impress'd,  
And slumbering man through all his frame  
First felt the fatal, feverish brand !

### St. CATHARINE'S.\*

HE that would wish to rove a while  
In forests green and gay,  
From Charleston bar to Catharine's isle  
Might sigh to find the way !  
What scenes on every side appear,  
What pleasure strikes the mind,  
From Folly's train, thus wandering far,  
To leave the world behind.

The music of these savage groves  
In simple accents swells,  
And freely, here, their sylvan loves  
The feather'd nation tells ;

\* An island on the sea-coast of Georgia.



The panting deer through mingled shades  
Of oaks forever green  
The vegetable world invades,  
That skirts the watery scene.

Thou sailor, now exploring far  
The broad Atlantic wave,  
Crowd all your canvas, gallant tar,  
Since Neptune never gave  
On barren seas so fine a view  
As here allures the eye,  
Gay, verdant scenes that Nature drew  
In colours from the sky.

Ye western winds! awhile delay  
To swell the expecting sail—  
Who would not here, a hermit, stay  
In yonder fragrant vale,  
Could he engage what few can find,  
That coy, unwilling guest  
(All avarice banish'd from the mind)  
CONTENTMENT, in the breast!

---

### MARCELLA in a CONSUMPTION.

**S**MIT by the glance of thy bright eyes  
When I, Marcella, fondly gaze,  
Strange feelings in my bosom rise  
And passion all my reason sways:  
Worlds I would banish from my view  
And quit the gods—to talk with you.

The smile that decks your fading cheek  
To me a heavy heart declares;  
When you are silent I would speak,  
But cowardice alarms my fears:  
All must be sense, that you do prize,  
All that I say, be grave and wise.

When wandering in the evening shade  
I shar'd her pain and sooth'd her grief,  
A thousand tender things I said,  
But all I said gave no relief;  
When from her hair I brush'd the dew  
She sigh'd—and said, *I'm not for you!*

When drooping, dull, and almost dead  
With fevers brought from sultry climes,



She would not hold my fainting head,  
But recommended, me some rhymes  
On patience and on fortitude,  
And other things, less understood.

When aiming to engage her heart  
With verses from the muses' stock,  
She sate, regardless of my art,  
And counted seconds by the clock :  
And thus (she cry'd) shall verse decay,  
And thus the world shall pass away.

When languishing upon her bed,  
(No longer pleas'd with India gowns)  
I came—and while *CONSTANTIA* read  
Of chrystal skies and coral crowns,  
She bade me at a distance stand,  
And lean'd her head upon her hand.

So drooping hangs the fading rose  
When summer sends the driving shower,  
So to the grave *Marcella* goes  
Her whole duration but an hour :  
Who shall controul the sad decree,  
Or what, fair maid, recover thee ?

What virtue in that spirit dwells,—  
What fortitude amid such pain—  
And now with pride my bosom swells  
To think I have not liv'd in vain ;  
Since, slighting all the sages knew,  
I learn philosophy from you.

---

L I N E S

Written in a severe *February* on a *SHAD*, &c. caught in a mild *January*.

**W**HERE now are all our January shad,  
And salmon fat, that came before their time ?—  
Alas ! they're fled to some less rigorous clime  
Where suns, that never squint, shall make them glad.  
Ladies, no more for salmon set your caps ;  
Some weeks, the fish-girls say, must now elapse  
'Till shad once more shall be so void of brains  
As to be captur'd in our fains :  
Then, pray don't sob and pout ;  
If absent from our stream  
There's only *one* to blame,  
*WINTER*, that crabbed knave 'tis—keeps them out.



T O A  
D E C E A S E D   D O G.

**I**F all the world mourns for the loss of a friend,  
And even in stanza their virtues commend,  
Why, SANCHO, shouldst thou by the green turf be prest,  
And not have a stanza along with the rest?

The miser, that ne'er gave a farthing away,  
Xantippe, that scolded throughout the long day,  
The drunken young Quixote, that died in his prime,  
In their graves never fail to be flatter'd with rhyme.

There is an old adage our poets have read,  
That "*nothing but good should be spoke of the dead*:"  
Hence, the priest and the sexton alike we defy,  
When we write of the DEAD—they allow us to lie.

But I, my dear Dog, will a poem compose  
That shall break half the hearts of the belles and the beaux;  
To the view of each reader your VIRTUES shall shine  
In verses, that HANNAH will fancy divine.

The Stoics, of old, were forbid to complain  
At losses and crosses, vexation and pain;  
When the day I recall, that depriv'd me of you,  
I find, my dear Sancho, I'm not of their crew.

How oft in the year shall I visit your grave  
Amid the long forest, that darkens the wave!  
How often lament, when the day's at the close,  
That a mile from the church is your place of repose!

Ah here (I will say) is the path where he run;  
And there stands the tree where a squirrel he won;  
And here, in this spot where the willow trees grow,  
He dragg'd out a rabbit that lurk'd in the snow.

If absent, awhile, on the ocean I stray'd,  
I still had in view to revisit this shade—  
But alas! you consider'd the prospect as vain,  
Or how could you die, 'till I saw you again?

A country there is—'tis in vain to deny—  
Where monies and puppies are sent when they die,  
But you—and old Minos shall grant you a pass,  
Must rank with the dogs of the gentleman class.

The boatman of Styx shall a passage prepare,  
And the Dog, at the portal, shall welcome you there;



With the cynics of hell you shall walk a grave pace,  
Where "Doctors with dogs" is no more a disgrace.

On the bark of this beech-tree, that shadows your bones,  
With tears, I inscribe these poetical groans:  
If a *tombstone of wood* serves a soldier, 'tis clear  
This tree may preserve all your fame—for a year.

For the squirrel you tree'd, and the duck from the lake,  
These stanzas are all the return I can make:  
But these, unaffected, my friendship will shew,  
And the world will allow—that I give you your due.

## E P I T A P H

On FREDERICK the second, late king of Prussia.

[FROM THE FRENCH]

HERE rests a King—his mortal journey done—  
Through life a tyrant to his fellow man:  
Who bloody wreathes in bloody battles won,  
Nature's worst savage since the world began.

Millions were doom'd beneath his sword to die:  
No art, no care his blasting breath could shun—  
Did he ONE MAN, for all this waste, supply?—  
No!—tell the world, HE NEVER GAVE IT ONE!\*

\* Alluding to his having never married; and being not even the reputed father of a child.

A

## D I A L O G U E

B E T W E E N

SHADRACH AND WHIFFLE.

"SHADRACH!—(said WHIFFLE, eager to reproach)  
Why ride you in that ancient crazy coach?  
Hark, how it cracks!—freighted with you and madam—  
Many suppose it once belong'd to Adam—  
So loose, so weak, your *Driver* makes *Report*,  
You risque, each hour, a tumble in the dirt."



"WHIFFLE (said SHADRACH) though it be a wreck,  
And threatens oft' the fracture of my neck;  
Yet, to the last, this coach I vow I'll ride in  
Which twenty years my grandfire did confide in:  
'Twill also prove—pray, take it in good part—  
I had this *coach* when you had scarce a *cart*."

---

T O T H E  
M E M O R Y of a L A D Y.

**T**O the dark grave, where silence reigns,  
And death his shadowy host detains,  
Of life bereft, and quench'd its fires,  
Marcella in her bloom retires.

Inclos'd in that obscure abode,  
The bosom cold, with life that glow'd,  
No more we trace its wonted charms,  
No more the gentle spirit warms.

Blest form! tho' mouldering into dust,  
This is not all thy doom, we trust;  
To other worlds the active mind  
Some new perfection goes to find:

From height to height advancing still,  
To HIM that doth creation fill,  
The power that measured out our span,  
And planted reason, first in man.

Compos'd of Nature's finest clay,  
To *Nature* she her debt did pay,  
*Who* sympathizing, mingles here,  
The rising sigh, the melting tear.

In her, whose memory ne'er shall fade,  
Each milder virtue was display'd,  
The breast of sentiment refin'd,  
And beauties, native to the mind.

To make her image all complete,  
How many of her sex must meet!  
Virtues in them but thinly sown,  
In her conjoin'd, were all her own:

She (doom'd to shine in honour's page,  
A model to the coming age)



Was grac'd with all that could impart  
Affection to the coldest heart.

Remov'd from hence so far away,  
What shall your pensive poet say?  
By friendship led, and grief sincere,  
He drops his pen—and sheds a tear!

T O A

D O G:

*Occasioned by putting him on shore at the island of SAPOLA, for theft.*

SINCE Nature taught you, TRAY, to be a thief,  
What blame have you, for working at your trade?  
What if you stole a handsome round of beef;  
Theft, in your code of laws, no crime was made.

The ten commandments you had never read,  
Nor did it ever enter in your head:  
But art and Nature, careful to conceal,  
Disclos'd not even the EIGHTH—*Thou shalt not steal.*

Then to the green wood, caitiff, haste away:  
There take your chance to live—for Truth must say,  
We have no right, for theft, to hang up TRAY.

T O

C L A R I S S A:

A HANDSOME SHOP-KEEPER.

CURS'D as a beggar's brat is he,  
The unlucky man, that deals with thee,  
Who still behind the counter sit  
To catch our cash, and shew your wit.

Whate'er you prais'd—with sly design—  
What e'er you touch'd—I wish'd it mine;  
And homespun trash from Nabby's paws,  
In your fair hands, was English gauze.

'Twas this that ran *Rinaldo* mad  
At times, and made him look so sad:



For, ere he well could count the cost,  
His cash was gone, his credit lost.

His girls grew vain—their dress and show  
Alas! soon brought his pockets low:  
With India silks their shoes were bound,  
The news went all the country round:

With constant duns his doors were vexed,  
His house with sheriffs was perplexed:  
His barber's bill he could not pay,  
He blunder'd,—broke, and ran away.

T O

C Y N T H I A.

**T**HE hermit's wish—a cell be mine,  
In sylvan shades to find repose;  
To please the eye—that task be thine;  
And hourly kill a thousand beaux,  
Whose easy charms, so like your own,  
With jealousy you gaze upon.

You ask'd me, CYNTHIA, how I came  
To shun the wild tempestuous deep,  
And disappointing Neptune's aim  
On his cold bosom shun long sleep?—  
'Twas chance, 'twas luck—I scarce can tell  
What genius play'd my cards so well.

Yes! Neptune frown'd—so heaven decreed—  
Yet life might be preserv'd at least,  
Since cruel must he be, indeed,  
Who robs a church, and kills the priest:  
Then, Cynthia, now some pity shew,  
*Nor be the seas more kind than you.*

TO A VERY

L I T T L E M A N,

*Fond of walking with a very long CANE.*

**N**ATURE, in all her works, observes  
A fit proportion, just and true:  
Man, only, from her great example swerves,  
In this we instance you.



Who bade you bear this huge *Cyclopean beam*,  
 Yourself an insect at its foot,  
*Which*, if it fell, would end your mortal dream,  
 And put your day-light out!

Rival to oaks, no hedgeway shrub we see;  
 No dwarf-like bush with pines is class'd;  
 No branch grows greater than the mother tree,  
 No shallop wants an admiral's mast.

Goliath's self, that huge unwieldy beast,  
 With such a staff had shunn'd his fate:  
 This CANE might be your Liberty-pole, at least,  
 And streamers wear on days of state.

Thus, at Honduras, frequent, have I seen  
 Monkeys, attach'd to cedars tall:  
 There chac'd, they climb to shun the hostile train—  
 What use to you, who ne'er could climb at all!

A staff, like this, from hickory forests come,  
 'Mongst cudgelling lads might rule the roast!  
 Might swing the main gate of the Federal Dome,  
 Potowmack's future—royal—boast!

Ah! take advice—this lofty stick forego—  
 With cooper's hoop-pole rather choose to range;  
 Or, if your pride should deem such canes too low,  
 Advance!—and take my pipe-stem in exchange.

T H E

## R U R A L B A C H E L O R.

QUITTING the town, and gay abodes of men  
 Chance led my footsteps to a lonely den  
 Around whose walls no lively flowerets grew,  
 Dull was its aspect, and its doors were few:  
 The crowing cock was all its morning bell  
 Mix'd with no pleasant voice of Nan or Nell;  
 No blooming trees, no flowering shrubs were nigh,  
 Nothing to cheer the heart or please the eye:  
 One weeping-willow rais'd its baleful head,  
 Ivy and mint were through his garden spread—  
 Disgusted with the scene, when drawn more near  
 I smote my breast, and ask'd—"What beast lives here?"—

No milk-maid here the selfish wight allows,  
 But forth he walks himself to milk his cows;



(In hand a staff, on either arm a pail,  
Pity he had no dish-clout at his tail)  
Cows, that have given him many a hearty kick  
And only fear him for his walnut stick:  
Humbled they stand, a pensive, pining crew,  
And see their calves defrauded of their due.

None but himself the juicy curd may squeeze  
None like himself can change the milk to cheese  
Cheese that appears at every slender treat,  
And fate foredoom'd that he alone must eat;  
The refuse of his store, the very cheese  
That, if to market sent, the clerk would seize.

Tir'd as I am with travelling this long road,  
Much as I want, this night, some snug abode,  
Something whereon to rest my aching head,  
Something, at least that bears the name of bed;  
Tho' many a mile, perhaps, may intervene  
Ere yet again the haunt of man is seen,  
Onward I jog—till Sol the light restores.  
Rather than lodge with him—lodge out of doors.

---

## B A L L O O N S.

*Perdomita tellus, tumida cesserunt freta,  
Inferna nostros regna sensere impetus:  
Immune cælum est, dignus Alcidae labor,  
In alta mundi spatia sublimis ferar.*

Senec. Herc. furens.

**A**SSIST me, ye Muses, (whose harps are in tune)  
To tell of the flight of the gallant BALLOON!  
As high as my subject permit me to soar  
To heights unattempted, unthought of before,

Ye grave learned Doctors, whose trade is to sigh,  
Who labour to chalk out a road to the sky,  
Improve on your plans—or I'll venture to say,  
A genius of Paris will shew us the way.

The earth, on its surface, has all been survey'd,  
The sea has been travell'd—and deep in the shade  
The kingdom of Pluto has heard us at work,  
When we dig for his metals, wherever they lurk:

But who would have thought that invention could rise  
To contrive a machine that would soar to the skies,



And pierce the bright regions, which ages assign'd  
To spirits unbodied, and flights of the mind.

Let the gods of Olympus their revels prepare—  
By the aid of some pounds of inflammable air  
We'll visit them soon—and forsake this dull ball  
With a streamer display'd, and no fear of a fall.

How France is distinguish'd in LIBERTY's reign!  
What cannot her genius and courage attain?  
Throughout the wide world have her *arms* found the way,  
And *art* to the stars is extending her sway.

At sea let the British their neighbours defy—  
The French shall have frigates to traverse the sky,  
In this navigation more fortunate prove,  
And cudgel your *Fredericks* and *Brunswicks* above,

If the English should venture to sea with their fleet,  
A host of Balloons in a trice they shall meet.  
The French from the zenith their wings will display,  
And fouse on these sea-dogs, and bear them away!

Ye sages, who travel on mighty designs,  
To measure equators and longitude lines—  
Instead of a vessel, to traverse the seas,  
Construct a Balloon—and you'll do it with ease:

And ye, who the heaven's broad concave survey,  
And, aided by glasses, its secrets betray,  
Who gaze, the night through, at the wonderful scene,  
Yet still are complaining of vapours between,

Ah, seize the conveyance, and fearlessly rise  
To peep at the *lanthorns* that light up the skies,  
And floating above, on our ocean of air,  
Inform us, by letter, what people are *there*.

In Saturn, advise us if snow ever melts,  
And what are the uses of Jupiter's belts;  
And (Mars being willing) pray send us word, greeting,  
If his people are fonder of fighting than eating.

That Venus has horns we've no reason to doubt,  
(I forget what they call him who first found it out)  
And you'll find, I'm afraid, if you venture too near,  
That the spirits of cuckolds inhabit her sphere.

Our folks of good morals it woefully grieves,  
That Mercury's people are villains and thieves:  
You'll see how it is—but I'll venture to shew  
For a dozen among them, twelve dozens below.



From long observation one proof may be had  
That the men in the moon are incurably mad;  
However, compare us, and if they exceed  
They must be surprizingly crazy indeed.

But now, to have done with our planets and moons—  
Come, grant me a patent for making balloons—  
For I find that the time is approaching—the day  
When horses shall fail, and the horsemen decay.

Post-riders, at present (call'd Centaurs of old)  
Who brave all the seasons, hot weather and cold,  
In future, shall leave their dull *poneys* behind,  
And travel, like ghosts, on the wings of the wind.

The stage-men, whose gallopers scarce have the power  
Through the dirt to convey you ten miles in an hour,  
When advanc'd to balloons, shall so furiously drive  
You'll hardly know whether you're dead or alive.

The man who at *Boston* sets out with the sun,  
If the wind should be fair, may be with us at *one*,  
At *Gunpowder Ferry* drink whiskey at three,  
And by six be at *Edentown*, ready for tea.

The machine shall be order'd, (we hardly need say,)  
To travel in darkness as well as by day—  
At *Charleston* by ten he for sleep shall prepare,  
And by twelve the next day be—the devil knows where.

When the ladies grow sick of the city in June,  
What a jaunt they shall have in the flying balloon!  
Whole mornings will see them at toilets preparing,  
And forty miles high be their afternoon's airing.

Yet more with its fitness for commerce I'm struck;  
What loads of tobacco shall fly from Kentucke,  
What packs of best beaver—bar-iron and pig,  
What budgets of *buck-skin* from *Conococheague*!

If Britain should ever disturb us again,  
(As they threaten to do in the next George's reign)  
No doubt they will play us a set of new tunes,  
And give us a blast from their fighting balloons.

To market the farmers shall shortly repair  
With their hogs and potatoes, wholesale, thro' the air,  
Skim over the water as light as a feather,  
Themselves and their poultry conversing together.



Such wonders as these from Balloons shall arise—  
 And the giants of old, that assaulted the skies  
 With their Ossa on Pelion, shall freely confess  
 That all they attempted was nothing to this.

---

P E S T I L E N C E.

**H**OT, dry winds forever blowing,  
 Dead men to the grave-yards going;  
     Constant herfes,  
     Funeral verses;  
 Oh! what plagues—there is no knowing!

Priests retreating from their pulpits!—  
 Some in caves, and some in coal-pits  
     Snugly hiding,  
     There abiding  
 'Till the town is rid of culprits.

Doctors raving and disputing,  
 Death's pale army still recruiting—  
     What a pothor  
     One with t'other!  
 Some a-writing, some a-shooting.

Nature's poisons here collected,  
 Water, earth, and air infected—  
     O, what pity  
     SUCH A CITY  
 Was in such a place erected!

---

J E F F E R Y,

O R, T H E

S O L D I E R'S P R O G R E S S.

**L**UR'D by some Captain's smooth address,  
 His scarlet coat and roguish face,  
 One HALF-A-JOE on drum-head laid,  
 A tavern-treat—and reckoning paid;  
 See yonder simple lad consign'd  
 To slavery of the basest kind.

With only skill to drive a plough  
 A musquet he must handle now;



Must twirl it here and twirl it there,  
 Now on the ground, now in the air:  
 Its every motion by some rule  
 Of practice, taught in *Frederick's* school,\*  
 Must be directed—nicely true—  
 Or he be beaten black—and blue.

A sergeant, rais'd from cleaning shoes,  
 May now this country lad abuse:—  
 On meagre fare grown poor and lean,  
 He treats him like a mere machine,  
 Directs his look, directs his step,  
 And flogs him into decent shape,  
 From awkward habit frees the clown,  
 Erects his head—or knocks him down.

Last Friday week to *Battery-Green*  
 The sergeant came with this MACHINE—  
 One motion of the firelock miss'd—  
 The tutor thump'd him with his fist:  
 I saw him lift his hickory cane,  
 I heard poor *Jeffery's* head complain!—  
 Yet this—and more—he's forc'd to bear;  
 And thus goes on from year to year,  
 'Till desperate grown, at such a lot,  
 He drinks—deserts—and so is shot!

\* The Prussian manual exercise.

TO A

## WRITER OF PANEGYRIC:

(Occasioned by certain fulsome congratulatory verses  
 on the election of a HIGH CONSTABLE.—)

**B**E advis'd by a friend, who advises but rarely,  
 Be cautious of praising 'till praise is earn'd fairly:  
 There was a sage *Ancient* this truth did bequeath,  
 "That merit is only determin'd by death."

*Panegyric* I'm sorry to see you engage in—  
 Old *Nero*, at first, was a *Titus*, or *Trajan*:  
 The Indians of *Siam* bow down to a LOG,  
 And Egypt is said to have worship'd a Dog.\*

If you will be throwing your jewels to swine,  
 No wonder they rend you—*whenever they dine*—

\* ANUBIS—one of the tutelar deities of ancient Egypt.



Pray, leave it to puppies to cry up their worth,  
And to dunces, to honour the day of their birth.

Whoever the road to perferment would find,  
With the eyes of a Dutchman must look at mankind;  
From the basest of motives, cry, cowards are brave,  
And laugh in his sleeve—when he flatters a knave.

---

## FANCY'S RAMBLE.

GAY power, that over sleep presides,  
And Reason's wakeful reign divides;  
FANCY, thou, the Muses' queen,  
Mistress of the poets' vein,  
How many charming scenes you paint,  
Traverse the globe, without constraint,  
And visions to the soul disclose  
To entertain her night's repose.

She on her golden pinions brings  
The images of absent things;  
Through the labyrinth of the brain,  
Night after night, she walks unseen,  
Noble fabrics doth she raise  
In the woods, or on the seas,  
On some high, steep, pointed rock  
Trembling to the ocean's shock,  
Where the dreary tempests sweep  
Clouds along the uncivil deep.

Now she views *Arcadian* groves  
Where the harmless shepherd roves,  
And while yet her wings she spreads,  
Sees chrystal streams and flowery meads;  
By the full-moon light doth shew  
Forests of a dusky hue,  
Where, upon some mossy bed,  
Innocence reclines her head.

Swift, she stretches o'er the deep  
To *Hecla's* high and smoky steep:  
Canvas on the towering mast  
Could not travel half so fast—  
Swifter than the eagle's flight,  
Or instantaneous rays of light—  
Lo! contemplative she stands  
On *Norwegia's* frozen lands;



Lofty mountains, bare and brown,  
Where the rugged winters frown,  
Or impell the ocean surge  
To *Caledonia's* gloomy verge,  
Where the winds tumultuous roar,  
Vext, that *Ossian* sings no more.

Then, she roves to southern isles  
Where the soften'd winter smiles;  
To *Grenada's* orange shades  
Or *Amazonia's* fertile glades—  
To the distant dreary *Cape*,\*  
Fatal to many a gallant ship—  
The cape, where mountain billows roll  
Dashing from the southern pole,  
Loaded with eternal snows;  
Where no pleasant harvest grows,  
But icy cliffs forever rise  
Shrouding their summits in the skies.

Lo! she leads me wide and far  
O'er the earth and through the air,  
Over rock and over reef  
To the proud *Canarian* cliff,†  
Where the sun-beam loves to abide  
When set to half the world beside.—  
Thence she takes her roving aim,  
And *BRITAIN* seeks, of ancient fame,  
Stretching far her proud command—  
Shackled by some tyrant band:  
Since to *Cæsar* first she bow'd  
Of fetters, vain—of slavery, proud!

Now, she wanders far away  
In the east to meet the day:  
Travels over *Ganges'* streams,  
Visits *China*, in her dreams,  
O'er the vast *Pacific* strays,  
And a thousand isles surveys  
Where the happy *Indian* dwells,  
Stranger, yet, to *Europe's* sails—

Now, though late, returning home  
Lead me to *Marcella's* tomb,  
To behold a moment there  
All that once was good and fair—  
Who doth here so soundly sleep—  
Shall we break this prison deep?—  
Fancy can but pierce the shade,  
Haunt the tomb, where thou art laid—

\* Cape Horn.    † Teneriffe.



Gather flowers of pallid hue,  
 And quit the world, to dwell with you!——  
 But must those eyes in darkness stay  
 That once were rivals to the day?—  
 Like heaven's bright lamp, beneath the main  
 They are but set, to rise again.

---

ON THE  
 DEMOLITION of a LOG--COLLEGE.

ON New-Year's eve, the year was eighty-nine,  
 All clad in *black*, a back-woods' college crew  
 With crow-bar, sledge, and broad axe did combine  
 To level with the dust their antique hall,  
 In hopes the President would build a new:  
 Yes, yes, (said they,) this ancient pile shall fall  
 And laugh no longer at yon' cobbler's stall.

The clock struck seven—in social compact join'd,  
 They pledg'd their sacred honors to proceed:  
 The number seventy-five this feat design'd:  
 And first some oaths they swore by candle light  
 On Euclid's Elements—no bible did they need:  
 One must be true, they said, the other might—  
 Besides, no bible could be found that night.

Now darkness o'er the plain her pinions spread,  
 Then rung the bell an unaccustom'd peal:  
 Out rush'd the brave, the cowards went to bed  
 And left the attempt to those that felt full bold  
 To pull down halls, where years had seen them kneel.  
 Where *Wheelock* oft at rakes was wont to scold,  
 Or sung them many a psalm, in days of old.

Advancing then towards the tottering hall  
 (That now at least one hundred years had stood)  
 They gave due notice that it soon should fall—  
 Lest there some godly wight might gaping stand;  
 (For well they knew the world wants all its good  
 To fright the sturdy sinners of the land,  
 And shame old Satan, with his sooty band.)

The reverend man that college gentry awes  
 Hearing the bell at this unusual hour,  
 Vext at the infringement of the college laws,  
 With Indian stride out-sally'd from his den,  
 And made a speech (as being a man in power)——



Alas! it was not heard by one in ten—  
No time to heed his speeches, or his pen.

“ Ah, rogues, said he, ah whither do ye run,  
“ Bent on the ruin of that antique pile—  
“ That, all the war, has brav’d both sword and gun?  
“ Reflect, dear boys, some reverend rats are there  
“ That now will have to scamper many a mile,  
“ For whom past time old latin books did spare,  
“ And attic greek, and manuscripts most rare.

“ Relent, relent! to accomplish such designs  
“ Folks bred on college fare are much too weak;  
“ For such attempts men drink your high-proof wines,  
“ Not spiritless switchel\* and vile hogo drams,  
“ Scarcely sufficient to digest your *Greek*—  
“ Come, let the college stand, my dear black lambs—  
“ Besides—I see you have no battering-rams.”

Thus he—but sighs, and tears, and prayers were lost—  
So, to it they went with broad-axe, spade, and hammer—  
One smote a wall, and one dislodg’d a post,  
Tugg’d at a beam, or pull’d down pigeon-holes  
Where Indian lads were wont to study grammar—  
Indeed, they took vast pains and dug like moles,  
And work’d as if they work’d to save their souls.

Now to its deep foundation shook the dome:  
Farewell to all its learning, fame, and honor!  
So fell the capitol of heathen Rome  
By Goths and Vandals level’d with the dust—  
And so shall die the works of *Neal O’Connor*,  
(Which he himself will even outlive, we trust:)  
But now our story’s coming to the worst—

Down fell the Pile!—aghast these rebels stood  
And wonder’d at the mischiefs they had done  
To such a pile, compos’d of red-oak wood;  
To such a pile, so antique and renown’d,  
Which many a prayer had heard and many a pun—  
So, three huzzas they gave, and fir’d a round,  
Then homeward trudg’d—half drunk—but safe and sound.

\* A mixture of molasses and water.



## P E N N S Y L V A N I A.

[A FRAGMENT]

SPREAD with stupendous hills, far from the main  
 Fair Pennsylvania holds her golden reign,  
 In fertile fields her wheaten harvest grows,  
 Charg'd with its freights her favorite Delaware flows;  
 From ERIE's Lake her soil with plenty teems  
 To where the Schuylkill rolls his limpid streams—  
 Sweet stream! what pencil can thy beauties tell—  
 Where, wandering downward through the woody vale,  
 Thy varying scenes to rural bliss invite,  
 To health and pleasure add a new delight:  
 Here *Juniata*, too, allures the swain,  
 And gay *Cadonius* roves along the plain;  
*Sweetara*, tumbling from the distant hill,  
 Steals through the waste, to turn the industrious mill—  
 Where'er those floods through groves or mountains stray  
 That God of Nature still directs the way,  
 With fondest care has trac'd each river's bed  
 And mighty streams thro' mighty forests led,  
 Bade agriculture thus export her freight,  
 The strength and glory of this favour'd STATE.

She, fam'd for science, arts, and polish'd men,  
 Admires her FRANKLIN, but adores her PENN,  
 Who, wandering here, made barren forests bloom  
 And the new soil a happier robe assume:  
 He plann'd no schemes that virtue disapproves,  
 He robb'd no Indian of his native groves,  
 But, just to all, beheld his tribes increase,  
 Did what he could to bind the world in peace,  
 And, far retreating from a selfish band,  
 Bade Freedom flourish in this foreign land.

Gay towns unnumber'd shine through all her plains,  
 Here every art its happiest height attains:  
 The graceful ship, on nice proportions plann'd,  
 Here finds perfection from the builder's hand,  
 To distant worlds commercial visits pays  
 Or war's bold thunder o'er the deep conveys.

\* \* \* \* \*



OCCASIONED BY THE

B I L L

Proposing a taxation upon News-Papers.

" 'TIS time to tax the News, (Sangrado cries)  
 " Subjects were never good that were too wise:  
 " In every hamlet, every trifling town,  
 " Some sly, designing fellow sits him down,  
 " On spacious folio prints his weekly mess,  
 " And spreads around the poison of his Press.  
 " Hence, to the WORLD the streams of scandal flow,  
 " Disclosing secrets, that it should not know,  
 " Hence courtiers strut with libels on their backs;  
 " And shall not news be humbled by a tax!"

" Once ('tis most true) such papers did some good,  
 " When British chiefs arriv'd in angry mood:  
 " By them enkindled, every heart grew warm,  
 " By them excited, all were taught to arm,  
 " When I, retiring to Britannia's clime,  
 " Sat brooding o'er the vast events of time;  
 " Doubtful which side to take, or what to say,  
 " Or who would win, or who would lose the day.

" Those times are past; (and past experience shows,)  
 " The well-born sort alone, should read the news,  
 " No common herds should get behind the scene  
 " To view the movements of the state machine:  
 " One paper only, fill'd with courtly stuff,  
 " One paper, for one country is enough,  
 " Where incense offer'd at Pomposo's shrine  
 " Shall prove his house-dog and himself divine."

JACK STRAW:

OR, THE

FOREST BEAU.

WHEN first to feel Love's fire JACK STRAW begins  
 He combs his hair, and cocks his hat with pins,  
 Views in some stream, his face, with fond regard,  
 Plucks from his upper lip the bristly beard,  
 With soap and sand his homely visage scowers  
 (Rough from the joint attacks of sun and showers)



The sheepskin breeches stretch'd upon his thighs,—  
 Next on his back the homespun coat he tries;  
 Round his broad breast he wraps the jerkin blue,  
 And sews a spacious soal on either shoe.  
 Thus, all prepar'd, the fond adoring swain  
 Cuts from his groves of pine a ponderous cane;  
 In thought a beau, a savage to the eye,  
 Forth, from his mighty bosom, heaves the sigh;  
*Tobacco* is the present for his fair,  
 This he admires, and this best pleases her—  
 The bargain struck—few cares his bosom move  
 How to maintain, or how to lodge his love;  
 Close at his hand the piny forest grows,  
 Thence for his hut a slender frame he hews,  
 With art, (not copied from *Palladio's* rules,)  
 A hammer and an axe, his only tools,  
 By Nature taught, a hasty hut he forms  
 Safe in the woods, to shelter from the storms;—  
 There sees the summer pass and winter come,  
 Nor envies Britain's king his loftier home.

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T O

C Y N T H I A.

**T**HROUGH Jersey groves, a wandering stream  
 That still its wonted music keeps,  
 Inspires no more my evening dream,  
 Where Cynthia, in retirement, sleeps.

Sweet murmuring stream! how blest art thou  
 To kiss the bank where she resides,  
 Where Nature decks the beechen bough  
 That trembles o'er your shallow tides.

The cypress-tree on *Hermit's* height,  
 Where love his soft addresses paid  
 By Luna's pale reflected light—  
 No longer charms me to its shade!

To me, alas! so far remov'd,  
 What raptures, once, that scenery gave,  
 Ere wandering yet from all I lov'd  
 I sought a deeper, drearier wave.

Your absent charms my thoughts employ:  
 I sigh to think how sweet you sung,  
 And half adore the painted toy  
 That near my careless heart you hung.



Now, fetter'd fast in icy fields,  
In vain I loose the sleeping sail;  
The frozen wave no longer yields,  
And useless blows the favouring gale.

Yet, still in hopes of vernal showers,  
And breezes, moist with morning dew,  
I pass the lingering, lazy hours,  
Reflecting on the spring—and you.

---

T H E  
A M E R I C A N S O L D I E R.

[*A Picture from the Life.*]

DEEP in a vale, a stranger now to arms,  
Too poor to shine in courts, too proud to beg,  
He, who once warr'd on *Saratoga's* plains,  
Sits musing o'er his scars, and wooden leg.

Remembering still the toil of former days,  
To *other* hands he sees his earnings paid;—  
*They* share the due reward—he feeds on praise,  
Lost in the abyss of want, misfortune's shade.

Far, far from domes where splendid tapers glare,  
'Tis his from dear bought *peace* no wealth to win,  
Remov'd alike from courtly cringing 'squires,  
The great-man's *Levee*, and the proud man's grin.

Sold are those arms which once on Britons blaz'd,  
When, flush'd with conquest, to the charge they came;  
That power repell'd, and *Freedom's* fabrick rais'd,  
She leaves her soldier—*famine* and a *name*!

[1790.]



TO THE KEEPER OF THE  
KING'S WATER-WORKS,

Near Rock-Fort, in the island of JAMAICA; on being  
refused a puncheon of water.—

CAN HE, that o'er two INDIES holds the sway,  
Where'er the ocean flows, whose fleets patrol,  
Who bids Hibernia's rugged sons obey,  
And at whose nod (you say) shakes either pole—

Can he, whose crown a thousand jewels grace  
Of worth untold—can he, so rich, deny  
One wretched puncheon from this ample vase,  
Begg'd by his *quondam* subject—water-dry?

Vast are the springs in yonder cloud-capt hill:  
Why then confine the free-born flowing wave;  
Where hogs, and dogs, and keepers drink their fill,  
May I not somewhat from such bounty crave?

Keeper! must I with empty cask return:  
Just see the limpid stream, that runs to waste—  
Denied the wave, that flows from Nature's urn,  
By locks and bolts secur'd from vulgar taste?

Well! if I must, inform the royal ear,  
Poor are some kings that still in Britain live;  
Tell him, that Nature is no niggard here,  
Tell him, THAT HE WITH-HOLDS WHAT BEGGARS GIVE.

V I R G I N I A.

[A FRAGMENT.]

VAST in extent, VIRGINIA meets my view,  
With streams immense, dark groves, and mountains blue;  
First in provincial rank she long was seen,  
Built the first town, and first subdued the plain:  
This was her praise—but what can years avail  
When times succeeding see her efforts fail!  
On northern fields more vigorous arts display,  
Where pleasure holds no universal sway;  
No herds of slaves parade their footy band  
From the rough plough to save the fopling's hand,



Where urgent wants the daily pittance ask,  
Compell to labour, and complete the task.

A race of slaves, throughout their country spread,  
From different soils extort the owner's bread;  
Averse to toil, the natives still rely  
On the sad negro for the year's supply;  
He, patient, early quits his poor abode,  
Toils at the hoe, or tores some ponderous load,  
Sweats at the axe, or, pensive and forlorn,  
Sighs for the eve, to parch his stinted corn!  
With watchful eye maintains his much-lov'd fire,  
Nor even in summer lets its spark expire—  
At night returns, his evening toils to share,  
Lament his rags, or sleep away his care,  
Bind up the recent wound, with many a groan;  
Or thank his gods that SUNDAY is his own.

To these far climes the scheming Scotchman flies,  
Quits his bleak hills to court *Virginian* skies;  
Remov'd from oat-meal, four-crust, debts, and duns,  
Prudent, he hastes to bask in kinder suns;  
Marks well the native—views his weaker side,  
And heaps up wealth from luxury and pride,  
Exports the produce of a thousand plains,  
Nor fears a rival, to divide his gains.

Deep in their beds, as distant to their source  
Here many a river winds its wandering course:  
Proud of her bulky freight, through plains and woods  
Moves the tall ship, majestic, o'er the floods,  
Where *James's* strength the ocean brine repels,  
Or, like a sea, the deep *Potomack* swells:  
Yet here the sailor views with wondering eye  
Impoverish'd fields that near their margins lie,  
Mercantile towns, where languor holds her reign,  
And boors inactive, on the exhausted plain.

\* \* \* \* \*

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## C O N S T A N T I A.

SICK of the world, in prime of days—  
Constantia took a serious fit—  
Resolv'd to shun all balls and plays  
And only read what saints had writ—  
To Convent Hall she would repair  
And be a pensive sister there.

A sailor, loitering from his crew,  
As chance would have it, pass'd along—



She told him what she had in view,  
 And he reply'd—"Fair maid, you're wrong,  
 "Let faded nymphs to cloisters go,  
 "Where kisses freeze and love is snow.

"The Druids' oak and hermits' pine  
 "Afford a gloomy, sad delight;  
 "But why that blush of health resign,  
 "The mingled tint of red and white?  
 "In cloister'd cells the flowers expire  
 "That, on the plain, all eyes admire.

"With such a pensive, pious train  
 "Who, but a hermit, could agree—  
 "Ah, rather stay to grace the plain,  
 "Or wander on the wave with me:  
 "For you the painted barque shall wait  
 "And I would die for such a freight."

No wandering seaman (she replied)  
 Can tempt me to forego my plan;  
 No barque that wafts him o'er the tide,  
 Nor many a better looking man:  
 Go, wanderer, plough your gloomy sea,  
 Constantia must a sister be.

"To gain so fair a flower as you,  
 (The Tar return'd) who would not plead?—  
 Nor shall you, Nymph, to convents go  
 While love can write what you must read:  
 Come, to yon' meadow let us stray,  
 I have some handsome things to say"—

Love has his wish when reason fails—  
 In vain he sigh'd, in vain he strove:  
 "Forfake (said she) those swelling sails  
 If you would have me—think of love:  
 Great merit has your sailing art,  
 But absence would distract my heart,"

What else was said, we secret keep;—  
 The Tar, grown fonder of the shore,  
 Neglects his prospects on the deep,  
 And she of convents talks no more:—  
 He slyly quits the coasting trade;  
 She pities her—that dies a maid!



## MASSACHUSETTS.

HERE, in vast flocks, the fleecy nation strays,  
 Here, endless herds the upland meadow graze,  
 Here, smiling plenty crowns the labourer's pain  
 And blooming beauty weds the industrious swain:  
 Were this thy ALL, what happier state could be!—  
 But Avarice drives the native to the sea,  
 Fictitious wants all thoughts of ease controul,  
 Proud independence sways the aspiring soul,  
 'Midst foreign waves, a stranger to repose,  
 Thro' the moist world the keen adventurer goes;  
 Not India's seas restrain his daring sail,  
 Far to the south he seeks the polar whale:  
 From those vast *banks* where frequent tempests rave,  
 And fogs eternal brood upon the wave,  
 There (furl'd his sail) his daring hold he keeps,  
 Drags from their depths the natives of those deeps;  
 Then to some distant clime explores his way,  
 Bold Avarice spurs him on—he must obey.

Yet, from such aims one great effect we trace  
 That holds in happier bonds this restless race;  
 Like some deep lake, by circling shores compress'd,  
 Man's nature tends to universal rest:  
 Unfed by springs, that find some secret pass  
 To mix their current with the mightier mass,  
 Unmov'd by moons, that some strange impulse guides  
 To lift its waters, and propel its tides,  
 Unvext by winds, that scowl across its waste,  
 Tear up the wave, and discompose its breast,  
 Soon would that lake (a putrid nuisance grown,)  
 Lose all its virtue, prais'd or priz'd by none:  
 Thus, avarice lends new vigour to mankind,  
 Not vainly planted in the intemperate mind;—  
 With her, AMBITION link'd, they proudly drive,  
 Rule all our race, and keep the world alive.

Here first, to quench her once lov'd Freedom's flame,  
 With their proud fleets, Britannia's warriors came;  
 Here, sure to conquer, she began her fires,  
 Here, sent her lords, her admirals, and her squires:—  
 All, all too weak to effect the vast design  
 For which we saw half Europe's arms combine,  
 Uncounted navies rove from main to main,  
 Threats, bribery, treachery—try'd and try'd again;  
 Mandate on mandate, edict, and decree,  
 To rivet fetters, and enslave the free!



Long, long from Boston's hills shall strangers gaze  
 On those vast mounds that magic seem'd to raise;  
 Stupendous piles that hasten'd Britain's flight,  
 Extended hills, the offspring of a night!—  
 In that devoted town they hop'd to stay  
 And, fed by rapine, sleep soft years away:  
 Vain hopes, vain schemes—the unconquer'd spirit rose  
 That still surviv'd thro' all succeeding woes;  
 Imprison'd crowds, in cruel durance held,  
 Disarm'd, restrain'd from honor's earliest field;  
 Imprison'd thousands, worn with poignant grief,  
 Now, half adoring, met their guardian chief,  
 Whose conquering standard bade the foe retreat,  
 Disgrace their portion, and their rout complete!

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## F E D E R A L H A L L.

**W**ITH eager step and wrinkled brow,  
 The busy sons of care  
 (Disgusted with less splendid scenes)  
 To FEDERAL HALL repair.

In order plac'd, they patient wait  
 To seize each word that flies,  
 From what they hear, they sigh or smile,  
 Look cheerful, grave, or wise.

Within these walls the doctrines taught  
 Are of such vast concern,  
 That all the world, with one consent,  
 Here strives to live—and learn.

The timorous heart, that cautious shuns  
 All churches, but its own,  
 No more observes its wonted rules;  
 But ventures here, alone.

Four hours a day each rank alike,  
 (They that can walk or crawl)  
 Leave children, business, shop, and wife,  
 And steer for Federal Hall.

From morning tasks of mending soles  
 The cobbler hastes away;  
 At three returns, and tells to Kate  
 The business of the day.

The debtor, vex'd with early duns,  
 Avoids his hated home;



And here and there dejected roves  
 'Till hours of CONGRESS come.

The barber, at the well-known time  
 Forfakes his bearded man,  
 And leaves him with his lather'd jaws,  
 To trim them—as he can.

The taylor, plagu'd with suits on suits,  
 Neglects Sir Fopling's call,  
 Throws by his goose—slips from his board,  
 And trots to FEDERAL HALL.

## T O M E M M I U S.

WHOE'ER at COURT would hope to cut a dash,  
 He must go loaded with some USEFUL trash,  
 Something, sage DULLNESS, to prolong your reign;  
 All fancy—stuff—all ornament is vain!

Happy the man who plans, by force of steam  
 To drive his boat twelve knots against the stream;  
 Still happier he, who, born to build a bridge,  
 Schemes mighty matters on some river's edge:—  
 Such to the world the noblest light impart,  
 The *first* in genius, and the *first* in art!

Hence, then, ye bards, from our wise court refrain;  
 Wiseacres have forestall'd the present reign:  
 "No empty scribblings we endure at court"  
 (Cries Publius, poring o'er a dull REPORT;)  
 "Nothing but *useful* projects we require,  
 (Cries a new-fangled, self-important 'squire)  
 "Even CHURCHMAN, with his chart, will just but do,  
 "Who to the pole will now all art pursue:  
 "For foreign courts have sail'd our men of song,  
 "And trust me, bards, the Muses went along;  
 "Since that bright morn they slept on board their brig,  
 "No Muses here—no Muses are with pig;  
 "Nor 'till their barque shall heave in sight, once more,  
 "Shall one true Muse grow pregnant on this shore!"

Now, had not wayward Fortune fix'd me fast,  
 Firm to a point, that never shall be pass'd;  
 Did I the smiles of Fortune still pursue,  
 And, Memmius, wish to rise in fame, like you,  
 Were this my scheme, I'd quit at once the sail,  
 And haste to court with compasses and scale,  
 Quit all the *hopes* the finer arts bestow,  
 The flowers of fancy, and—no FRUITS that grow;



Indulge that powerful something in the scull  
 That makes us wealthy while it keeps us dull,  
 To the best place ensures a certain claim,  
 THE ROAD TO FORTUNE, AND THE ROAD TO FAME.

---

## N E V E R S I N K.

**T**HESE HILLS, the pride of all the coast,  
 To mighty distance seen,  
 With aspect bold and rugged brow,  
 That shade the neighbouring main:  
 These heights, for solitude design'd,  
 This rude, resounding shore—  
 These vales impervious to the wind,  
 Tall oaks, that to the tempest bend,  
 Half Druid, I adore.

From distant lands, a thousand sails  
 Your hazy summits greet—  
 You saw the angry Briton come,  
 You saw him, last, retreat!  
 With towering crest, you first appear  
 The news of land to tell;  
 To him that comes, fresh joys impart,  
 To him that goes, a heavy heart,  
 The lover's long farewell.

'Tis your's to see the sailor bold,  
 Of persevering mind,  
 To see him rove in search of care,  
 And leave true bliss behind;  
 To see him spread his flowing sails  
 To trace a tiresome road,  
 By wintry seas and tempests chac'd  
 To see him o'er the ocean haste,  
 A comfortless abode!

Your thousand springs of waters blue  
 What luxury to sip,  
 As from the mountain's breast they flow  
 To moisten Flora's lip!  
 In vast retirements herd the deer,  
 Where forests round them rise,  
 Dark groves, their tops in æther lost,  
 That, haunted still by Huddy's ghost,  
 The trembling rustic flies.



Proud heights! with pain so often seen,  
 ( With joy beheld once more )  
 On your firm base I take my stand,  
 Tenacious of the shore :—  
 Let those who pant for wealth or fame  
 Pursue the watery road ; —  
 Soft sleep and ease, blest days and nights,  
 And health, attend these favourite heights,  
 Retirement's blest abode !

---

T O  
 Z O I L U S,

[A SEVERE CRITIC.]

SIX sheets compos'd, struck off, and dry,  
 The work may please the world (thought I)—  
 If some impell'd by spleen or spite,  
 Refuse to read, then let them write :  
 I too, with them, shall have my turn,  
 And give advice—to tear or burn.

Now from the binder's, hurried home,  
 In neat array my leaves are come :  
 Alas, alas ! is this my all ?  
 The volume is so light and small,  
 That, aim to save it as I can,  
 'Twill fly before Myrtilla's fan.

Why did I no precautions use ?  
 To curb these frolics of the Muse ?  
 Ah ! why did I invoke the nine  
 To aid these humble toils of mine—  
 That now forebode through every page  
 The witling's sneer, the critic's rage.

Did I, for this, so often rise  
 Before the sun illum'd the skies,  
 And near my Hudson's mountain stream  
 Invoke the Muses' morning dream,  
 And scorn the winds that blew so cool !  
 I did—and I was more the fool.

Yet slender tho' the book, and small,  
 And harmless, take it all in all,  
 I see a monstrous wight appear,  
 A quill suspended from his ear ;



Its fate depends on his decree,  
And what he says, must sacred be!

A brute of such terrific mien  
At wild *Sanduski* ne'er was seen,  
And in the dark *Kentucky* groves  
No beast, like this, for plunder roves,  
Nor dwells in Britain's lowering clime  
A reptile, so severe on rhyme.

The monster comes, severe and slow,  
His eyes with arrowy lightnings glow,  
Takes up the book, surveys it o'er,  
Exclaims, "damn'd stuff!"—but says no more:  
The book is *damn'd* by his decree,  
And what he says must gospel be!

But was there nothing to his taste?—  
Was all my work a barren waste—  
Was not one bright idea sown,  
And not one image of my own?—  
Its doom was just, if this be true:  
But *Zorlus* shall be sweated too.

Give me a cane of mighty length,  
A staff proportion'd to my strength,  
Like that, by whose destructive aid  
The man of *Gath* his conquests made;  
Like that, which once on *Etna's* shore  
The shepherd of the mountain bore:

For wit traduc'd at such a rate  
To other worlds I'll send him, straight,  
Where all the past shall nothing seem,  
Or just be imag'd, like a dream;  
Where new vexations are design'd,  
No dull *quietus* for the mind!

Arm'd with a staff of such a size  
Who would not smite this man of lies:  
Here, scribbler, help me! seize that pen  
With which he blasts all rhyming men:  
His goose-quill must not with him go  
To persecute the bards below.—

How vast a change an hour may bring!  
How abject lies this snarling thing!  
No longer wit to him shall bow,  
To him the world is nothing now;  
And all he writ, and all he read  
Is, with himself, in silence laid!



Dead tho' he be—(not sent to rest)  
 No keen remorse torments my breast:  
 Yet, something in me seems to tell  
 I might have let him live, as well;—  
 'Twas his to snarl, and growl, and grin,  
 And life had, else, a burthen been.

---

T O

## SHYLOCK AP-SHENKIN:

[AN ABUSIVE COURT-WRITER.]

WHEN round the barque the howling tempest raves,  
 Toss'd in the conflict of a thousand waves,  
 The lubber landsmen weep, complain, and sigh,  
 And on the pilot's skill, or heaven, rely;  
 Lurk in their holes, astonish'd and aghast,  
 Dreading the moment, that must be their last:  
 The tempest done—their terror also ceases,  
 And up they come, and shew their shameless faces,  
 At once *feel bold*, and tell the pilot, too,  
*He did no more than they themselves could do.*

A Foe to TYRANTS! *one* your heart restores,  
 There is a *tyrant* that your soul adores,  
 And every frothy line too plainly shews  
 Your heart is hostile to that tyrant's foes.

What potent madness urg'd your brain, so dull,  
 With *foreign* wreathes to shade a *barren* scull?  
 So utter darkness union claims with light,  
 So oil and water in one mass unite:  
 No more your rage in pilfer'd stanzas vent,  
 Sneak into prose; *there* be your vengeance spent.  
 A patriot's fame to distant years shall last  
 When Shylock's poems to the ground are cast,  
 Where cold oblivion spreads her sable wings,  
 Lost in the lumber of forgotten things;  
 And none shall ask, nor wish to know, nor care  
 Who writ such trash, or when he liv'd, or where.



T O A N

## A N G R Y Z E A L O T:

[IN ANSWER TO SUNDRY VIRULENT CHARGES.]

**I**F of RELIGION I have made a sport,  
 Then why not cite me to the BISHOP'S COURT?  
 Fair to the world let every page be set,  
 And prove your charge from all I've said and writ:—  
 What if this heart no narrow notions bind,  
 Its pure good-will extends to all mankind:  
 Suppose I ask no portion from your feast,  
 Nor heaven-ward ride behind your parish priest,  
 Because I wear not Shylock's Sunday face  
 Must I, for that, be loaded with disgrace?

The time has been,—the time, I fear, is now,  
 When holy phrenzy would erect her brow,  
 Round some poor wight with painted devils meet,  
 And worse than *Smithfield* blaze through every street;  
 But wholesome laws prevent such horrid scenes,  
 No more afraid of deacons and of deans,  
 In this new world our joyful PSALM we sing  
 THAT EVEN A BISHOP IS A HARMLESS THING!

T O

M Y B O O K.

**U**NHAPPY Volume!—doom'd by fate  
 To meet with unrelenting hate  
 From those who can their venom spit,  
 Yet condescend to steal your wit:  
 While Shylock, with malicious spirit,  
 Allows you not a grain of merit,  
 While he an idle pomp assumes,  
 Let him return his borrowed plumes,  
 And you will find the insect creeping,  
 With not a feather worth the keeping.



T O  
Sir T O B Y,

A SUGAR-PLANTER in the interior parts of JAMAICA.

**I**F there exists a HELL—the case is clear—  
Sir Toby's slaves enjoy that portion here:  
Here are no blazing brimstone lakes—'tis true,  
But kindled RUM full often burns as blue,\*  
In which some fiend (whom NATURE must detest)  
Steeps TOBY's name, and brands poor CUDJOE's breast.

Here, whips on whips excite a thousand fears,  
And mingled howlings vibrate on my ears:  
Here Nature's plagues abound, of all degrees,  
Snakes, scorpions, despots, lizards, centipees—  
No art, no care escapes the busy lash,  
All have their dues, and all are paid in cash:  
The lengthy cart-whip guards this tyrant's reign,  
And cracks like pistols from the fields of CANE.

Ye POWERS that form'd these wretched tribes, relate,  
What had they done, to merit such a fate?  
Why were they brought from EBOE's sultry waste  
To see the plenty which they must not taste—  
Food, which they cannot buy, and dare not steal,  
Yams and potatoes!—many a scanty meal!  
One, with a jibbet wakes his negro's fears,  
One, to the wind-mill nails him by the ears;  
One keeps his slave in dismal dens, unfed,  
One puts the wretch in pickle, ere he's dead;  
'This, from a tree suspends him by the thumbs,  
That, from his table grudges even the crumbs!

O'er yon' rough hills a tribe of females go,  
Each with her gourd, her infant, and her hoe,  
Scorch'd by a sun, that has no mercy here,  
Driven by a devil, that men call Overseer:  
In chains twelve wretches to their labour haste,  
'Twice twelve I see with iron collars grac'd:—  
Are these the joys that flow from vast domains!  
Is wealth thus got, Sir Toby, worth your pains —  
Who would that wealth, on terms like these, possess,  
Where all we see is pregnant with distress;  
ANGOLA's natives scourg'd by hireling hands,  
And toil's hard earnings shipp'd to foreign lands?

Talk not of blossoms and your endless spring —  
No joys, no smiles, such scenes of misery bring!

\* This passage has a reference to the custom of branding the slaves in the islands, as a mark of property.—



Though Nature here has every blessing spread,  
 Poor is the labourer — and how meanly fed!  
 Here, Stygian paintings all their shades renew,  
 Pictures of woe, that VIRGIL's pencil drew:  
 Here, furly Charons make their annual trip,  
 And souls arrive in every Guinea ship  
 To find what hells this western world affords,  
 Plutonian scourges, and Tartarian lords; —  
 Where they who pine, and languish to be free  
 Must climb the tall cliffs of the LIQUANEE,  
 Beyond the clouds in sculking haste repair,  
 And hardly safe from brother butchers there! \*

\* Alluding to the independent Negroes in the Blue-Mountains; who, for a stipulated reward deliver up every fugitive that falls into their hands.

### TO SHYLOCK AP-SHENKIN.

LONG have I fate on this disastrous shore,  
 And, fighting, fought to gain a passage o'er  
 To Europe's courts, where, as our travellers say,  
 Poets may flourish, or—perhaps—they may:  
 But, such abuse has from your coarse pen fell,  
 Perhaps — I may defer my voyage, as well—  
 Why should I far, in search of patrons, roam,  
 And Shylock leave to triumph here, at home?  
 Should Shylock's poems style you all that's base,  
 Abuse your stature, and malign your face,  
 Make you the worst and vilest of your kind,  
 With not one spark of virtue in your mind;  
 Would you to Shylock's rancorous page reply,  
 So fam'd for scandal, and so prone to lie?  
 Still may those bag-pipes of sedition play;  
 (For fools must write, and knaves must have their day!)  
 Still from that page let clamorous bards defame,  
 And madness rage, and malice take her aim;  
 May scribes on scribes in verse and prose combine,  
 And fiend-like Sawney roar through every line;  
 Long may they write, unquestion'd and unhurt,  
 And all their rage discharge, and all their dirt,  
 Night-owls must screech, by heaven's supreme decree,  
 And wolves must howl, or wolves they would not be.  
 From empty froth these scribbling insects rose —  
 What honest man but counts them for his foes?  
 When they are lash'd, may dunce with dunce condole,  
 And bellow nonsense from the tortured soul;  
 When they are dead, and in some dungeon cramm'd  
 (For die they will, and all their works be damn'd)



When they have belch'd their last departing groans,  
 May dogs and doctors barbecue their bones,  
 And, the last horrors of their souls to calm,  
 Shylock, their bard, console them with — a psalm!

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TO a PERSECUTED PHILOSOPHER.

AS ARISTIPPUS once, with weary feet,  
 Pursued his way through polish'd ATHENS' street,  
 Minding no business but his own;  
 Out rush'd a set of whelps  
 With sun-burnt scalps,  
 (Black, red, and brown,)  
 That nipt his heels, and nibbled at his gown:

While, with his staff, he kept them all at bay  
 Some yelp'd aloud, some howl'd in dismal strain,  
 Some wish'd the sage to bark again:—  
 Even little Shylock seem'd to say,  
 "Answer us, sir, in your best way:—  
 "We are, 'tis true, a snarling crew,  
 "But with our jaws have gain'd applause,  
 "And—sir—can worry such as you."

The sage beheld their spite with steady eye,  
 And only stopp'd to make this short reply:  
 "Hark ye, my dogs, I have not learn'd to yelp,  
 Nor waste my breath on every lousy whelp;  
 Much less, to write, or stain my wholesome page  
 In answering puppies—bursting with their rage:  
 Hence to your straw!—such contest I disdain:  
     Learn this, ('tis not amiss)  
     For Men I keep a pen,  
     For dogs, a cane!

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TO

SHYLOCK A P-SHENKIN.

VILE as they are, this title-hunting crew  
 Seem viler still, when they are prais'd by you:  
 By you adorn'd, in yellow robes they shine,  
 Sweat through your verse, and sink in every line,  
 True child of dullness! eldest of her tribe,  
 Whence came the dream, that you was worth a bride?



Ill-fated scribbler, with a clumsy quill,  
 Retract the threat you dare not to fulfil,  
 And round your neck the "*hangman's necklace*" twine,  
 The just reward of thefts so base as thine:  
 Have I from you purloin'd one shred of wit,  
 Or did I imitate one line you writ?  
 Peace to your works! 'twere mean to wrong the *dead*,  
 The clay-cold offspring of a shallow head.  
 Shylock, retire! what madness would it be  
 To point a cannon at a mite like thee:  
 Such noxious vermin, creeping from the shell,  
 By squibs and crackers might be kill'd as well.  
 But, if you must torment the world with rhymes,  
 (Since thou wert sent to scourge us for our crimes)  
 In sleepy odes indulge your smoaky wit  
 (Dull lyrics would your happy genius fit)  
 With your coarse white-wash daub some *godling's* face,  
 Infects in power, as insolent as base:  
 To gain immortal praise I leave you free,  
 Go—scratch and scribble, uncontroul'd by me:  
 Haste to the realms of nonsense and despair—  
 The ghosts of murdered rhymes shall meet you there,  
 Like rattling chains provoke incessant fears,  
 And with eternal jinglings stun your ears.

---

T O

M Y B O O K.

**S**EVEN years are now elaps'd, dear rambling volume,  
 Since, to all knavish wights a foe,  
 I sent you forth to vex and gall 'em,  
 Or drive them to the shades below:  
 With spirit, still, of DEMOCRATIC proof,  
 And still despising Shylock's canker'd hoot:  
 What doom the fates intend, is hard to say,  
 Whether to live to some far-distant day,  
 Or sickening in your prime,  
 In this bard-baiting clime,  
 Take pet, make wings, say prayers, and flit away.

" Virtue, order, and religion,  
 " Haste, and seek some other region;  
 " Your plan is laid, to hunt them down,  
 " Destroy the mitre, rend the gown,  
 " And that vile hag, Philosophy, restore"—  
 Did ever volume plan so much before?



For seven years past, a host of busy foes  
 Have buzz'd about your nose,  
 White, black, and grey, by night and day;  
 Garbling, lying, finging, fighting:  
 These *eastern* gales a cloud of *insects* bring  
 That fluttering, snivelling, whimpering—on the wing—  
 And, wafted still as discord's demon guides,  
 Flock round the flame, that yet shall finge their hides.

Well!—let the fates decree whate'er they please:  
 Whether you're doom'd to drink oblivion's cup,  
 Or *Praise-God Barebones* eats you up,  
 'This I can say, you've spread your wings afar,  
 Hostile to garter, ribbon, crown, and star;  
 Still on the people's, still on Freedom's side,  
 With full determin'd aim, to baffle every claim  
 Of *well-born* wights, that aim to mount and ride.

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T O T H E  
 P U B L I C.

**T**HIS age is so fertile of mighty events,  
 That people complain, with some reason, no doubt,  
 Besides the time lost, and besides the expence,  
 With reading the papers they're fairly worn out:  
 The past is no longer an object of care,  
 The present consumes all the time they can spare.

Thus grumbles the reader, but still he reads on  
 With his pence and his paper unwilling to part:  
 He sees the world passing, men going and gone,  
 Some riding in coaches, and some in a cart:  
 For a peep at the farce a subscription he'll give,—  
 Revolutions must happen, and printers must live:

For a share of your favour we aim with the rest:  
 To enliven the scene we'll exert all our skill,  
 What we have to impart shall be some of the best,  
 And *MULTUM IN PARVO* our text, if you will;  
 Since we never admitted a clause in our creed,  
 That the greatest employment of life is—to read.

The king of the French and the queen of the North  
 At the head of the play, for the season, we find:  
 From the spark that we kindled, a flame has gone forth  
 To astonish the world and enlighten mankind:  
 With a code of new doctrines the universe rings,  
 And *PAINÉ* is addressing strange sermons to kings.



Thus launch'd, as we are, on the ocean of news,  
 In hopes that your pleasure our pains will repay,  
 All honest endeavours the author will use  
 To furnish a feast for the grave and the gay:  
 At least he'll essay such a track to pursue  
 That the world shall approve—and his news shall be true.

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T O A  
 R E P U B L I C A N,

With MR. PAINE'S RIGHTS OF MAN.

**T**HUS briefly sketch'd the sacred Rights of MAN,  
 How inconsistent with the ROYAL PLAN!  
 Which for itself exclusive honour craves,  
 Where some are masters born, and millions slaves.  
 With what contempt must every eye look down  
 On that base, childish bauble call'd a crown,  
 The gilded bait, that lures the crowd, to come,  
 Bow down their necks, and meet a slavish doom;  
 The source of half the miseries men endure,  
 The quack that kills them, while it seems to cure.

Rous'd by the REASON of his manly page,  
 Once more shall PAINE a listening world engage:  
 From Reason's source, a bold reform he brings,  
 In raising up mankind, he pulls down kings,  
 Who, source of discord, patrons of all wrong,  
 On blood and murder have been fed too long:  
 Hid from the world, and tutor'd to be base,  
 The curse, the scourge, the ruin of our race,  
 Their's was the task, a dull designing few,  
 To shackle beings that they scarcely knew,  
 Who made this globe the residence of slaves,  
 And built their thrones on systems form'd by knaves—  
 Advance, bright years, to work their final fall,  
 And haste the period that shall crush them all.

Who, that has read and scann'd the historic page  
 But glows, at every line, with kindling rage,  
 To see by them the rights of men aspers'd,  
 Freedom restrain'd, and Nature's law revers'd,  
 Men, rank'd with beasts, by monarch's will'd away,  
 And bound young fools, or madmen to obey:  
 Now driven to wars, and now oppress'd at home,  
 Compell'd in crowds o'er distant seas to roam,  
 From India's elms the plundered prize to bring  
 To glad the frumpet, or to glut the king.



COLUMBIA, hail! immortal be thy reign:  
 Without a king, we till the smiling plain;  
 Without a king, we trace the unbounded sea,  
 And traffic round the globe, through each degree;  
 Each foreign clime our honour'd flag reveres,  
 Which asks no monarch, to support the STARS;  
 Without a king, the Laws maintain their sway,  
 While honour bids each generous heart obey.  
 Be ours the task the ambitious to restrain,  
 And this great lesson teach — that kings are vain;  
 That warring realms to certain ruin haste,  
 That kings subsist by war, and wars are waste:  
 So shall our nation, form'd on Virtue's plan,  
 Remain the guardian of the Rights of Man,  
 A vast Republic, fam'd through every clime,  
 Without a king, to see the end of time.

---

TO SHYLOCK AP-SHENKIN.

SINCE the day I attempted to print a gazette,  
 This Shylock-Ap Shenkin does nothing but fret:  
 Now preaching and screeching, then nibbling and scribbling,  
 Remarking and barking, and whining and pining,  
 And still in a pet,  
 From morning 'till night, with my humble gazette.

Instead of whole columns our page to abuse,  
 Your readers would rather be treated with News:  
 While wars are a-brewing, and kingdoms undoing,  
 While monarchs are falling, and princesses squalling,  
 While France is reforming, and Irishmen storming —  
 In a glare of such splendour, what folly to fret  
 At so humble a thing as a poet's GAZETTE!

No favours I ask'd from your friends in the EAST:  
 On your wretched soup-meagre I left them to feast;  
 So many base lies you have sent them in print,  
 That scarcely a man at our paper will squint:—  
 And now you begin (with a grunt and a grin,  
 With the bray of an ass, and a visage of brais,  
 With a quill in your hand and a LIE in your mouth)  
 To play the same trick on the men of the SOUTH!

One Printer for CONGRESS (some think) is enough,  
 To flatter, and lie, to palaver, and puff,  
 To preach up in favour of monarchs and titles,  
 And garters, and ribbands, to prey on our vitals!



Who knows but Pomposo will give it in fee,  
 Or make mister Shenkin the Grand Patentee!!!  
 Then take to your scrapers, ye Republican Papers,  
 No rogue shall go snacks — and the News-Paper Tax  
 Shall be puff'd to the skies, as a measure most wise—  
 So, a spaniel, when master is angry, and kicks it,  
 Sneaks up to his shoe, and submissively licks it.

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TO CRACOVIVS PUTRIDUS.\*

THE Sailor, toss'd on stormy seas,  
 Implores his patron-god for ease  
 When Luna hides her paler blaze,  
 And stars, obscurely, dart their rays:

For ease the YANKEE, fierce in war,  
 His stores of vengeance points afar:  
 For ease, the toiling Dutchman sighs,  
 Which gold, nor gems, nor purple buys!

No treasur'd hoards, from India trade,  
 No doctor's, or the lawyer's aid  
 Can ease the tumults of the mind,  
 Or cares to gilded roofs assign'd.

The end of life HE, best, completes  
 Whose board is spread with frugal treats,  
 Whose sleep no fears, no thirst of gain,  
 Beneath his homely shed, restrain.

Why, then, with wasting cares engage,  
 Weak reptiles of so frail an age—  
 Why, thus, to far-off climates run,  
 And lands beneath another sun?

For, though to CHINA's coasts we roam,  
 Ourselves we ne'er can leave at home:  
 Care, swift as deer—as tempests strong,  
 Ascends the prow, and sails along.

The mind that keeps an even state,  
 And all the future leaves to fate,  
 In every ill shall pleasure share,  
 As every pleasure has its care.

Fate early seal'd MONTGOMERY's doom,  
 In youth brave LAURENS found a tomb;

\* Imitated from Horace.



While *Arnold* spends in peace and pride  
The years, that heaven to them denied.

A host of votes are at your call;  
A seat, perhaps, in CONGRESS-HALL;  
And vestments, soak'd in Stygian dye,  
Where'er you go, alarm the eye:

On me, a poor and small domain,  
With something of a poet's vein  
The muse bestow'd—and share of pride  
To spurn a scoundrel from my side.

---

TO MESSIEURS

FUNGUS, FROTH, and C<sup>o</sup>.

ALL ye, that joy in Shylock's rhymes,  
Come, now, and take your fill:  
The muses, in these favour'd climes,  
Join streams, to turn his mill.

Most learnedly he did descant  
In verse as well as prose;  
And words, that for his mouth were meant,  
Came thundering through his nose.

In epic strain, he Dullman's deeds  
Most movingly can tell:  
The muses' train, 'tis said he *leads*  
By sound of *pumpkin* shell.

All ye that joy in Shylock's verse,  
Advance, and take your fill:  
Poems are now no longer scarce—  
*He grinds them in his mill.*



T O M Y  
L O R D S N A K E,  
(A T I T L E - H U N T E R.)

'T IS nonsense (said I) to be wasting my time,  
When Shylock, as well, may amuse them with rhyme,  
Spectators, new poems, and essays sublime:  
His jibes and his jeers, his satires and sneers,  
His tricks, and his fancies are so very fine,  
By the *soul* of *Saint* Patrick, I wish they were mine!

Now, mend me a pen, and I'll shew you some fun:  
'Tis a folly to dance when the music is done;  
Where nothing is ventur'd no laurels are won;  
Tho' Shylock was dead, as the newspaper said,  
It was folly to pay for his funeral bell,  
For here he returns, to insult us, from hell.

*Spectator* he gave us, by way of new lecture,  
But it vanish'd so quick, we are apt to conjecture  
Instead of *Spectator* it should have been *spectre*.  
Its life was a day, and it vanish'd away  
To those horrid retreats that dishonour the ground,  
Where *Settle*, and *Tibbald*, and *Blackmore* are found.

What a splutter he makes with a dash of his quill!  
What a grinding he keeps on his poetry-mill!  
From morning to midnight it never stands still:  
Lord bless us—said I (with a sob and a sigh)  
This poet of poets, imported so late,  
Will kill his dear self for the good of our state!

Ye men of assembly, his *Lectures* attend,  
Your wisest proceedings he knows how to mend,  
He'll give his advice, like a true-hearted friend;  
*Young widows* he'll kill, with a stroke of your *BILL*;  
For the sake of yourselves, let it never be said  
You slighted his counsels for *three-pence* a head.

Now a war with the Spaniards he threatens—O yes!  
Here! beat up to arms and relieve his distress,  
In a month we shall end it, and *who knows but less?*  
By the aid of his song we'll muster so strong  
That Congress shall own their *Remonstrance* is vain,  
And make him their captain to conquer NEW-SPAIN.

never would charge my artillery high  
When there's nothing to vex but the buzz of a fly,  
When monkies and puppies are only to die:



His head and his hand are both at a stand  
 What trash to invent that may drive me away,  
 What satire to write, or what engine to play,

So often attack'd, shall I never reply?  
 Must Shylock forever all satire defy?  
 Away with your comfort, and leave me to fight!  
 The sun's in the west, and I am oppress'd  
 With a creature attempting to blacken my muse  
 Who hardly has genius to blacken my shoes.

But when I reflect that I have for a foe,  
 A shadow departed full twelve days ago,  
 With a letter of licence return'd from below:  
 To his screeches and bawling, and such catterwauling  
 Alas! it were madness in me to reply;  
 And so, *mister* Shylock, I bid you—good b'ye.

A

## MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUE:

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO MY

L O R D S N A K E.

ONE Sabbath-day morning said SHYLOCK to SUE  
 I have thought and have thought that a TITLE will do:  
 Believe me, my dear, it is sweeter than syrup  
 To taste of a *title*, as cook'd up in Europe;  
 "Your ladyship" here and "your ladyship" there,  
 "Sir knight," and "your grace," and "his worship the mayor!"  
 But *here*, we are nothing but *vulgar* all over,  
 And the wife of a *cobler* scarce thinks you above her:  
 What a country is this, where *madam* and *miss*  
 Is the highest address from each vulgar-born cur,  
 And I—even I—am but MISTER and SIR!

Your EQUAL-RIGHT gentry I ne'er could abide  
 That all are born equal, by ME is denied:  
 And *Barlow* and *Paine* shall preach it in vain,  
 Look even at brutes, and you'll see it confess  
 That some are intended to *manage* the rest;  
 Yon' *dog of the manger*, how lately he struts!  
 You may swear him *well-born*, from the size of his guts;  
 Not a better-born whelp ever snapp'd at his foes,  
 All he wants, is a GLASS TO BE STUCK ON HIS NOSE!  
 And then, my dear Sue, between *me* and *you*,

R b



He would look like the gemman whose name I forget,  
Who lives in a castle and never pays debt."—

"My dear (answer'd Susan) 'tis said, in reproach,  
That you climb like a bear when you get in a coach:  
Now, your nobles that spring from the nobles of old,  
Your earls, and your knights, and your barons, so bold,  
From Nature inherit so handsome an air  
They are noblemen born, at first glance we may swear:  
But you, that have cobbled, and I, that have spun,  
'Tis wrong for our noddles on TITLES to run:  
Moreover, you know, that to make a fine show,  
Your people of note, of arms get a coat;  
A *boot* or a *shoe* would but sneakingly do,  
And would certainly prove our nobility NEW."

"No matter (said Shylock) a coach shall be bought:  
Though the low-born may chatter, I care not a groat;  
Around it a group of devices shall shine,  
And mottoes, and emblems—to prove it is mine;  
Fair Liberty's CAP, and a STAR, and a STRAP;  
A DAGGER, that somewhat resembles an AWL,  
A pumpkin-fac'd GODDESS *supporting* a STALL:  
All these shall be there—how people will stare!  
And ENVY herself, that our TITLE would blast  
Shall smile at the motto—THE FIRST SHALL BE LAST."\*

\* Qui primus fuit, nunc ultimus.—Motto on a certain coach.

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T O A  
N O I S Y P O L I T I C I A N.

SINCE *Shylock's* Book has walk'd the circles *here*,  
What numerous blessings to our country flow!  
Whales on our shores have run aground,  
Sturgeons are in our rivers found;  
Nay, ships have on the Delaware fail'd,  
A sight most new!  
Wheat has been sown, harvests have grown,  
And *Shylock* held strange dialogues with *Sue*.

On coaches, now, gay coats of arms are wore  
By *some*, who hardly had a coat before:  
Silk gowns instead of homespun, now, are seen,  
And, sir, 'tis true ('twixt me and you)  
Thas some have grown prodigious fat,  
That were prodigious lean!



T O

## SHYLOCK AP-SHENKIN.

[IN REPLY TO BIG LOOKS AND MENACES.]

**B**ECAUSE some pumpkin-shells and lobster claws,  
 Thrown o'er his garden walls by Crab-tree's duke,  
 Have chanc'd to light within your meagre jaws,  
 (A dose, at which all honest men would puke:)

Because some treasury-luncheons you have gnaw'd,  
 Like rats, that prey upon the public store:  
 Must you, for that, your crude stuff belch abroad,  
 And vomit lies on all that pass your door!

To knavery's tribe my verse still fatal found,  
 Alike to kings and cobblers gives their due:  
 Spruce tho' you be, your heels may drum the ground,  
 And make rare pass-time for the sportive crew.

Why all these hints of menace, dark and sad,  
 What is my crime, that thus Ap-Shenkin raves?  
 No secret-service-money have I had  
 For waging two years' war with fools and knaves.

Abus'd at court, unwelcome to the GREAT—  
 This page of mine no well-born aspect wears:  
 On honest yeomen I repose its fate,  
*Clodhopper's* dollar is as good as theirs.

Why wouldst thou then with ruffian hand destroy  
 A wight, that wastes his ink in Freedom's cause:  
 Who, to the last, his arrows will employ  
 To publish Freedom's rights, and guard her laws!

O thou! that hast a heart so flinty hard  
 Thus oft, too oft, a poet to rebuke,  
 From those that rhyme you ne'er shall meet regard;  
 Of CRAB-TREE's dutchy—you shall be no DUKE.

T O T H E

## G R A N D M U F T I.

**W**HEN Shylock's dull deluded muse  
 In doleful strain her note began,  
 The shepherds boded dismal news,  
 And o'er the plains, affrighted, ran:



*Florinda* would not venture near,  
The music did so pain her ear.

He told the nymphs, in heavy rhyme,  
"That they must shortly quit the plain,  
Seek sweet-hearts in the *heavenly clime*,  
Where *babes of grace* are born again"—  
The nymphs replied, *Dear sir, we long*  
*For something more than Gabriel's song.*

Like him that sleeps in yonder tomb,  
(Whose bones will never make a stir)  
He labours in eternal gloom,  
And is a *dry* philosopher,  
Who gave the best advice he had  
To mend the world—or make it mad.

To him creation was a shade:  
So much his head on tombstones ran,  
That Rosalinda, smiling, said  
He is the sexton's journeyman:—  
Then let him sigh, and sob, and sing,  
His autumn shall not have a spring.

Though every thing look'd blithe and gay,  
And Nature tun'd a cheerful song,  
You would have thought (to hear him play)  
That all the world was going wrong:—  
Thus birds of night bode weather foul,  
Thus nightly sings the blinking owl.

T O

## SHYLOCK AP-SHENKIN.

**I**N shallow caves, with shrill voic'd conchs hung round,  
And pumpkin-shells, responding all they hear,  
A bard, call'd Shylock, catches every sound,  
Governs their tone, pricks up his lengthy ear:  
In putrid ink then dips his pen of lead  
And scribbles down what learn'd Pomposo said.

Bard of the lengthy ode! whose knavish paw  
Ne'er touch'd the helm, besprent with odious pitch!  
'Twas better far, you knew, to practice LAW,  
Whine at the church, or in the court-house screech:  
No soul had you to face the wintry blast,  
Combat the storm, or climb the tottering mast.



Then why so wroth, thou bard of narrow soul,  
 If wavering Fortune bade me seek the brine:  
 I drank no nectar from your leaden bowl,  
 Nor from your poems filch'd a single line:  
 When I do that—then publish from your caves,  
*Who robs a beggar—is the worst of knaves!*

---

T O

## SHYLOCK AP-SHENKIN.

**T**HE sage that took the wrong *scw* by the ears,  
 And independence claim'd for Vermonteers,  
 Who from *twelve* numbers down to *eight* decreas'd,  
 Is now your scribbler, and may serve for priest:  
 To him apply, dear Shylock, in distress,  
 From him ask favours, and to him *confess*;  
 He'll pardon all your sins—aye, more than once,  
 And will forgive you—even for being a dunce.

When first that slave of slaves began to write,  
 Truth curs'd his pen and reason took her flight,  
 Dullness on him her choicest opiates shed,  
 Dooming whatever he writ should ne'er be read:  
 Him on her soil *Hibernia* could not bear,  
 The viper sicken'd in that purer air,  
 Then rush'd abroad, a jesuit in disguise,  
 Borne on the wings of malice, rage, and lies;  
 To this new world a nuisance and a pest,  
 To curse his betters, and abuse the best.

Thou motly mass of insolence and dirt,  
 With all the will, but not the power to hurt,  
 Whose barren soul each grovelling line reveals  
 (Lines only decent where he clips and steals)  
 What charm, what magic can your fall prolong,  
 Or save this victim to the POWER OF SONG!

Bear me, ye winds, to some sequester'd place,  
 Far from the malice of this rhyming race:  
 Remove me far from all the snarling kind,  
 (Dullness with insolence forever join'd)  
 To some retreat of solitude and rest—  
 Nor shall another pang disturb my breast,  
 When, from this page, I give the world to know  
 I had to combat with so base a foe.



T O

## SHYLOCK AP-SHENKIN.

[ON HIS FAREWELL.]

SINCE Ink, thank heaven! is all the blood you spill,  
 Health to the driver of the grey-goose quill:  
 Such war shall leave no widow in despair,  
 Nor curse one orphan with the public care!

'Tis the worst wound the heart of man can feel  
 Thus to be wounded by an ass's heel:  
 With generous satire give me all my due,  
 Nay give me more—and call me scoundrel too—  
 Make me as black as night's remotest gloom,  
 But still to genius let me owe my doom;  
 By Jove's red lightnings 'tis no shame to bleed,  
 But by a grovelling swine—is death indeed!

Now, by the laurels of your lousy crew,  
 I felt no shame 'till I engag'd with you:  
 But such an odour scented from your song  
 I stopt my nose, and quickly pass'd along,  
 Blush'd for the wretch that could such filth display,  
 His maw disgorging in the public way.

Arm'd as I stand, unusual tumults rise,  
 And all my soul comes swelling through my eyes,  
 To think, that in the skirmish of a day  
 This bard must perish and his fame decay:  
 So quick retire to black oblivion's clime,  
 Turn'd, chac'd, and routed by the power of rhyme!

I wish'd him still unhandled and unhurt,  
 I wish'd no evils to this man of dirt;  
 I thought to leave him sweltering in his den,  
 Not with such rotten trash to stain my pen:  
 But his base labours wrought his utter woe,  
 And his own efforts, now, shall lay him low:  
 Before his eyes the sexton's spade appears,  
 And bells unceasing jingle in his ears;  
 Already is his span of being fled,  
 Sense, wit, and reason, all, proclaim him DEAD;  
 In his own lines he toll'd his funeral knell,  
 And wher he could not sing—he stunk FAREWELL!



T O  
M I S F O R T U N E.

**D**IRE Goddess of the haggard brow,  
Misfortune ! at that shrine I bow  
Where forms uncouth pourtray thee still,  
A leaky ship, a doctor's bill :

A poem damn'd, a beggar's prayer,  
The critic's growl, the pedant's sneer,  
The urgent dun, the law severe,  
A smoky house, rejected love,  
And friends that all but friendly prove.

Foe to the pride of scheming man  
Whose frown controuls the wisest plan,  
To your decree we still submit  
Our views of gain, our works of wit.

Untaught by you the feeble mind  
A dull repose, indeed, might find :  
But life, unvext by such controul,  
Can breed no vigour in the soul.

The calm that smooths the summer seas  
May suit the man of sloth and ease :  
But skies that fret and storms that rave  
Are the best schools to make us brave.

On *Heckla's* heights who hopes to see  
The blooming grove, the orange tree  
Awhile on hope may fondly lean  
'Till sad experience blots the scene.

If Nature acts on Reason's plan,  
And Reason be the guide of man ;  
Why should he paint fine prospects there,  
Then sigh, to find them disappear ?

For ruin'd states or trade perplext  
'Tis almost folly to be vext :  
The world at last will have its way  
And we its torrent must obey.

On other shores a happier guest  
The mind must fix her heaven of rest,  
Where better men and better climes  
Shall soothe the cares of future times.



## SHADRACH and POMPOSO:

## A T A L E.

AS at his country house Pomposo sat,  
 Volumes on volumes round him pil'd,  
 STEPHEN BO-ETIUS, and the lord knows what,  
 (Enough to make a man look wild)  
 A wight approach'd his door with ink and pen,  
 One of your fly designing men  
 TITLES, to whom, and wealth are every thing,  
 Subject of all their dreams, of every deed the spring.

Pomposo look'd, with insolent disdain,  
 With puff'd-up face and transatlantic grin,  
 And wondered what the stranger-man could mean,  
 Whether he thought some *twenty-pence* to win,  
 Or, like some fool, he only came to stare;  
 (For well he knew that none but fools came there,  
 That fondly hop'd by sneaking arts to rise,  
 Dunces of every rank, puppies of every size.)

What want you, friend? (Pomposo loudly cry'd)  
 What is your errand? tell me "whence you sprung"—  
 Are you WELL-BORN?—if so come to my side,  
 If not—keep off, thou simple man of dung!  
 No *vulgar* creatures shall my door disgrace,  
 I'll have you know I am of SHENKIN's race!

The man, rebuff'd, stept back a yard, or so,  
 And gave the porter something neatly penn'd,  
 Then, softly, bade him to Pomposo go,  
 Present the book, and say, *he was his friend,*  
*A man that much had writ, and much had read,*  
*And had some noble notions in his head.*

Now, reader, not to keep you in the dark,  
 This book was written in *Pomposo's* praise  
 Lauding him high beyond the common mark,  
 By far the "greatest man" of modern days;  
 One who had penn'd a hundred books  
 [Sold long ago to pastry-cooks;]  
 Had written, too, a dull *Defence*,  
 Contriv'd at *Machiavel's* expence,  
 In which, so much on *Balances* was said,  
 That FREEDOM'S SELF, we thought, was to be weigh'd,  
 And so d—to bless the COURTIER's trade!—  
 In short, the flattery was laid on so thick  
 It would have made even *Indian Harry* sick.—



" GILLUM!—(said he) who's this that WRITES SO WELL!  
 " That so sublimely praises our *Defence*!!!  
 " Some handsome things have from his goose-quill fell,  
 " He is, no doubt, a fellow of good sense;  
 " Reward, from us, such REAL MERITS claim—  
 " Go, porter, go, and quickly bring his name;  
 " We'll give him something, if he'll venture near,  
 " A *quarter dollar*—or a *quart of beer*!"

" *Nay*"—says the wight—(approaching with a smile)  
 " Your honour's slave expects some better boon;  
 " Something at least that may appear in style,  
 " Something to put my squeaking pipes in tune:  
 " Such panegyric claims a *nobler* fate;  
 " Come, let me wriggle into something great."—

" Have you a Printing-press?"—(Pomposo cry'd),  
*I have not now*—the gaping wight reply'd—  
*But if you'll promise work, I can with ease,*  
*Provide a press, and play what tune you please.*

" Here! GILLUM—take this key"—(Pomposo said—)  
 " You'll find, among my manuscripts are laid  
 TEN VOLUMES of enchanting stuff,  
 Comments on Davi—La! sure that's enough!—  
 Take these—and when you've worried through the task,  
 TEN MORE are at your service—if you ask!"

## S T A N Z A S

Occasioned by Lord BELLAMONT's, Lady HAY's, and other  
*Skeletons*, being dug up in *Fort George* (N. Y.) 1790..

TO sleep in peace when life is fled  
 Where shall our mouldering bones be laid—  
 What care can shun—(I ask with tears)  
 The shovels of succeeding years!

Some have maintain'd, when life is gone  
 This frame no longer is our own:  
 Hence doctors to our tombs repair  
 And seize death's slumbering victims there.

Alas! what griefs must MAN endure!  
 Not even in FORTS he rests secure:—  
 'Time dims the splendours of a crown,  
 And brings the loftiest rampart down.



The breath, once gone, no art recalls !  
 Away we haste to vaulted walls :  
 Some future whim inverts the plain,  
 And stars behold our bones again.

Those teeth, dear girls—so much your care—  
 (With which no ivory can compare)  
 Like *these* (that once were lady HAY's)  
 May serve the belles of future days.

Then take advice from yonder scull ;  
 And, when the flames of life grow dull,  
 Leave not a roorn in either jaw,  
 Since dentists steal—and fear no law.

He, that would court a sound repose,  
 To barren hills and deserts goes :  
 Where busy hands admit no fun,  
 Where he may doze, 'till all is done.

Yet there, even there tho' flyly laid,  
 'Tis folly to defy the spade :  
 Posterity invades the hill,  
 And plants our relics where she will.

But O! forbear the rising sigh !  
 All care is past with them that die :  
 Jove gave, when they to fate resign'd,  
 An opiate of the strongest kind :

Death is a sleep, that has no dreams :  
 In which all time a moment seems—  
 And skeletons perceive no pain  
 'Till Nature bids them wake again.

## L I N E S

Occasioned by a Law passed by the Corporation of New-York  
 in 1790, for cutting down the trees in the streets of that city,  
 previous to June 10, 1791.

### THE LANDLORD'S SOLILOQUY.

**A** MAN that own'd some trees in town,  
 (And much averse to cut them down)  
 Finding the *Law* was full and plain  
 No trees should in the streets remain,  
 One evening seated at his door,  
 Thus gravely talk'd the matter o'er:



“ The fatal DAY, dear trees, draws nigh,  
When you must, like your betters, die,  
Must die!—and every leaf shall fade  
That many a season lent its shade,  
To drive from hence the summer's heat,  
And make my porch a favourite seat.

“ Thrice happy age, when all was new  
And trees untouch'd, unenvied grew,  
When yet regardless of the axe,  
They fear'd no law, and paid no tax!  
The shepherd then at ease was laid,  
Or walk'd beneath their cooling shade;  
From slender twigs a garland wove,  
Or trac'd his god within the grove;  
Alas! those times are now forgot,  
An iron age is all our lot:  
Men are not now what once they were,  
To hoard up gold is all their care:  
The busy tribe old Plutus calls  
To pebbled streets and painted walls;  
Trees now to grow, is held a crime,  
And THESE must perish in their prime!

“ The trees that once our fathers rear'd,  
And even the plundering Briton spar'd,  
When shivering here full oft he stood,  
Or kept his bed for want of wood—  
These trees, whose gently bending boughs  
Have witness'd many a lover's vows,  
When half afraid, and half in jest,  
With Nature busy in his breast,  
With many a sigh, bestow'd in vain,  
Beneath these boughs he told his pain,  
Or coaxing here his nymph by night  
Forsook the parlour and the light,  
In talking love, his greatest bliss  
To squeeze her hand or steal a kiss—  
These trees that thus have lent their shade  
And many a happy couple made,  
These old companions, thus endear'd,  
Who never tattled what they heard,  
Must these, indeed, be kill'd so soon—  
Be murder'd by the tenth of June!

“ But if my harmless trees must fall,  
A fortune that awaits us all,  
(All, all must yield to Nature's stroke,  
And now a man, and now an oak)  
Are *those* that round the churches grow  
In this decree included too?



Must these, like common trees, be bled?  
 Is it a crime to shade the dead?  
 Review the *law*, I pray, at least,  
 And have some mercy on the priest  
 Who every Sunday sweats in black  
 To make us steer the skyward track:  
 The church has lost enough, God knows,  
 Plunder'd alike by friends and foes—  
 I hate such mean attempts as these—  
 Come—let the parson keep his trees!

“ Yet things, perhaps, are not so bad—  
 Perhaps, a *respite* may be had:  
 The vilest rogues that cut our throats,  
 Or knaves that counterfeit our *notes*,  
 When, by the judge their sentence pass'd,  
 The gallows proves their doom at last,  
 Villains and pests of every kind,  
 For weeks and months a *respite* find;  
 And shall such nuisances as they  
 Who make all honest men their prey—  
 Shall they for months avoid their doom,  
 And you, my trees, in all your bloom,  
 Who never injur'd small or great  
 Be murder'd at so short a date!

“ Ye men of law, the occasion seize  
 And name a counsel for the trees—  
 Arrest of judgment, sirs, I pray;  
 Excuse them till some future day:  
 These trees that such a nuisance are  
 Next NEW-YEAR we can better spare,  
 To warm our shins, or boil the pot—  
 The LAW, *by then*, will be forgot.”

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ON THE  
 DEMOLITION of FORT GEORGE,

IN NEW-YORK—(1790.)

AS giants once, in hopes to rise,  
 Heap'd up their mountains to the skies;  
 With Pelion pil'd on Ossa, strove  
 To reach the immortal throne of Jove;

So here the hands of ancient days  
 Their fortress from the earth did raise,



On whose proud heights, proud men to please,  
They mounted guns and planted trees.

Those trees to lofty stature grown—  
All is not right!—they must come down,  
Nor longer waste their wonted shade  
Where *Golden* slept, or *Tryon* stray'd.

Let *him* be sad that plac'd them there,—  
We shall a youthful race prepare;  
Another grove shall bloom, we trust,  
When this lies prostrate in the dust.

Where Dutchmen once, in ages past,  
Huge walls and ramparts round them cast,  
New fabrics rais'd, on new design,  
Gay *streets* and *palaces* shall shine.

To foreign kings no more a slave  
(Disgrace to Freedom's passing wave)  
No flags we rear, we feign no mirth,  
Nor prize the day that gave them birth.

While time degrades *Palmyra* low,  
*Augusta* lifts her lofty brow—  
While Europe falls to wars a prey,  
Her monarchs *here*, can boast no sway

Another *GEORGE* shall here reside,  
While *Hudson's* bold, unfetter'd tide  
Well pleas'd to see this chief so nigh,  
With livelier aspect passes by.

Along his margin, fresh and clean,  
Ere long shall belles and beaus be seen,  
Through moon-light shades, delighted, stray,  
To view the islands and the bay.

Of evening dews no more afraid,  
Reclining in some favorite shade,  
Each nymph, in rapture with her trees,  
Shall sigh to quit the western breeze.

To barren hills far southward shov'd,  
These noisy guns shall be remov'd,  
No longer here a vain expense,  
Where time has prov'd them no defence.—

Advance, bright days! make haste to crown  
With such fair scenes this honor'd town.—  
Freedom shall find her charter clear,  
And plant her seat of Commerce *here*.



N A N N Y,

The PHILADELPHIA HOUSE-KEEPER, to NABBY,  
her friend in New-York.

SIX WEEKS my dear mistress has been in a fret  
And nothing but CONGRESS will do for her yet:  
She says they must come, or her senses she'll lose,  
From morning till night she is reading the news,  
And loves the dear fellows that vote for *our town*  
(Since no one can relish New-York but a clown,  
Where your beef is as lean, as if fatten'd on chaff,  
And folks are too haughty to worship—a CALF)  
She tells us as how she has read in her books  
That God gives them meat, but the devil sends cooks;  
And *Grumbleton* told us (who often shoots flying)  
That fish you have plenty—but spoil them in frying;  
That your streets are as crooked, as crooked can be,  
Right forward three perches he never could see  
But his view was cut short with a house or a shop,  
That stood in his way—and oblig'd him to stop.

Those Speakers that wish for New-York to decide,—  
'Tis a pity that talents are so misapplied!  
My mistress declares she is vex'd to the heart  
That genius should take such a pitiful part:  
For *the question*, indeed, she is daily distressed,  
And GERRY, I think, she will ever detest,  
Who did all he could, with his tongue and his pen  
To keep the dear Congress shut up in your DEN.

She insists, the expence of removing is small,  
And that *two or three thousands* will answer it all,  
If that is too much, and we're so very poor—  
The passage by water is cheaper, be sure;  
If people object the expence of a team,  
Here's *Fitch* with his wherry, will bring them *by steam*;  
And, Nabby!—if once he should take them on board,  
The HONOUR will be a sufficient reward.

But, as to myself, I vow and declare  
I wish it would suit them to stay where they are;  
I plainly foresee, that if once they remove  
Throughout the long day we shall drive, and be drove,  
My madam's red rag will ring like a bell,  
And the hall and the parlour will never look well;  
Such scowering will be as has never been seen,  
We shall always be cleaning, and never be clean,  
And threats in abundance will work on my fears  
Of blows on the back and of cuffs on the ears—

\* Occasioned by the intended removal of the Supreme Legislature of the United States from New-York to Philadelphia—a measure much agitated at the time the above was written—1790.



Two trifles, at present, discourage her paw,  
 The fear of the Lord, and the fear of the law—  
 But if *Congress* arrive, she will have such a sway  
 That gospel and law will be both done away ;—  
 For the sake of a place I must bear all her din,  
 And if ever so angry, do nothing but grin ;  
 So *Congress*, I hope in your town will remain  
 And Nanny will thank them again and again.

N A B B Y,

The NEW-YORK House Keeper, to NANNY,  
 her friend in PHILADELPHIA.

WELL, Nanny, I am sorry to find, since you writ us  
 The Congress at last has determin'd to quit us ;  
 You now may begin with your brushes and brooms  
 To be scowering your knockers and scrubbing your rooms ;  
 As for us, my dear Nanny, we're much in a pet,  
 And hundreds of houses will be to be let ;  
 Our streets, that were just in a way to look clever,  
 Will now be neglected and nasty as ever ;  
 Again we must fret at the Dutchify'd gutters  
 And pebble-stone pavements, that wear out our trotters.—  
 My master looks dull, and his spirits are sinking,  
 From morning till night he is smoking and thinking,  
 Laments the expence of destroying the fort,  
 And says, your great people are all of a sort—  
 He hopes and he prays they may die in a stall  
 If they leave us in debt—for FEDERAL HALL—  
 And STRAP has declar'd, he has such regards,  
 He will go, if they go, *for the sake of their beards*.  
 Miss Letty, poor lady, is so in the pouts,  
 She values no longer our dances and routes,  
 And sits in a corner, dejected and pale  
 As dull as a cat, and as lean as a rail!—  
 Poor thing, I am certain she's in a decay,  
 And all—because Congress *Resolve*—not to stay!—  
 This Congress *unsettled* is, sure, a sad thing,  
 Seven years, my dear Nanny, they've been on the wing ;  
 My master would rather saw timber, or dig,  
 Then see them removing to Conegocheague,  
 Where the houles and kitchens are yet to be fram'd,  
 The trees to be fell'd, and the streets to be nam'd ;  
 Of the two, we had rather your town should receive 'em—  
 So here, my dear Nanny, in haste I must leave 'em,  
 I'm a dunce at inditing—and as I'm a sinner,  
 The beef is half raw—and the bell rings for dinner !



ON A  
LEGISLATIVE ACT,

Prohibiting the use of Spirituous Liquors to PRISONERS  
in certain jails of the United States.—

**G**IVE to the wretched, drink that's strong,  
(Said David's Son) but we, more wise,  
With *Cyder*, from the hoghead, rough,  
*Molasses-Beer*, and such dull stuff,  
The miseries of the imprison'd host prolong.

“ Shut up in jail from day to day  
(Methinks I hear a Debtor say)  
“ Victims to public rage and private spite,  
“ All that we had to keep our spirits up  
“ Was glowing wine that fill'd the cheering cup,  
“ This banish'd care, and check'd the rising sigh  
“ Chac'd grief from every heart, gave joy to every eye.

“ And will ye not this only comfort leave,  
“ Ye men that frame the public laws?—  
“ Parted from children, friends, and wives,  
“ How heavily the moments roll;  
“ What comfort have we of our lives  
“ If you deny this cordial of the soul?  
“ 'Tis this that kills the tedious hour,  
“ Puts misery out of fortune's power,  
“ 'Tis this that to the dial's hand lends wings,  
“ Gives to the beggar all the pride of kings,  
“ Sheds joy throughout our gloomy cage  
“ And bids us scorn the little tyrant's rage.

“ They that are unconfin'd drink what they will—  
“ Who gave the right to limit men in jail?  
“ Because misfortune sent us here  
“ Must we for that be drench'd with “ *table beer*,”  
“ Or, in its stead, with Adam's ale?—  
“ Relent—relent! contrive some other plan;  
“ Wine is the dearest, choicest friend of man—  
“ They that are *out* of jail, of all degrees,  
“ Can spend their leisure as they please,  
“ We, that are *in*, must pass it as we can.”



## ON THE DEATH OF DOCTOR

## BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

**T**HUS, some tall tree that long hath stood  
The glory of its native wood,  
By storms destroy'd, or length of years,  
Demands the tribute of our tears.

The pile, that took long time to raise,  
To dust returns by slow decays:  
But, when its destin'd years are o'er,  
We must regret the loss the more.

So long accusom'd to your aid,  
The world laments your exit made;  
So long befriended by your art,  
Philosopher, 'tis hard to part!—

When monarchs tumble to the ground  
Successors easily are found:  
But, matchless FRANKLIN! what a few  
Can hope to rival such as you,  
Who seiz'd from kings their sceptred pride,  
And turn'd the lightning's darts aside!\*

*\* Eripuit caelo fulmen, regibus sceptrum!*

---

E P I S T L E

From Dr. FRANKLIN (deceased) to his poetical Panegyrists.

**"D**EAR Poets, why so full of pain,  
Why so much grief for Doctor BEN?  
Love for your tribe I never had,  
Nor wrote three stanzas, good or bad,

At funerals, sometimes, grief appears,  
Where legacies have purchas'd tears:  
'Tis nonsense to be sad for nought,  
From me you never gain'd a groat.

To better trades I turn'd my views,  
And never meddled with the muse;  
Great things I did for rising States,  
And kept the lightning from some pates:

This grand discovery, you adore it,  
But ne'er will be the better for it.



You still are subject to those fires,  
For poets' houses have no spires.

Philosophers are fam'd for pride;  
But, pray, be modest—when I died  
No “fighs disturb'd old ocean's bed”  
No “Nature wept” for Franklin dead!

That day, on which I left the coast,  
A beggar-man was also lost:  
If “Nature wept,” you must agree  
She wept for *him*—as well as *me*.

There's reason even in telling lies—  
In such profusion of her “fighs”  
She was too sparing of a tear—  
In Carolina, all was clear:

And, if there fell some snow and fleet,  
Why must it be my winding sheet?  
Snows long have cloath'd the wintry plain,  
Have melted, and will melt again.

Poets, I pray you, go to school—  
Dame Nature is not quite a fool;  
When to the dust great men she brings,  
MAKE HER DO—SOME UNCOMMON THINGS.”

T H E  
B E R G E N P L A N T E R.

**A**TTACH'D to lands that ne'er deceiv'd his hopes,  
This rustic sees the seasons come and go,  
His autumn's toils return'd in summer's crops,  
While limpid streams, to cool his herbage, flow;  
And, if some cares intrude upon his mind,  
They are such cares as heaven for man design'd.

He to no pompous dome comes, cap in hand,  
Where new-made 'squires affect the courtly smile:  
Nor where Pomposo, 'midst his foreign band  
Extols the sway of kings, in swelling style,  
With tongue that babbled when it should have hush'd,  
A head that never thought—a face that never blush'd.

He on no party hangs his hopes or fears,  
Nor seeks the vote that baseness must procure;  
No stall-fed *Mammon*, for his gold, revere,  
No splendid offers from his chests allure.



While showers descend, and suns their beams display,  
The same, to him, if Congress go or stay.

He at no levees watches for a glance,  
(Slave to disgusting, distant forms and modes)  
Heeds not the herd at Bufo's midnight dance,  
Dullman's mean rhymes, or Shylock's birth-day odes:  
Follies, like these, he deems beneath his care,  
And TITLES leaves for simpletons to wear.

Where wandering brooks from mountain sources roll,  
He seeks at noon the waters of the shade,  
Drinks deep, and fears no poison in the bowl  
That Nature for her happiest children made:  
And from whose clear and gently-passing wave  
All drink alike—the master and the slave.

The scheming statesman shuns his homely door,  
Who, on the miseries of his country fed,  
Ne'er glanc'd his eye from that base pilfer'd store  
To view the sword, suspended by a thread—  
Nor that "hand-writing," grav'd upon the wall,  
That tells him—but in vain—"the sword must fall."

He ne'er was made a holiday machine,  
Wheel'd here and there by 'squires in livery clad,  
Nor dreads the sons of legislation keen,  
Hard-hearted laws, and penalties most sad—  
In humble hope his little fields were sown,  
A trifle, in your eye—but all his own.

ON THE  
DEPARTURE  
OF THE  
GRAND SANHEDRIM.

FROM HUDSON'S banks, in proud array,  
(Too mean to claim a longer stay)  
Their new ideas to improve,  
Behold the great SANHEDRIM move!

Such thankless conduct much we fear'd  
When Timon's coach stood ready geer'd,  
And He—the foremost on the floor,  
Sat, pointing to the Delaware shore.



So long confin'd to little things,  
 They now shall go where Bavius sings,  
 Where Sporus builds his splendid pile,  
 And Bufo's tawdry Seasons smile.

New chaplains, now, shall ope their jaws,  
 New salaries grease unworthy paws:  
 Some reverend man, that turtle carves,  
 Shall fatten, while the soldier starves.

"The YORKER asks — but asks in vain —  
 "What demon bids them 'move again?  
 "Whoever 'moves must suffer loss,  
 "And rolling stones collect no moss.

"Have we not paid for chaplains' prayers  
 "That heaven might smile on state-affairs —  
 "Put some things up, pull'd others down,  
 "And rais'd our streets through half the town?

"Have we not, to our utmost, strove  
 "That Congress might not hence remove —  
 "At dull debates no silence broke,  
 "And walk'd on tip-toe while they spoke?

"Have we not toil'd through cold and heat  
 "To make the FEDERAL PILE complete —  
 "Thrown down our FORT, to give them air,  
 "And sent our guns, the lord knows where?

"Times change! but Memory still recalls  
 "The DAY, when ruffians scal'd their walls —  
 "Sovereigns besieg'd by fighting men,  
 "Mere prisoners in the town of PENN?

"Can they forget when, half afraid,  
 "The timorous COUNCIL lent no aid;  
 "But left them to the rogues that rob,  
 "The tender mercies of the mob?

"Oh! if they can, their lot is cast;  
 "One hundred miles will soon be pass'd —  
 "THIS DAY the FEDERAL DOME is clear'd,  
 "To Paulus'-Hook the barge is steer'd  
 "Where Timon's coach stands ready geer'd!"

[1790.]



THE  
COUNTRY PRINTER.

## I.

[DESCRIPTION of his VILLAGE.]

BESIDE a stream, that never yet ran dry,  
There stands a Town, not high advanced in fame;  
Tho' few its buildings rais'd to please the eye,  
Still this proud title it may fairly claim;  
A *Tavern* (its first requisite) is there,  
A mill, a black-smith's shop, a place of prayer.

Nay, more—a little market-house is seen  
And iron hooks, where beef was never hung,  
Nor pork, nor bacon, poultry fat or lean,  
Pig's head, or sausage link, or bullock's tongue;  
Look when you will, you see the vacant bench  
No butcher seated there, no country wench.

Great aims were his, who first contriv'd this town;  
A market he would have—but, humbled now,  
Sighing, we see its fabric mouldering down,  
That only serves, at night, to pen the cow:  
And hence, by way of jest, it may be said  
That beef is there, tho' never beef that's dead.

Abreast the inn—a tree before the door,  
A Printing-Office lifts its humble head  
Where busy *Type* old journals doth explore  
For news that is thro' all the village read;  
Who, year from year, (so cruel is his lot)  
Is author, pressman, devil—and what not?

Fame says he is an odd and curious wight,  
Fond to distraction of this native place;  
In sense, not very dull nor very bright,  
Yet shews some marks of humour in his face,  
One who can pen an anecdote, complete,  
Or plague the parson with the mackled sheet.

Three times a week, by nimble geldings drawn  
A stage arrives; but scarcely deigns to stop,  
Unless the driver, far in liquor gone,  
Has made some business for the black-smith-shop;  
Then comes this printer's harvest-time of news,  
Welcome alike from Christians, Turks, or Jews.



Each passenger he eyes with curious glance,  
 And, if his phiz be mark'd of courteous kind,  
 To conversation, straight, he makes advance,  
 Hoping, from thence, some paragraph to find,  
 Some odd adventure, something new and rare,  
 To set the town a-gape, and make it stare.

## II.

ALL is not *Truth* ('tis said) that travellers tell—  
 So much the better for this man of news;  
 For hence the country round, that know him well,  
 Will, if he prints some lies, his lies excuse,  
 Earthquakes, and battles, shipwrecks, myriads slain—  
 If false or true—alike to him are gain.

But if this motley tribe say nothing new,  
 Then many a lazy, longing look is cast  
 To watch the weary post-boy travelling through,  
 On horse's rump his budget buckled fast;  
 With letters, safe in leathern prison pent,  
 And, wet from press, full many a packet sent.

Not Argus with his fifty pair of eyes  
 Look'd sharper for his prey than honest TYPE  
 Explores each package, of alluring size,  
 Prepar'd to seize them with a nimble gripe,  
 Did not the post-boy watch his goods, and swear  
 That village TYPE shall only have his share.

Ask you what *matter* fills his various page?  
 A mere *farrago* 'tis, of mingled things;  
 Whate'er is done on madam TERRA's stage  
 He to the knowledge of his townsmen brings:  
 One while, he tells of monarchs run away;  
 And now, of witches drown'd in Buzzard's bay.

Some miracles he makes, and some he steals;  
 Half Nature's works are giants in his eyes:  
 Much, very much, in wonderment he deals,—  
 New-Hampshire apples grown to pumpkin size,  
 Pumpkins almost as large as country inns,  
 And ladies bearing, each,—three lovely twins.

He, births and deaths with cold indifference views;  
 A paragraph from him is all they claim:  
 And here the rural squire, amongst the news  
 Sees the fair record of some lordling's fame;  
 All that was good, minutely brought to light,  
 All that was ill,—conceal'd from vulgar sight!



### III. THE OFFICE.

SOURCE of the wisdom of the country round !  
Again I turn to that poor lonely shed  
Where many an author all his fame has found,  
And wretched *proofs* by candle-light are read,  
Inverted letters, left the page to grace,  
Colons derang'd, and *commas* out of place.

Beneath this roof the Muses chose their home ;—  
Sad was their choice, less bookish ladies say.  
Since from the blessed bower they deign'd to come  
One single cob-web was not brush'd away —  
Fate early had pronounc'd this building's doom,  
Ne'er to be vex'd with boonder, brush, or broom.

Here, full in view, the ink-bespangled press  
Gives to the world its children, with a groan,  
Some born to live a month—a day—some less;  
Some, why they live at all, not clearly known,  
*All that are born must die*—TYPE well knows that—  
The *Almanack's* his longest-living brat.

Here lie the types, in curious order rang'd  
Ready alike to imprint your prose or verse ;  
Ready to speak [their order only chang'd]  
Creek-Indian lingo, Dutch, or Highland erse ;  
These types have printed Erskine's *Gospel Treat*,  
Tom Dufsey's songs, and Bunyan's works, complete.

But faded are their charms—their beauty fled !  
No more their work your nicer eyes admire ;  
Hence, from this press no *courtly* stuff is read ;  
But almanacks, and ballads for the Squire,  
Dull paragraphs, in homely language dress'd,  
The pedlar's bill, and sermons by request.

Here, doom'd the fortune of the press to try,  
From year to year poor TYPE his trade pursues—  
With anxious care and circumspective eye  
He dresses out his little sheet of news ;  
Now laughing at the world, now looking grave,  
At once the Muse's midwife—and her slave.

In by-past years, perplext with vast designs,  
In cities fair he strove to gain a seat ;  
But, wandering to a wood of many pines,  
In solitude he found his best retreat,  
When sick of towns, and sorrowful at heart,  
He to those deserts brought his favorite art.



## IV.

THOU, who art plac'd in some more favour'd spot,  
Where spires ascend, and ships from every clime  
Discharge their freights—despise not thou the lot  
Of humble TYPE, who here has pass'd his prime;  
At *case* and *press* has labour'd many a day,  
But now, in years, is verging to decay

He, in his time, the patriot of his town,  
With press and pen attack'd the royal side,  
Did what he could to pull their Lion down,  
Clipp'd at his beard, and twitch'd his *sacred* hide,  
Mimick'd his roarings, trod upon his toes,  
Pelted young *whelps*, and tweak'd the old one's nose.

Rous'd by his page, at church or court-house read,  
From depths of woods the willing rustics ran,  
Now by a priest, and now some deacon led  
With clubs and spits to guard the rights of man;  
Lads from the spade, the pick-ax, or the plough  
Marching afar, to fight *Burgoyne* or *Howe*.

Where are they now?—the Village asks with grief,  
What were their toils, their conquests, or their gains?—  
Perhaps, they near some State-House beg relief,  
Perhaps, they sleep on *Saratoga's* plains;  
Doom'd not to live, their country to reproach  
For seven-years' pay transferr'd to Mammon's coach.

Ye *Guardians* of your country and her laws!  
Since to the pen and press so much we owe  
Still bid them favour freedom's sacred cause,  
From this pure source, let streams unsullied flow;  
Hence, a new order grows on reason's plan,  
And turns the fierce barbarian into—man.

Child of the earth, of rude materials fram'd,  
Man, always found a tyrant or a slave,  
Fond to be honour'd, valued, rich, or fam'd  
Roves o'er the earth, and subjugates the wave:  
Despots and kings this restless race may share,—  
But knowledge only makes them worth *your* care!



## SEVENTEEN HUNDRED NINETY ONE.

GREAT things have pass'd the last revolving year;  
 France on a curious jaunt has seen her king go,—  
 Hush'd are the growlings of the Russian bear,  
 REBELLION has broke loose in St. Domingo—  
 Sorry we are that Pompeys, Cæsars, Catos  
 Are mostly found with Negroes and Mulattoes.

Discord, we think, must always be the lot  
 Of this poor world——nor is that discord vain,  
 Since, if these feuds and fisty-cuffs were not,  
 Full many an honest TYPE would starve—that's plain:  
 Wars are their gain, whatever *cause* is found—  
 Empires—or Cats-skins brought from *Nootka-sound*.

The Turks, poor fellows! have been sadly baited—  
 And many a *Christian* despot stands, contriving  
 Who next shall bleed—what country next be wasted—  
 This is the trade by which they get their living:  
 From Prussian Frederick, this the general plan  
 To Empress Kate—that burns the *Rights of Man*.

The Pope (at Rome) is in a sweat, they tell us;  
 Of freedom's pipe he cannot bear the music,  
 And worst of all when Frenchmen blow the bellows,  
 Enough almost (he thinks) to make a Jew sick:  
 His Priesthood too, black, yellow, white, and grey,  
 All think it best to keep—the good old way.

Britain, (fame whispers) has unrigg'd her fleet——  
 Now tell us what the world will do for thunder?—  
 Battles, fire, murder, maiming, and defeat  
 Are at an end when Englishmen knock under:  
 Sulphur will now in harmless squibs be spent,  
 Lightning will fall—full twenty five per cent.

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ADDRESSED TO A

POLITICAL SHRIMP,

OR, FLY UPON THE WHEEL.

THE man that doth an *Elephant* pursue  
 Whose capture gains a mighty price,  
 Amidst the chace, heeds not the *barking crew*,  
 Or lesser game of rats and mice.



On ocean's waste who chace the royal flag  
 Stop not to take the privateer;  
 Who mean to seize the steed, neglect the nag;  
 No squirrel-hunter kills a deer.

Reptile! your venom ever spits in vain—  
 To honour's coat no drop adheres:—  
 To court!—return to Britain's tyrant reign,  
 White-wash her *king*, and scowr her *peers*.

Some scheming knaves, that strut in *courtly* guise,  
 May vile abuse, through you, impart—  
 But they that on no *Treasury* lean, despise  
 Your venal pen—your canker'd heart.

---

E P I S T L E  
 T O  
 S Y L V I U S:

(ON THE FOLLY OF WRITING POETRY.)

OF all the fools that haunt our coast  
 The scribbling tribe I pity most:  
 Their's is a standing scene of woes,  
 And their's no prospect of repose.

Then, SYLVIVUS, why this eager claim  
 To light your torch at CLIO's flame?  
 To few she shews sincere regard,  
 And none, from her, should hope reward.

A garret high, dark dismal room,  
 Is still the pensive poet's doom:  
 Hopes rais'd to heaven must be their lot,  
 Yet bear the curse, to be forgot.

Hourly they deal with Grecian Jove,  
 And draw their bills on *banks* above:  
 Yet stand abash'd, with all their fire,  
 When brought to face some country 'squire.

To mend the world, is still their aim:  
 The world, alas! remains the same,  
 And so must stand to every age,  
 Proof to the morals of the page!



The knave that keeps a tippling inn,  
The red-nos'd boy that deals out gin,  
If aided by some paltry skill  
May both be statesmen when they will.

The man that mends a beggar's shoes,  
The quack that heals your negro's bruise,  
The wretch that turns a cutler's stone,  
Have wages they can call their own:

The head, that plods in trade's domains,  
Gets something to reward its pains;  
But wit—that does the world beguile,  
Takes for its pay—an empty smile!

Yet each presumes his works shall rise,  
And gain a name that never dies;  
From earth, and cold oblivion freed,  
Immortal, in the poets' creed!

Can Reason in that bosom reign  
Which fondly feeds a hope so vain,  
When every age that passes by  
Beholds a crowd of poets die!

Poor Sappho's fate shall Milton know—  
His scenes of grief and tales of woe  
No honours, that all Europe gave,  
No merit—shall from ruin save.

To all that write and all that read  
Fate shall, with hasty step, succeed!  
Even SHAKESPEARE's page, his mirth, his tears  
Shall sink beneath this weight of years.

Old SPENSER's doom shall, POPE, be thine  
The music of each moving line  
Shall bribe an age or two to stay,  
Admire your strain—then flit away.

The people of old CHAUCER's times  
Were once in raptures with his rhymes:  
But Time—that over verse prevails,  
To other ears tells other tales.

Why then so sad, dear rhyming friends—  
One common fate on both attends,  
The bard, that soothes great Cæsar's ear,  
And him—who finds no audience there.

Mere structures form'd of common earth,  
Not they from heaven derive their birth,



Or why through life, like vagrants, pass  
To mingle with the mouldering mass?—

Of all the souls, from Jove that came  
To animate this mortal frame,  
Of all the myriads, on the wing,  
How few can taste the Muses' spring!

SEJANUS, of mercantile skill,  
*Without whose aid the world stands still,*  
And by whose wonder-working play  
*The sun goes round—*(his flatterers say)

Sejanus has in house declar'd  
"These States, as yet, can boast no bard,  
And all the sing-song of our clime  
Is merely nonsense, string'd with rhyme."

With such a bold, conceited air  
When he assumes the critic's chair,  
Low in the dust is genius laid,  
The muses with the man in trade.

Then, Sylvius, come—let you and I  
On ocean's aid, once more, rely:  
Perhaps the muse may still impart  
Her balm to ease the aching heart.

Though cold might chill and storms dismay,  
Yet *Zoilus* will be far away:  
With me, at least, depart and share  
No garret—but resentment there.

---

T O

Mr. C H U R C H M A N;

On the rejection of his Petition to the Congress of the United  
States, to enable him to make a voyage to BAFFIN'S BAY,  
to ascertain the truth of his Variation Chart.

CHURCHMAN! methinks your scheme is rather wild  
Of travelling to the pole  
Where icy billows roll,  
And pork and pease  
Are said to freeze  
Even at the instant they are boil'd.

Rejected, now, your humble, ardent prayer  
For cash, to speed your way  
To Baffin's frozen bay,



'Tis your own fault if you repine!  
 You should have mention'd some rich golden mine—  
 Not VARIATION CHARTS, that claim no care.

AVARICE, alone, would sooner bid you go  
 Than all the inducements Art can shew:  
 The MEN, whom you petition for some dollars,  
 Tho' willing to be thought prodigious scholars,  
 Yet care as much for variation charts  
 As KING of *spades*, and KNAVE of *hearts*.

CHURCHMAN! 'tis best to quit this vain pursuit:  
 This VARIATION is a common thing!  
 Rather attach yourself to CÆSAR'S wing—  
 You'll find it better—better, fir, by half,  
 To sooth Pomposo's ear—or make him laugh:  
 So shall you, mounted in a coach and six,  
 Ride envoy to the country of the CREEKS—  
 So shall you visit *Europe's* gaudy courts,  
 And see the polish'd world, at public charge;  
 Return—and spend your life in *sports*,  
 Be air'd in *coach*, and sail'd in *barge*:—  
 Pursue this track, thou man of curious soul,  
 Nor, like a whale, go puffing to the pole.

ON

## P E S T - E L I - H A L I,

THE TRAVELLING SPECULATOR.

*“——I had forgot the foul conspiracy  
 Of that beast Caliban——”*

ON scent of game, from town to town he flew,  
 The soldier's curse pursued him on his way;  
 Care in his eye, and anguish on his brow,  
 He seem'd a sea-hawk, watching for his prey.

With soothing words the widow's mite he gain'd,  
 With piercing glance watch'd misery's dark abode,  
 Filch'd paper scraps while yet a scrap remain'd,  
 Bought where he must, and cheated where he cou'd.

Vast loads amass'd of scrip, and God knows what,  
 Potosi's wealth seem'd lodg'd within his clutch—  
 But wealth has wings (he knew) and instant bought  
 The prancing steed, gay harness, and gilt coach.



One Sunday morn, to church I saw him ride  
In glittering state—alack! and who but he—  
The following week, with Madam at his side,  
To routes they drove—and drank Imperial tea.

In cards and fun the live-long day they spent,  
With songs and smut prolong'd the midnight feast,  
If plays were had, to plays they constant went  
Where Madam's top-knot rose a foot at least.

Three weeks, and more, thus pass'd in airs of state,  
The fourth beheld the mighty bubble fail—  
And he, who countless millions *own'd* so late  
Stopt short—and clos'd his triumphs in a JAIL.

## ELEGIAC LINES ON A

## THEOLOGICAL SCRIP-MONGER.

**I**N SCRIP\* (not SCRIPTURE) he was fond to plod,  
*Scrip* was his prayer-book, *scrip* his word of God:  
*Scrip* was his joy, and *scrip* his dear delight  
Studied by day, and this he read by night:  
When dames for *comfort* came, with hanging lip,  
Them he *consol'd*, and took his text from *scrip*;  
If famine rag'd, and deacons catch'd the pip,  
He stood secure, and put his trust in *scrip*.—  
If he to heaven, by chance, should find his way,  
Thus to some sprite, methinks, I hear him say  
(In hopes his ghostship might be led to dip)  
“Come, mister Gabriel, will you buy some *scrip*?”—  
Now gloomy death confines him to the dust,  
Life he resigns, as all his brethren must,  
And priests shall sing (when they entomb old *Grip*)  
Striking their pensive bosoms—HERE LIES SCRIP!

\* *Scrip* (or script) a kind of paper security so called—an object of great speculation at the time the above was written.—1790.

## A

## WARNING to AMERICA.

**R**EMOV'D from Europe's feuds, a hateful scene  
(Thank heaven, such wastes of ocean roll between)  
Where tyrant kings in bloody schemes combine,  
And each forebodes in tears, *Man is no longer mine!*



Glad we recall the DAY that bade us first  
 Spurn at their power, and shun their wars accurst;  
 Pitted and gaff'd no more for England's glory  
 Nor made the rag-rag-bobtail of their story.

Something still wrong in every system lurks.  
 Something imperfect haunts all human works—  
 Wars must be hatch'd, unthinking men to fleece,  
 Or we, *this day*, had been in perfect peace,  
 With double bolts our Janus' temple shut,  
 Nor terror reign'd through each back-woods-man's hut,  
 No rattling drums assail'd the peasant's ear  
 Nor Indian yells disturb'd our sad frontier,  
 Nor *gallant chiefs*, 'gainst Indian hosts combin'd  
 Scap'd from the trap—to *leave their tails behind*.

Peace to all feuds!—and come the happier day  
 When Reason's sun shall light us on our way;  
 When erring man shall all his RIGHTS retrieve,  
 No despots rule him, and no priests deceive,  
 'Till then, Columbia!—watch each stretch of power,  
 Nor sleep too soundly at the midnight hour,  
 By flattery won, and lull'd by soothing strains,  
*Silenus* took his nap—and wak'd in chains—  
 In a soft dream of smooth delusion led  
 Unthinking Gallia bow'd her drooping head  
 To tyrants' yokes—and met such bruises there,  
 As now must take three ages to repair;  
 Then keep the paths of dear-bought freedom clear,  
 Nor slavish systems grant admittance here—

---

ON THE

FOURTEENTH of JULY,

a Day ever Memorable to Regenerated France.

**B**RIGHT DAY, that did to France restore  
 What priests and kings had seiz'd away,  
 That bade her generous sons disdain  
 The fetters that their fathers wore,  
 The titled slave, a tyrant's sway,  
 That ne'er shall curse her soil again!  
 Bright day! a partner in thy joy,  
 COLUMBIA hails the rising sun,  
 She feels her toils, her blood repaid,  
 When fiercely frantic to destroy,  
 (Proud of the laurels he had won)  
 The Briton, here, unsheath'd his blade,



By traitors driven to ruin's brink  
 Fair Freedom dreads united knaves,  
 The world must fall if she must bleed;—  
 And yet, by heaven! I'm proud to think  
 The world was ne'er subdued by slaves—  
 Nor shall the hireling herd succeed.

Boy! fill the generous goblet high;  
*Success to France*, shall be the toast:  
 The fall of kings the fates foredoom,  
 The crown decays, its' splendours die;  
 And they, who were a nation's boast,  
 Sink, and expire in endless gloom.

Thou, stranger, from a distant shore,\*  
 Where fetter'd men their rights avow,  
 Why on this joyous day so sad?  
*Louis* insults with chains no more,—  
 Then why thus wear a clouded brow,  
 When every manly heart is glad?

Some passing days and rolling years  
 May see the *wrath of kings* display'd,  
 Their wars to prop the tarnish'd crown;  
 But orphans' groans, and widows' tears,  
 And justice lifts her shining blade  
 To bring the tottering bauble down.

[1792.]

\* Addressed to the Aristocrats from Hispaniola.

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## ON THE FRENCH REPUBLICANS.

**T**HESE gallant men that some so much despise  
 Did not, like mushrooms, spring up in a night:  
 By them instructed, France again shall rise,  
 And every Frenchman learn his native right.  
 American! when in your country's cause  
 You march'd, and dar'd the English lion's jaws,  
 Crush'd Hessian slaves, and made their hosts retreat,  
 Say, were you not Republican—complete?

Forever banish'd, now, be prince and king,  
 To Nations and to Laws our reverence due;  
 And let not language to my memory bring,  
 A word that might recall the infernal crew,  
 Monarch!—henceforth I blot it from my page,  
 Monarchs and slaves too long disgrace this age;



THOUGHTS ON THE EUROPEAN  
WAR SYSTEM;

BY A NEWS-PRINTER.

THE People in Europe are much to be prais'd  
That in fighting they choose to be passing their days:  
If their wars were abolish'd, there's room to suppose  
Our Printers would growl, for the want of NEW-NEWS.

May our *tidings of warfare* be ever from thence,  
Nor *that page* be supplied at COLUMBIA's expence!  
No kings shall rise here, at the nod of a court,  
*Ambition*, or *Pride*, with men's lives for to sport.

In such a display of the taste of *the times*—  
The murder of millions—their quarrels and crimes,  
A horrible *system of ruin* we scan,  
*A history*, truly descriptive of man:

A BEING, that Nature design'd to be blest—  
With abundance around him—yet rarely at rest—  
A Being, that lives but a moment in years,  
Yet wasting his life in contention and wars,  
A Being, sent hither all good to bestow,  
Yet filling the world with oppression and woe!

But consider, ye sages (and pray be resign'd)  
What ills would attend a reform of mankind—  
Were wars at an end, and no nation made thinner,  
My neighbour, the *gun-smith*, would go without dinner;  
The *Printers*, themselves, for employment would fail,  
And *soldiers*, by thousands, be starving in jail.

---

E L E G Y

On the Death of a BLACKSMITH.

WITH the nerves of a Sampson this son of the sledge,  
By the anvil his livelihood got;  
With the skill of old Vulcan could temper an edge;  
And struck—while his iron was hot.

By *forging* he liv'd, yet never was tried,  
Or condemn'd by the laws of the land;  
But still it is certain, and can't be denied,  
He often was *burnt in the hand*.

E e



With the sons of St. Crispin no kindred he claim'd,  
 With the *last* he had nothing to do;  
 He handled no awl, and yet in his time  
 Made many an excellent *shoe*.

He blew up no coals of sedition, but still  
 His bellows was always in blast;  
 And I will acknowledge (deny it who will)  
 That one *Vice*, and but *one*, he possess'd

No actor was he, or concern'd with the stage,  
 No audience, to awe him, appear'd;  
 Yet oft in his shop (like a crowd in a rage)  
 The voice of a *hissing* was heard.

Tho' *steelling* of axes was part of his cares,  
 In thieving he never was found;  
 And, tho' he was constantly *beating on bars*,  
 No vessel he e'er ran aground.

Alas and alack! and what more can I say  
 Of Vulcan's unfortunate son?—  
 The priest and the sexton have bore him away,  
 And the sound of his hammer is done:

O N T H E  
 M E M O R A B L E N A V A L  
 E N G A G E M E N T

Between the French Republican Frigate *L' Ambuscade*, Captain  
 BOMPARD; and the British Royal Frigate *Boston*, Captain  
 COURTNEY; off the coast of NEW-JERSEY.

**R**ESOLV'D for a chace,  
 All Frenchmen to face  
 Bold *Boston* from Halifax sail'd,  
 With a full flowing sheet,  
 The pride of the fleet,  
 Not a vessel she saw, but she hail'd;  
 With Courtney, commander, who never did fear,  
 Nor return'd from a fight with "a flea in his ear."

As they steer'd for the Hook,  
 Each swore by his hook  
 "No prayers should their vengeance retard;  
 "They would plunder and burn,



" They would never return  
 " Unattended by CAPTAIN BOMPARD!  
 " No Gaul can resist us, when once we arouse  
 " We'll drown the monsieurs in the wash of our bows!"

A sail now appear'd,  
 When tow'rd her they steer'd,  
 Each crown'd with his *Liberty-Cap*;  
 Under colours of France did they boldly advance,  
 And a small privateer did entrap—  
 The time may have been when their nation was brave,  
 But *now*, their best play is to cheat and deceive.

Arriv'd at the spot  
 Where they meant to dispute,  
 Thus Courtney sent word, in a heat,  
 " Since fighting's our trade,  
 " Their bold AMBUSCADE  
 " Must be sunk or compell'd to retreat:  
 " Tell captain Bompard if his stomach's for war  
 " To advance from his port and engage a bold tar!"

Brave captain Bompard  
 When this challenge he heard,  
 Though his sails were unbent from the yards,  
 His topmasts struck down,  
 And his men half in town;  
 Yet sent back his humble regards—  
 The challenge accepted; all hands warn'd on board  
 Bent their sails, swore revenge, and the frigate unmoor'd.

The Boston, at sea,  
 Being under their lee  
 For windward manœuvred in vain;  
 'Till night coming on  
 Both lay by 'till dawn,  
 Then met on the watery plain,  
 The wind at north-east, and a beautiful day,  
 And the hearts of the Frenchmen in trim for the fray.

So, to it they went  
 With determin'd intent  
 The fate of the day to decide  
 By the virtues of powder;  
 (No argument louder  
 Was e'er to a subject apply'd)  
 A Gaul with a Briton in battle contends,  
 Let them stand to their guns, and we'll see how it ends.



As the Frenchman sail'd past  
 Boston gave him a blast,  
 Glass bottles, case-kives, and old nails,  
 A score of round shot,  
 And the devil knows what,  
 To cripple his masts and his sails.  
 The Boston suppos'd it the best of her play  
 To prevent him from chacing—if she ran away.

The Frenchman most cool,  
 (No hot-headed fool,)  
 Return'd the broad-side in a trice;  
 So hot was the blast  
 He disabled one mast,  
 And gave them some rigging to splice,  
 Some holes for to plug, where the bullets had gone,  
 Some yards to replace, and some heads to put on.

Three glasses, and more,  
 Their cannons did roar,  
 Shot flying in horrible squads;  
 'Midst torrents of smoke  
 The REPUBLICAN spoke,  
 And frighten'd the Anglican gods!  
 Their frigate so maul'd, they no longer defend her,  
 And, Courtney shot down—they bawl'd out to surrender!

“O la! what a blunder  
 “To provoke this French thunder!  
 “We think with the devil he deals—  
 “But since we dislike  
 “To surrender and strike,  
 “Let us try the success of our heels:  
 “We may save the king's frigate by running a way,  
 “The Frenchman will have us—all hands—if we stay!”

So, squaring their yards,  
 On all captain Bompards  
 A volley of curses they shed—  
 Having got their DISCHARGE,  
 They bore away large,  
 While the Frenchman pursued, as they fled.  
 But vain was his haste—while his sails he repair'd,  
 He ended the fray in a chace—  
 The Gaul got the best of the fight, 'tis declar'd;  
 The Briton—the best of the race!



ON THE  
D E M O L I T I O N  
O F T H E  
F R E N C H M O N A R C H Y.

**F**ROM Bourbon's brow the crown remov'd,  
Low in the dust is laid;  
And, parted now from all she lov'd,  
MARIA's\* beauties fade:  
What shall relieve her sad distress,  
What power recall that former state  
When drinking deep her seas of bliss,  
She smil'd, and look'd so sweet!—  
With aching heart and haggard eye  
She views the palace,† towering high,  
Where, once, were pass'd her brightest days,  
And nations stood, in wild amaze,  
Louis! to see you eat.

This gaudy vision to restore  
Shall fate its laws repeal,  
And cruel despots rise once more  
To plan a new BASTILLE!  
Shall, *from their sheathes, ten thousand blades*‡  
In glittering vengeance start  
To mow down slaves, and slice off heads,  
Taking a monarch's part?—  
Ah no!—the heavens this hope refuse;  
Despots! they send you no such news—  
Nor Conde, fierce, nor Frederick, stout,  
Nor Catharine brings this work about,  
Nor Brunswick's warlike art:

Nor HE,|| that once, with fire and sword,  
This western world alarm'd:  
Throughout our clime whose thunders roar'd,  
Whose legions round us swarm'd—  
Once more his tyrant arm invades  
A race§ that dare be free:  
His Myrmidons, with murdering blades,  
In one base cause agree!—  
Ill fate attend on every scheme  
That tends to darken REASON's beam:

\* Maria Antoinette, late queen of France. † Thuilleries—within view  
of which the royal family of France were at this time imprisoned.—1792

‡ Alluding to Mr. Edmund Burke's rant upon this subject.

|| George III. § The French Republicans.



And, rising with gigantic might  
In VIRTUE's cause, I see unite  
Worlds, under FREEDOM's TREE!

Valour, at length, by Fortune led,  
The RIGHTS OF MAN restores;  
And GALLIA, now from bondage freed,  
Her rising sun adores:  
On EQUAL RIGHTS, her fabric plann'd,  
Storms idly round it rave,  
Nor longer breathes in Gallic land  
A monarch, or a slave!  
At distance far, and self-remov'd  
From all he own'd and all he lov'd,  
See!—turn'd his back on Freedom's blaze,  
In foreign lands the Emigrant strays,  
Or finds an early grave!

Enroll'd with these—and close immur'd,  
The gallant chief\* is found,  
That, once, admiring crowds ador'd,  
Through either world renown'd,  
HERE, bold in arms, and firm in heart,  
He help'd to gain our cause,  
Yet could not from a tyrant part,  
But, turn'd to embrace his laws!—  
Ah! hadst thou stay'd in fair AUVERGNE,†  
And TRUTH from PAINE vouchsaf'd to learn;  
There, happy, honour'd, and retir'd,  
Both hemispheres had still admir'd,  
Still crown'd you with applause.

See!—doom'd to fare on famish'd steeds,  
The rude Hungarians fly;  
*Brunswick*, with drooping courage leads  
Death's meagre family:  
In dismal groups, o'er hosts of dead,  
Their madness they bemoan,  
No friendly hand to give them bread,  
No THIONVILLE their own!  
The Gaul, enrag'd, as they retire  
Hurls at their heads his blaze of fire—  
What hosts of *Frederick's* reeking crew  
Dying, have bid the world adieu,  
To dogs their flesh been thrown!

\* La Fayette; at this time in the Prussian prison of Spandau.

† The province of France, where the Marquis's family-estate lay.



Escap'd from death, a mangled train  
In scatter'd bands retreat:  
Where, bounding on SILESIA's plain,  
The Despot\* holds his seat;  
With feeble step, I see them go  
The heavy news to tell  
Where *Oder's* lazy waters flow,  
Or glides the swift *Moselle*;  
Where *Rhine* his various journey moves  
Through marshy lands and ruin'd groves,  
Or, where the vast *Danubian* flood  
(So often stain'd by Austrian blood)  
Foams with the autumnal swell.

But shall they not some tidings bear  
Of Freedom's sacred flame,  
And shall not groaning millions hear  
The long abandon'd name?—  
Through ages past, their spirits broke,  
I see them spurn old laws,  
Indignant, burst the Austrian yoke,  
And clip the EAGLE's† claws:  
From shore to shore, from sea to sea  
They join, to set the wretched free,  
And, driving from the servile court  
Each titled slave—they help support  
THE DEMOCRATIC CAUSE!

O FRANCE! the world to thee must owe  
A debt they ne'er can pay:  
The RIGHTS OF MAN you bid them know,  
And kindle REASON'S DAY!  
COLUMBIA, in your friendship blest,  
Your gallant deeds shall hail—  
On the same ground our fortunes rest,  
Must flourish, or must fail:  
But—should all EUROPE's slaves combine  
Against a cause so fair as thine,  
And ASIA aid a league so base—  
Defeat would all their aims disgrace,  
AND LIBERTY PREVAIL!

\* The Monarch of Prussia.

† The imperial standard of Germany.

PHILADELPHIA,

December 19—1792.



# ERRATA.

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| Chapter LXXXXXXXV    |      |



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